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The SECOND PART of
Miscellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several
ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Publish'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

————— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus, & simili frondescit virga metallo. Virg.

The FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. TONSON in the Strand.

M DCC XXVII.

THE SECOND PART OF
Miscellany Poems

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ASIAN POETRY

42

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THE FIRST EDITION
LONDON
Printed by J. T. and Son in the Strand
MDCCLXXII

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THE SECOND PART of

A B S A L O M

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

P O E M.

*---- Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis
Captus Amore Leget —*

THE FOURTH EDITION.

With a KEY to both PARTS.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

The Second Edition

ABRAM

AND

ACHITOPHEL

A

POEM

By the Author of the
"Poem on the Slave Trade"

The Poem on the Slave Trade
Was first published in 1789

LONDON

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXIX



TO THE
READER.

IN the Year 1680 Mr. Dryden undertook the Poem of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the Desire of King Charles the Second. The Performance was applauded by every one; and several Persons pressing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his Advice in the Direction of it; and that Part beginning Page 13, Line 17, Next these, a Troop of busie Spirits
press,

VOL. II.

B 2

and

To the READER.

and ending Page 18, Line 18,

To talk like Doeg, and to write like
thee,

containing near Two hundred Verses,
were intirely Mr. Dryden's Composi-
tion, besides some Touches in other
places. You will find at the End of
this Part, a true Key to both the Parts.



The



The SECOND PART of
A B S A L O M
A N D
A C H I T O P H E L.

SINCE Men, like Beasts, each other's
Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew
a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none sure
so curst as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose;
There Heav'n it self, and God-like Kings, in vain
Show'r down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David's* Clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sov'reign's Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem*,
His Rights t'invade, his Tributes to refuse,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews*;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob's* Seed were chosen to Rebel!

The SECOND PART of

Achitophel with Triumph sees his Crimes
 Thus suited to the Madness of the Times;
 And *Absalom*, to make his Hopes succeed,
 Of flattering Charms no longer stands in need;
 While fond of Change, tho' ne'er so dearly bought,
 Our Tribes out-strip the Youth's Ambitious Thought;
 His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage meet,
 And crowd their servile Necks beneath his Feet.
 Thus to his Aid while pressing Tides repair,
 He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the Air.
 The Charms of Empire might his Youth mis-lead,
 But what can our besotted *Israel* plead?
 Sway'd by a Monarch, whose serene Command
 Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd Land.
 Whose only Grievance is excess of Ease;
 Freedom our Pain, and Plenty our Disease!
 Yet, as all Folly would lay claim to Sense,
 And Wickedness ne'er wanted a Pretence,
 With Arguments they'd make their Treason good,
 And righteous *David's* Self with Slanders load:
 That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
 And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,
 Whole very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
 Nay we have seen their Sacrificers bleed!
 Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
 While in the bounds of Sense they did contain,
 But soon they launcht into th' unfathom'd Tide,
 And in the Depths they knew disdain'd to Ride,
 For probable Discoveries to dispence,
 Was thought below a pension'd Evidence;
 Mere Truth was dull, nor suited with the Port
 Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc'd to Court,
 No less than Wonders now they will impose,
 And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.
 Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in Thought,
 The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,
 Impeach'd of curst Designs on *David's* Life!
 His Life, the Theme of her eternal Pray'r,
 'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.

Not

Not Summer Morns such Mildness can disclose,
The *Herman Lilly*, nor the *Sharon Rose*.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,
Transported *Michal* feeds her Thoughts on high.
She lives with Angels, and as Angels do,
Quits Heav'n sometimes to bless the World below.
Where, cherisht by her Bounty's plenteous Spring,
Reviving Widows smile, and Orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious *Israel's* Crimes at height,
Are threatned with her Lord's approaching Fate,
The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heaven's Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.

Less Desolation did the Pest pursue,
That from *Dan's* limits to *Beersheba* slew;
Less fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And less *Jerusalem's* avenging Fire.
With gentler Terrour these our State o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing Days began!
On every Cheek a pale Confusion sat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worst of Fate!
Trust was no more, Art, Science, useles made,
All Occupations lost, but *Corah's* Trade.
Mean-while a Guard on modest *Corah* wait,
If not for Safety, needful yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave:
And Lord it o'er the Tribes which he could Save:
Ev'n Vice in him was Virtue ----- what sad Fate,
But for his Honesty, had seiz'd our State?
And with what Tyranny had we been curst,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain first?
T' have told his Knowledge of th' Intrigue in gross
Had been, alas, to our Deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' Experience got,
To Husband well, and make the best of's Plot;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wise Reserves secur'd his Pension still;
Nor quite of future Pow'r himself bereft,
But Limbo's large for Unbelievers left.
And now his Writ such Reverence had got,
'Twas worse than Plotting to suspect his Plot.

Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
 Themselves to help the founde'r'd Swearers out.
 Some had their Sense impos'd on by their Fear,
 But more for Int'rest sake believe and swear:
 Ev'n to that height with some the Frenzy grew,
 They rag'd to find their Danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a Viler Crew remain,
 Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;
 Not urg'd by Fear, nor through misguided Sense,
 (Blind Zeal, and starving Need had some pretence)
 But for the *Good Old Cause* that did excite
 Th' Original Rebels Wiles, Revenge and Spight.
 These raise the Plot, to have the Scandal thrown
 Upon the bright Successor of the Crown,
 Whose Virtue with such Wrongs they had pursu'd,
 As seem'd all hope of Pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built,
 The cheated Crowd applaud and share their Guilt.

Such Practices as these, too gross to lye
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning Eye,
 The more judicious *Israelites* Unspell'd,
 Though still the Charm the giddy Rabble held:
 Ev'n *Absalom*, amidst the dazzling Beams
 Of Empire, and Ambition's flattering Dreams,
 Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
 To aid Designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
 And (Filial Sense yet striving in his Breast)
 Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts exprest.

Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
 Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
 Not so when Virtue did my Arms require,
 And to my Father's Wars I flew intire.
 My Regal Pow'r how will my Foes resent,
 When I my Self have scarce my own Consent?
 Give me a Son's unblemisht Truth again,
 Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain.
 How slight to force a Throne that Legions guard
 The Task to me; to prove Unjust, how hard!
 And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
 What will it when the Tragick Scene is wrought?

Dire

Dire War must first be conjur'd from below,
The Realm we'd Rule, we first must Overthrow;
And when the Civil Furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd Slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the
King?

Oh! rather let me Perish in the Strife,
Than have my Crown the Price of *David's* Life!
Or if the Tempest of the War he stand,
In Peace, some vile officious Villain's Hand
His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
Or, prest by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
His Murderer; rebellious Crowds, whose Guilt
Shall dread his Vengeance 'till his Blood be spilt,
Which if my Filial Tendernefs oppose,
Since to the Empire by their Arms I rose,
Those very Arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new Usurper Crown'd, and I Destroy'd:
The same Pretence of Publick Good will hold,
And new *Achitophels* be found as bold
To urge the needful Change, perhaps the Old.

He said. The Statesman with a Smile replies,
(A Smile that did his rising Spleen disguise)
My Thoughts presum'd our Labours at an End,
And are we still with Conscience to contend?
Whose Wants in Kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
Far in the doubtful Passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The Crown's true Heir, a Prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your Motions long with jealous Eyes,
Your Person's Charms, your more prevailing Arts,
And mark'd your Progress in the Peoples Hearts:
Whose Patience is th' effect of stinted Pow'r,
But treasures Vengeance for the fatal Hour,
And if remote the Peril he can bring,
Your present Danger's greater from the King.
Let not a Parent's Name deceive your Sense,
Nor trust the Father in a jealous Prince!

Your trivial Faults if he could so resent,
 To doom you little less than Banishment,
 What Rage must your Presumption since inspire?
 Against his Orders your Return from Tyre?
 Nor only so, but with a Pomp more high,
 And open Court of Popularity,
 The Factious Tribes — And this Reproof from thee?
 (The Prince replies) O Statesman's winding Skill,
 They first condemn that first advis'd the Ill!
 Illustrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
 Misconstrue not the Words that mean you well.
 The Course you steer I worthy Blame conclude,
 But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.
 A Monarch's Crown with Fate surrounded lies,
 Who reach, lay hold on Death that miss the Prize.
 Did you for this expose your self to show,
 And to the Crowd bow popularly low!
 For this your glorious Progress next ordain,
 With Chariots, Horsemen, and a numerous Train,
 With Fame before you like the Morning Star,
 And Shouts of Joy saluting from afar?
 Oh from the Heights you've reach'd but take a View,
 Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd fall like you!
 And must I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan?
 Have I for this so oft made *Israel* groan!
 Your single Interest with the Nation weigh'd,
 And turn'd the Scale where your Desires were laid!
 Ev'n when at Helm a Course so dang'rous mov'd
 To land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd.
 I not dispute (the Royal Youth replies)
 The known Perfection of your Policies,
 Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge or blame
 The Privilege that Statesmen ever claim;
 Who private Interest never yet pursu'd,
 But still pretended 'twas for others good:
 What Politician yet e'er escap'd his Fate,
 Who saving his own Neck not sav'd the State?
 From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
 With shifted Sails a sev'ral Course you steer'd.

What

What Form of Sway did *David* e'er pursue,
That seem'd like Absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your Instance quasht each penal Law,
That kept dissenting Faction's *Jews* in awe;
And who suspends fixt Laws, may abrogate;
That done, form New, and so enslave the State.
Ev'n Property, whose Champion now you stand,
And seem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er sustain such Violence before,
As when your Counsel shut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruin to whole Tribes procur'd,
But secret kept 'till your own Bank's secur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Israel* fitted for a Foreign Yoke;
Nor here your Counsel's fatal Progress staid,
But sent out levied Powers to *Pharaoh's* Aid.
Hence *Tyre* and *Israel*, low in Ruins laid,
And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour
Ev'n yet of such a Season we can dream, [made.
When Royal Rights you made your darling Theme.
For Pow'r unlimited cou'd Reasons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjust,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Trust:
Whom with State-craft (to Int'rest only true)
You now accuse of Ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's Agent----- Royal Youth, fix here,
Let Int'rest be the Star by which you steer.
Hence to repose your Trust in me was wise,
Whose Int'rest most in your Advancement lyes.
A Tye so firm as always will avail,
When Friendship, Nature and Religion fail;
On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd, and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cause so far our Guilt to share,
'Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.
What Opposition can your Rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the King?
His Strength as yet in *David's* Friendship lyes,
And what can *David's* Self without Supplies?

Who

Who with Exclusive Bills must now dispence,
 Debar the Heir, or starve in his Defence;
 Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
 And *David's* Justice never can admit.
 Or forc'd by Wants his Brother to betray,
 To your Ambition next he clears the way;
 For if Succession once to Nought they bring,
 Their next Advance removes the present King:
 Persisting else his Senates to dissolve,
 In equal Hazard shall his Reign involve.
 Our Tribes, whom *Pharaoh's* Pow'r so much alarms,
 Shall rise without their Prince to oppose his Arms;
 Nor boots it on what Cause at first they join,
 Their Troops once up, are Tools for our Design.
 At least such subtle Covenants shall be made,
 'Till Peace it self is War in Masquerade.

Associations of Mysterious Sense,
 Against, but seeming for, the King's Defence:
 Ev'n on their Courts of Justice Fetters draw,
 And from our Agents muzzle up their Law.
 By which, a Conquest if we fail to make,
 'Tis a drawn Game at worst, and we secure our Stake!

He said, and for the dire Success depends
 On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
 Whose Heads, tho' ne'er so diff'ring in their Creed,
 I'th' point of Treason yet were well agreed.
 'Mongst these, extorting *Ishban* first appears,
 Pursu'd b'a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
 Blest Times, when *Ishban*, he whose Occupation
 So long has been to Cheat, Reforms the Nation!
Ishban of Conscience suited to his Trade,
 As good a Saint as Usurer e'er made.
 Yet *Mammon* has not so engross'd him quite,
 But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
 Who, for those Pardons from his Prince he draws,
 Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cause.
 That Year in which the City he did sway,
 He left Rebellion in a hopeful way.
 Yet his Ambition once was found so bold,
 To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;

Cou'd

Cou'd *David's* Wants have so been brib'd, to shame
 And scandalize our Peerage with his Name;
 For which, his dear Sedition he'd forswear,
 And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
 Next him, let Railing *Rabsheka* have place
 So full of Zeal he has no need of Grace;
 A Saint that can both Flesh and Spirit use,
 Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:
 Of whom the Question difficult appears,
 If most i'th Preacher's or the Bawd's Arrears,
 What Caution cou'd appear too much in him,
 That keeps the Treasure of *Jerusalem*!
 Let *David's* Brother but approach the Town,
 Double our Guards (he cries) *We are undone*.
 Protesting that he dares not Sleep in's Bed,
 Left he shou'd rise next Morn without his Head,

Next these, a Troop of busie Spirits press,
 Of little Fortunes, and of Conscience less;
 With them the Tribe, whose Luxury had drain'd
 Their Banks, in former Sequestrations gain'd;
 Who Rich and Great by past Rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled Streams anew.
 Some future Hopes, some present Payment draws,
 To sell their Conscience and espouse the Cause.
 Such Stipends those vile Hirelings best besit,
 Priests without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
 Shall that false *Hebronite* escape our Curse,
Judas, that keeps the Rebels Pension-Purse;
Judas that pays the Treason-writer's Fee,
Judas that well deserves his Namesake's Tree;
 Who at *Jerusalem's* own Gates erects
 His College for a Nursery of Sects,
 Young Prophets with an early Care secures,
 And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
 What have the Men of *Hebron* here to do?
 What part in *Israel's* promis'd Land have you!
 Here *Phaleg* the Lay-*Hebronite* is come,
 'Cause like the rest he cou'd not live at Home;
 Who from his own Possessions cou'd not drain
 An Omer even of *Hebronite's* Grain,

Here

Here struts it like a Patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
 An Emblem of that buzzing Insect just,
 That mounts the Wheel, and thinks she raises Dust.
 Can dry Bones live? or *Skeletons* produce
 The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
 Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
 Return'd the grateful Product to the Bed.
 A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles chose,
 He, his own Laws, wou'd sawcily impose;
 'Till Bastinado'd back again he went,
 To learn those Manners he to teach was sent.
 Chastiz'd, he ought to have retreated Home,
 But he reads Politicks to *Abfalom*.
 For never *Hebromite*, though kick'd and scorn'd,
 To his own Country willingly return'd.
 --- But leaving famish'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
 And to talk Treason for his daily Bread,
 Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man,
 So made for Mischief as *Ben-Jochanan*.
 A Jew of Humble Parentage was He,
 By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
 His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
 But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
 To Read and Pray in Linnen Ephod brave,
 And pick up single Shekels from the Grave.
 Married at last, but finding Charge come faster,
 He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master:
 Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
 They got a Villain, and we lost a Fool.
 Still violent, whatever Cause he took,
 But most against the Party he forsook.
 For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in Conscience to be double Knaves.
 So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous Pains,
 To let his Masters see he earn'd his Gains.
 But as the Dev'l owes all his Imps a Shame,
 He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper Theme,
 With little Pains he made the Picture true,
 And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.

A wondrous Work, to prove the *Jewish Nation*
 In every Age a Murmuring Generation;
 To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
 And shew 'em Faction from their first Beginning.
 To prove they cou'd Rebel, and Rail, and Mock,
 Much to the Credit of the Chosen Flock;
 A strong Authority, which must convince
 That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
 As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whore,
 To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken Patriarch bless
 The Son that shew'd his Father's Nakedness?
 Such Thanks the present Church thy Pen will give,
 Which proves Rebellion was so Primitive.
 Must Ancient Failings be Examples made?
 Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade.
 As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th' Apostate was the better Man:
 And thy hot *Father* (waving my respect)
 Not of a Mother Church, but of a Sect.
 And such he needs must be of thy Inditing,
 This comes of drinking Asses Milk, and Writing.
 If *Balak* should be call'd to leave his Place,
 (As Profit is the loudest Call of Grace)
 His Temple dispossest'd of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven Devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a Load, I'll lay thee down;
 And shew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
 Poor Slaves in Metre, Dull and Addle-pated,
 Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Psalms translated.
 Some in my speedy Pace I must out-run,
 As lame *Mephibosheth* the Wizard's Son:
 To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy Blocks,
 Shun rotten *Uzza* as I would the Pox;
 And hasten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearse,
 Two Fools that Crutch their feeble Sense on Verse;
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
 Shall live in spight of their own Dogrel Rhimes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;

Spurr'd

Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' Thick and Thin;
 Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in,
 Free from all Meaning, whether Good or Bad,
 And in one Word, Heroically Mad:
 He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
 But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
 And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
 Spightful he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
 For still there goes some *thinking* to Ill-Nature:
 He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
 All his Occasions are to Eat and Drink.
 If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garret,
 He means you no more Mischief than a Parrat:
 The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
 To fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.
 For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
 And call Young *Abfalem* King *David's* Brother.
 Let him be Gallows-free by my Consent,
 And nothing Suffer since he nothing Meant;
 Hanging supposes Human Soul and Reason,
 This Animal's below committing Treason:
 Shall he be hang'd who never could Rebel?
 That's a Preferment for *Achitophel*.
 The Woman that committed Buggary,
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the Law to die;
 But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
 The Dog, that never heard the Statute read.
 Railing in other Men may be a Crime,
 But ought to pass for meer Instinct in him:
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
 For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose*.
 'Twere pity Treason at his Door to lay,
 Who makes Heaven's Gate a Lock to its own Key.
 Let him Rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four and twenty Letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one Line of Sense,
 Indict him of a Capital Offence,
 In Fire-works give him leave to vent his Spight;
 Those are the only Serpents he can write.

The height of his Ambition is, we know,
But to be Master of a Puppet-show,
On that one Stage his Works may yet appear,
And a Month's Harvest keeps him all the Year.

Now stop your Noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a Tun of Midnight-work to come,
Og from a Treason Tavern rowling Home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his Link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A monstrous Mass of foul corrupted Matter,
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the Batter.
When Wine has given him Courage to Blaspheme,
He curses God; but God before curst him;
And if man cou'd have reason, none has more,
That made his Paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion could rebel?
But though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence
He never was a Poet of God's making; [speaking])
The Midwife laid her hand on his thick Skull,
With this Prophetick Blessing --- *Be thou Dull*;
Drink, swear and roar, forbear no lewd Delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting Make, like thoughtless Men,
A strong Nativity --- but for the Pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy drink,
Still thou may'st live, avoiding Pen and Ink.
I see, I see, 'tis Counsel given in vain,
For Treason botcht in Rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck:
Why should thy Metre good King *David* blast?
A Psalm of his will surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in Verse to meet thy Foes,
Thou whom the penny Pamphlet foil'd in Prose?

Dog

18 *The SECOND PART of*

Doeg, whom God for Mankind's mirth has made,
 O'er-tops thy Talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A Poet is, though he's the Poet's Horse.
 A double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull,
 For writing Treason, and for writing dull;
 To die for Faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for Nonsense is the Devil:
 Hadst thou the Glories of thy King express'd,
 Thy Praises had been Satyr at the best;
 But thou in clumisie Verse, unlickt, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed;
 I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
 For who would read thy Life that reads thy Rhimes?
 But of King *David's* Foes, be this the Doom,
 May all be like the Young-man *Abalom*;
 And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,
 To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.

Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
 For various ends, neglects not to engage;
 The wise and rich for Purse and Counsel brought,
 The Fools and Beggars for their Number sought;
 Who yet not only on the Town depends,
 For ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends;
 These thought the Places they possess too small,
 And in their hearts wish't Court and King to fall:
 Whose Names the Muse disdain'd, holds i'th' Dark,
 Thrust in the Villain Herd without a Mark;
 With Parasites and Libel-spawning Imps,
 Intriguing Fops, dull Jestors, and worse Pimps,
 Disdain the Rascal Rable to pursue,
 Their set Cabals are yet a viler Crew;
 See where involv'd in common smoak they sit;
 Some for our Mirth, some for our Satyr fit:
 These gloomy, thoughtful, and on Mischief bent,
 While those for mere good Fellowship frequent
 Th' appointed Club, can let Sedition pass,
 Sense, Nonsense, any thing, t'employ the Glass;
 And who believe in their dull honest Hearts,
 The Rest talk Treason but to shew their Parts;

Who

Who ne'er had Wit or Will for Mischief yet,
 But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set,
 But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
 Industrious *AROD* never be forgot:
 The Labours of this Midnight-Magistrate,
 May Vie with *Corah's* to preserve the State.
 In search of Arms, he fail'd not to lay hold
 On War's most powerful dang'rous Weapon, *GOLD*;
 And last, to take from *Jebusites* all Odds,
 Their Altars pillag'd, stole their very Gods;
 Oft would he cry, when Treasure he surpriz'd,
 'Tis Baalish Gold in David's *Crown* Disguis'd.
 Which to his House with richer Reliques came,
 While Lumber Idols only fed the Flame:
 For our wise Rabble ne'er took pains to enquire,
 What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing Fire.
 With which our Elder was enrich'd no more
 Than false *Gehazi* with the Syrian's Store;
 So poor, that when our Chusing-Tribes were met,
 Ev'n for his Stinking Votes he ran in Debt;
 For Meat the Wicked, and, as Authors think,
 The Saints he chous'd for his Electing Drink;
 Thus ev'ry Shift and subtle Method past,
 And All to be no *Zaken* at the last.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre's* sad Ruins, *Pharaoh's* Pride
 Boar'd high, his Legions threatening far and wide;
 As when a batt'ring Storm ingendred high,
 By Winds upheld, hangs hovering in the Sky,
 Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
 This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
 For blooming Plants, and Flow'rs new opening, These
 For Lambs yeand lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;
 To guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
 Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will fall:
 Ev'n so the doubtful Nations watch his Arms,
 With Terror each expecting his Alarms.
 Where, *Judah*, where was now thy *Lion's* Roar?
 Thou only cou'dst the Captive Lands restore;
 But Thou, with inbred Broils and Faction prest,
 From *Egypt* need'st a Guardian with the rest.

The

Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Trust allow'd;
 Too much the Representers of the Crowd,
 Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
 But what the Crown's Prerogatives must buy:
 As if their Monarch's Rights to violate
 More needful were, than to preserve the State!
 From present Dangers they divert their Care,
 And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
 Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes
 Unjudg'd would Sentence, and ere Crown'd, Depose
 Religion the Pretence, but their Decree
 To bar his Reign, whate'er his Faith shall be!
 By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus prest,
 What Passions rent the Righteous *David's* Breast?
 Who knows not how to oppose, or to comply,
 Unjust to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
 How near in this dark Juncture *Israel's* Fate,
 Whose Peace one sole Expedient could create,
 Which yet th' extreamest Virtue did require,
 Ev'n of that Prince whose Downfal they conspire!
 His Absence *David* does with Tears advise,
 T'appease their Rage. Undaunted He complies;
 Thus he who prodigal of Blood and Ease,
 A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
 At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
 And heading Danger in the wars of Tyre,
 Inglorious now forsakes his Native Sand,
 And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land!
 Our Monarch scarce from pressing Tears refrains,
 And painfully his Royal State maintains,
 Who now embracing on th' extreme Shore,
 Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
 Concludes at last more Trust to be allow'd
 To Storms and Seas, than to the raging Crowd!
 Forbear, rash Muse, the parting Scene to draw,
 With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
 Not only our attending Nobles weep,
 But hardy Sailors swell with Tears the Deep!
 The Tide restrain'd her Course, and more amaz'd,
 The Twin-stars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:

While

While this sole fear ———
 Does trouble to our suff'ring Heroe bring,
 Next next the popular Rage opprest the King!
 Thus parting, each for th' other's Danger griev'd,
 The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd.
 Go injur'd Heroe, while propitious Gales,
 Soft as thy Consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
 Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
 Where thy triumphant Fleets so oft have rode!
 Safe on thy breast reclin'd her Rest be deep,
 Lockt like a *Nereid* by the Waves asleep;
 While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to *Elysian Fields* convert the Main!
 Go injur'd Heroe, while the shores of Tyre
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
 And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy.

On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their own;
 Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth deny,
 Their aking Conscience gives their Tongue the Lie.
 Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their Hearts,
 Whom to his King the best Respects commend
 Of Subject, Soldier, Kinsman, Prince and Friend;
 All sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
 And to Perfection all sustain'd by him,
 Wise, Just and Constant, Courty without Art,
 Swift to discern and to reward Desert;
 No hour of his in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest Subject's still employ'd:
 Whose steady Soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the State,
 But heaps those Blessings on the Royal Head,
 Which he well knows must be on Subjects shed.

On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
 Against his Worth, and native Rights, engage?
 Religious Fears their Argument are made,
 Religious Fears his sacred Rights invade!

Of future Superstition they complain,
 And *Jebusick* Worship in his Reign:
 With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
 With Dangers, fright, which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred Rites remove,
 Whate'er the Faith of the Successor prove:
 Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their Religion is their Gain,
 Who know by old Experience *Baal's* Commands
 Not only claim'd their Conscience, but their Lands
 They grudge God's Tythes, how therefore shall the
 An Idol full possession of the Field? [yield
 Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must confess
 The Peoples suff'rings than that Monarch's less,
 Who must to hard Conditions still be bound,
 And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound;
 Or shou'd his Thoughts to Tyranny incline,
 Where are the Means to compass the Design?
 Our Crown's Revenues are too short a store,
 And jealous Sanhedrims wou'd give no more.

As vain our fears of *Egypt's* potent Aid,
 Not so has *Pharaoh* learnt Ambition's trade,
 Nor ever with such measures can comply,
 As shock the common Rules of Policy;
 None dread like him the growth of *Israel's* King,
 And he alone sufficient Aids can bring;
 Who knows that Prince to *Egypt* can give Law,
 That on our stubborn Tribes his Yoke cou'd draw.
 At such profound Expence he has not stood,
 Nor dy'd for this his Hands so deep in Blood; [take
 Wou'd ne'er through wrong and right his Progress
 Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World awake,
 To fix a lawless Prince on *Judah's* Throne,
 First to invade our Rights, and then his Own;
 His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,
 And reap the harvest of his Crimes and Toil.
 We grant his Wealth vast as our Ocean's Sand,
 And curse its fatal Influence on our Land,
 Which our brib'd *Jews* so num'rously partake,
 That ey'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd make;

From

From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of *Egypt's* King;
These with pretended Friendship to the State,
Our Crowd's suspicion of their Prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred Rights and Property;
To Ruin, thus, the chosen Flock are sold,
While Wolves are ta'en for Guardians of the Fold;
Seduc'd by these, we groundlessly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign:
Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,
We trust our Prince, no more than they their God.
But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets preach,
To those whom sad Experience ne'er could teach;
Who can commence new Broils in bleeding Scars,
And fresh Remembrance of intestine Wars;
When the same Household mortal Foes did yield,
And Brothers stain'd with Brothers Blood the Field;
When Sons curst Steel the Fathers gore did stain,
And Mothers mourn'd for Sons by Fathers slain!
When thick, as *Egypt's* Locusts on the Sand,
Our Tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd Land,
Whose few Survivors with worse Fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrant's Reign:
Which Scene of woes, unknowing we renew,
And madly, ev'n those Ills we fear, pursue;
While *Pharaoh* laughs at our Domestick broils,
And safely crowds his Tents with Nations spoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in restless Rage,
Against our absent Heroe still engage,
And chiefly urge, (such did their frenzy prove,)
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,
Which 'till obtain'd, they cease Affairs of State,
And real Dangers wave, for groundless Hate.

Long *David's* Patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King.
Expecting 'till the troubled Waves would cease,
But found the raging Billows still increase.
The Crowd, whose Insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost Rebels.

At

At last his deep Resentments silence broke,
 Th' Imperial Palace shook, while thus he spoke :
 Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
 For lo ! our Mercy is become our Crime.
 While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
 Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'n's sacred Trust, decays ;
 For whose support ev'n Subjects Interest calls :
 Wo to that Kingdom, where the Monarch falls !
 That Prince who yields the least of regal Sway,
 So far his People's Freedom does betray.
 Right lives by Law, and Law subsists by Pow'r ;
 Disarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock devour.
 Hard lot of Empire o'er a stubborn Race,
 Which Heav'n it self in vain has try'd with Grace !
 When will our Reason's long-charm'd Eyes unclose,
 And *Israel* judge between her Friends and Foes ?
 When shall we see expir'd Deceivers sway,
 And credit what our God and Monarchs say ?
 Dissembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypt's* Gold,
 Ev'n Sanhedrims in blind Obedience hold ;
 Those Patriots falshood in their Actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree ;
 If ought for which so loudly they declaim,
 Religion, Laws, and Freedom, were their aim ;
 Our Senates in due Methods they had led,
 T'avoid those Mischiefs which they seem'd to dread ;
 But first ere yet they propt the sinking State,
 T'impeach and charge, as urg'd by private Hate,
 Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
 But barb'rously destroy'd the Nation's Rest.
 O ! whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
 And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive ?
 When their Injustice we are prest to share,
 The Monarch urg'd t'exclude the lawful Heir !
 Are Princes thus distinguish'd from the Crowd,
 And this the Privilege of Royal Blood ?
 But grant we shou'd confirm the Wrongs they prest,
 His Sufferings yet were, than the People's, less ;
 Condemn'd for life the murd'ring Sword to wield,
 And on their Heirs entail a bloody Field :

Thus

Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
 And for th' Oppression, which they fear, make ways
 Succession fixt by Heav'n, the Kingdom's Bar,
 Which once dissolv'd, admits the Flood of War;
 Waste, Rapine, Spoil, without, th' assault begin,
 And our mad Tribes supplant the fence within.
 Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the Monarch's Pow'r in hand;
 Authority and Force to join with skill,
 And save the Lunatics against their Will.
 The same rough means that 'swage the Crowd, appease
 Our Senates raging with the Crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbias'd Measures let 'em draw
 From no false Gloss, but Genuine Text of Law;
 Nor urge those Crimes upon Religion's score,
 Themselves so much in *Jebusites* abhor.
 Whom Laws convict (and only they) shall bleed,
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
 Impartial Justice from our Throne shall show'r,
 All shall have Right, and we our Sov'reign Pow'r.
 He said: th' Attendants heard with awful Joy,
 And glad Presages their fixt Thoughts employ;
 From *Hebron* now the suffering Heir return'd,
 A Realm that long with Civil Discord mourn'd;
 'Till his Approach, like some arriving God,
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his aboad;
 The Deluge checkt that to *Judaea* spread,
 And stopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
 Thus in forgiving *David's* Paths he drives,
 And chas'd from *Israel*, *Israel's* Peace contrives.
 The Field confest his pow'r in Arms before,
 And Seas proclaim'd his Triumphs to the shore;
 As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* shown,
 How fit t' Inherit Godlike *David's* Throne.
 Through *Sion's* streets his glad Arrival's spread,
 And Conscious Faction shrinks her snaky Head,
 His Train their Sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The Crowd's Applause with Virtue once agree.
 Success charms all, but Zeal for Worth distress
 A Virtue proper to the brave and best;

'Mongst whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always bent
 To serve the Crown, and Loyal by Descent,
 Whose Constancy so firm, and Conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two Royal Masters trust;
 Who *Tyre's* proud Arms had manfully withstood
 On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Flood;
 Of Learning yet, no Portion was deny'd,
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses pride.
 Nor can *Benaiah's* worth forgotten lye,
 Of steddy Soul when publick Storms were high;
 Whose conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our Honour and our Trade.
 Such were the Chiefs, who most his Suff'rings mourn'd,
 And view'd with silent Joy the Prince return'd;
 While those that sought his Absence to betray,
 Prefs first their nauseous false Respects to pay;
 Him still th' officious Hypocrites molest,
 And with malicious Duty break his Rest.

While real Transports thus his Friends employ,
 And Foes are loud in their dissembled Joy,
 His Triumphs, so resounded far and near,
 Misd not his young ambitious Rival's Ear;
 And as when joyful Hunters clam'rous Train
 Some slumbring Lyon wakes in *Moab's* Plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold Assailants yield,
 And scatter'd his Pursuers through the Field,
 Disdaining, furls his Mane, and tears the Ground,
 His Eyes enflaming all the Desert round,
 With Roar of Seas directs his Chasers way,
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
 Such Rage storm'd now in *Absalom's* fierce Breast,
 Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes confess;
 Where now was the Instructor of his Pride?
 Slept the old Pilot in so rough a Tide?
 Whose wiles had from the happy Shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the cred'ulous Youth convey'd;
 In deep revolving Thoughts he weighs his State,
 Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
 At least, if his storm'd Bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his Charge, and for himself to shift,

In which his dextrous Wit had oft been shown,
And in the Wreck of Kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various Resolutions stands possess'd,
Perceives the Crowd's unstable Zeal decay,
Lest their Recanting Chief the Cause betray,
Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may ground,
And for his Pardon with their Heads compound,
Him therefore, ere his Fortune slip her Time,
The Statesman plots t' engage in some bold Crime
Past Pardon, whether to attempt his Bed,
Or threat with open Arms the Royal Head,
Or other daring Method, and unjust,
That may confirm him in the Peoples Trust,
But failing thus t' ensnare him, nor secure
How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as past his Date,
And try some new Pretender's luckier Fate;
Whose hopes with equal Toil he wou'd pursue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crown'd, except the true
Wake *Abalom*, approaching Ruin shun,
And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The property of desp'rate Villains made?
Lost Pow'r and conscious Fears their Crimes create,
And Guilt in them was little less than Fate;
But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forake thy Vineyards for their stormy Sea?
For thee did *Canaan's* Milk and Honey flow,
Love dress'd thy Bow'rs, and Laurels sought thy Brow,
Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vassals were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh should our Crimes, again, that Curse draw down,
And Rebel-arms once more attempt the Crown,
Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Abalom*,
Alike by Conquest or Defeat undone;
Who could relentless see such Youth and Charms
Expire with wretched Fate in impious Arms?
A Prince so form'd with Earth's and Heav'n's Applause,
To triumph o'er Crown'd Heads in *David's* Cause:

Or grant him Victor, still his Hopes must fail,
 Who, Conquering, wou'd not for himself prevail;
 The Faction whom he trusts for future Sway,
 Him and the Publick would alike betray;
 Amongst themselves divide the Captive State,
 And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
 Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
 The pity'd Youth, with Scepters in his Sight,
 (So have their cruel Politicks decreed,)
 Must by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!
 For could their Pride brook any Prince's Sway,
 Whom but mild *David* wou'd they chuse t' obey?
 Who once at such a gentle Reign repine,
 The Fall of Monarchy it self design;
 From Hate to that their Reformations spring,
 And *David* not their Grievance, but the King.
 Seiz'd now with panick Fear the Faction lyes,
 Lest this clear Truth strike *Absalom's* charm'd Eyes,
 Lest he perceive, from long Enchantment free,
 What all, beside the flatter'd Youth, must see.
 But what-e'er Doubts his troubled Bosom swell,
 Fair Carriage still became *Achitophel*.
 Who now an envious Festival enstals,
 And to survey their Strength the Faction calls,
 Which Fraud, Religious Worship too must gild;
 But oh how weakly does Sedition build?
 For lo! the Royal Mandate issues forth,
 Dashing at once their Treason, Zeal, and Mirth!
 So have I seen disastrous Chance invade,
 Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,
 Whether fierce *Vulcan's* Rage, the Furzy Plain
 Had seiz'd, engendred by some careless Swain;
 Or swelling *Neptune* lawless Inroads made,
 And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;
 The Common-wealth broke up, distracted go,
 And in wild Haste their loaded Mates o'erthrow:
 Ev'n so our scatter'd Guests confus'dly meet,
 With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roast, all jussling in the Street;
 Dejected all, and rufully dismay'd,
 For *Shekel* without Treat, or Treason, paid.

Sedition's dark Eclipse now fainter shows,
 More bright each Hour the Royal Planet grows,
 Of Force the Clouds of Envy to disperse,
 In kind Conjunction of assisting Stars.
 Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious Chiefs relate,
 That turn'd the doubtful Scale of *David's* Fate;
 The rest of that Illustrious Band rehearse,
 Immortaliz'd in lawrell'd *Asaph's* Verse:
 Hard task! yet will not I thy Flight recall;
 View Heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.

First write *Bezaliel*, whose Illustrious Name
 Forestals our Praise, and gives his Poet Fame.
 The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,
 A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaan's* Land;
 Which for its gen'rous Natives yet could be
 Held worthy such a President as he!
Bezaliel with each Grace and Virtue fraught,
 Serene his Looks, serene his Life and Thought;
 On whom so largely Nature heap'd her Store,
 There scarce remain'd for Arts to give him more:
 To Aid the Crown and State his greatest Zeal,
 His second Care that Service to conceal;
 Of Dues observant, firm to ev'ry Trust,
 And to the Needy always more than Just.
 Who Truth from specious Fallhood can divide,
 Has all the Gown-mens Skill without their Pride;
 Thus crown'd with Worth from heights of Honour
 Sees all his Glories copied in his Son, [won,
 Whose forward Fame should every Muse engage:
 Whose Youth boasts Skill deny'd to others Age,
 Men, Manners, Language, Books of noblest kind,
 Already are the Conquest of his Mind.
 Whose Loyalty before its Date was prime;
 Nor waited the dull Course of rowling Time:
 The Monster *Faction* early he dismaid,
 And *David's* Cause long since confest his Aid.
 Brave *Abdael* o'er the Prophet's School was plac'd;
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
 A Heroe, who, while Stars look'd wondring down,
 Without one *Hebrew's* Blood restor'd the Crown.

That Praise was his; what therefore did remain
 For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
 That Crown restor'd; and in this Rank of Fame,
 Brave *Abdael* with the first a place must claim.
 Proceed illustrious, happy Chief, proceed,
 Foreseize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
 While th' inspir'd Tribe attend with noblest strain.
 To register the Glories thou shalt gain:
 For sure, the Dew shall *Gilboah's* Hills forsake,
 And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom's* Lake;
 Or Seas retir'd their secret Stores disclose,
 And to the Sun their scaly Brood expose,
 Or swell'd above the Cliffs, their Billows raise,
 Before the Muses leave their Patron's Praise.

Eliab our next Labour do's invite,
 And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:
 Long with the Royal Wanderer he rov'd,
 And firm in all the Turns of Fortunes prov'd!
 Such ancient Service and Desert so large,
 Well claim'd the Royal Household for his Charge.
 His Age with only one mild Heiress blest,
 In all the Bloom of smiling Nature drest,
 And blest again to see his Flow'r ally'd.
 To *David's* Stock, and made young *Othniel's* Bride!
 The bright Restorer of his Father's Youth,
 Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:
 Resolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
 So bravely fought (while fought) by *Abalom*.
 Ah Prince! th' Illustrious Planet of thy Birth,
 And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy worth;
 That no *Achitophel* thy Ruin boast;
Israel too much in one such Wreck has lost.

Ev'n Envy must consent to *Helon's* Worth,
 Whose Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
 Could for our Captive-ark its Zeal retain,
 And *Pharoah's* Altars in their Pomp disdain:
 To slight his Gods was small; with nobler Pride,
 He all th' Allurements of his Court defy'd.
 Whom Profit nor Example could betray,
 But *Israel's* Friend, and true to *David's* Sway.

What

What acts of favour in his Province fall,
On Merit he confers, and freely all.

Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* grace,
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdin*'s high place;
Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' Endowments of *Achitophel*.
Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,
But *Israel*'s Sanctions into Practice drew;
Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick Sense,
So just, and with such Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Blessing does belong,
With *Moses*'s Inspiration, *Aaron*'s Tongue.

Than *Sheva*, none more Loyal Zeal have shown,
Wakeful, as *Judah*'s Lion for the Crown,
Who for that Cause still combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive,
In vain seditious Scribes with Libel strive
T' enflame the Crowd, while he with watchful Eye
Observes, and shoots their Treasons as they fly,
Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So *Moses*, when the Pest on Legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his Signal and the Plague was stay'd.

Once more my fainting Muse thy Pinions try,
And Strength's exhausted store let Love supply.
What Tribute, *Asaph*, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy own Tree!
Thy Laurel Grove no Envy's flash can blast;
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
With wonder late Posterity shall dwell
On *Absalom* and false *Achitophel*:
Thy strains shall be our slumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*-Virgins sing, their Theam,
Our *Jubilees* shall with thy Verse be grac'd,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
How fierce his Satyr loos'd, restrain'd, how tame,
How tender of th' offending *Young Man*'s Fame!

How well his Worth, and brave Adventures styl'd,
 Just to his Virtues, to his Error mild.
 No Page of thine that fears the strictest view,
 But teems with just Reproof, or Praise, as due;
 Not *Eden* could a fairer Prospect yield,
 All *Paradise* without one barren Field:
 Whose Wit the Censure of his Foes has past:
 The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
 What Praise for such rich Strains shall we allow?
 What just Rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
 While Bees in Flow'rs rejoice, and Flow'rs in Dew,
 While Stars and Fountains to their Course are true,
 While *Judah's* Throne, and *Sion's* Rock stand fast,
 The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.

Still *Hebron's* honour'd happy Soil retains
 Our Royal Hero's beauteous dear Remains;
 Who now sails off with Winds nor Wishes slack,
 To bring his Suff'rings bright Companion back,
 But ere such Transport can our sense employ,
 A bitter Grief must poison half our Joy,
 Nor can our Coasts restor'd those Blessings see,
 Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
 Curs'd *Sodom's* Doom for ever fix the Tide
 Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant dy'd
 Give not insulting *Askalon* to know,
 Nor let *Gath's* Daughters triumph in our woe!
 No Sailor with the News swell *Egypt's* Pride,
 By what inglorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!
 Weep *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry,
 While *Sion's* Rock dissolves for a Supply!
 Calm were the Elements, Night's silence deep,
 The Waves scarce murm'ring, and the Winds asleep;
 Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour,
 And treacherous Sands the Princely Bark devour;
 Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,
 To Virtue's scandal, and the Stars disgrace!
 Oh! had th' Indulgent Pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
 Instead of faithless Shelves, a list'd Field;
 A list'd Field of Heav'n's and *David's* Foes,
 Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth oppose,

Each.

Each Life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
 Not tamely, and unconqu'ring, thus expir'd:
 But Destiny is now their only Foe,
 And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
 With loud last Breaths their Master's Scape applaud,
 Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates defraud;
 Who for such Followers lost, O matchless Mind!
 At his own Safety now almost repin'd!
 Say, Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
 Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania's* Charms;
 If all your Suff'rings past so nearly prest,
 Or pierc'd with half so painful Grief your Breast?

Thus some Diviner Muse her Hero forms,
 Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in Storms.
 Not stretcht on Roses in the Myrtle Grove,
 Nor crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with Love,
 But far remov'd in thundring Camps is found,
 His Slumbers short, his Bed the heroless Ground:
 In Tasks of Danger always seen the First,
 Feeds from the Hedge, and flakes with Ice his Thirst.
 Long must his Patience strive with Fortune's Rage,
 And long opposing Gods themselves engage,
 Must see his Country flame, his Friends destroy'd,
 Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd:

Such Toil of Fate must build a Man of Fame,
 And such, to *Israel's* Crown, the God-like *David* came.
 What sudden Beams dispel the Clouds so fast!
 Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waste:
 The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd,
 On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd;
 The Winds breathe low, the Element serene;
 Yet mark what Motion in the Waves is seen!
 Thronging and busie as *Hyblaean* Swarms,
 Or stragled Soldiers summon'd to their Arms.
 See where the Princely Bark in loosest Pride,
 With all her Guardian Fleet, adorns the Tide!
 High on her Deck the Royal Lovers stand,
 Our Crimes to Pardon ere they touch'd our Land.
 Welcome to *Israel* and to *David's* Breast!
 Here all your Toils, here all your Suff'rings rest.

This Year did Ziloah rule *Jerusalem*,
And boldly all Sedition's *Syrtes* stem,
How-e'er incumber'd with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* or *Shirnei* to assist the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah's* Loyal Labours so prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,
When ev'n the common Cry did Justice sound,
And Merit by the Multitude was Crown'd:
With *David* then was *Israel's* Peace restor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their Error, and obey'd their Lord.



*A K E Y to both Parts of Absalom
and Achitophel.*

A Bfalòm,	<i>Duke of Monmouth.</i>
Annabel,	<i>Dutchess of Monmouth.</i>
Amiel,	<i>Mr. Seymour, Speaker.</i>
Achitophel,	<i>Lord Shaftsbury.</i>
Abethdin,	<i>Lord Chancellor.</i>
Agag,	<i>Sir E. B. Godfrey.</i>
Asaph,	<i>Mr. Dryden.</i>
Arod,	<i>Sir W. Waller.</i>
Abdael,	<i>Duke of Albemarle.</i>
Aimri,	<i>Lord Chancellor Finch.</i>
Adriel,	<i>Earl of Mulgrave.</i>
Bathsheba,	<i>Dutchess of Portsmouth.</i>
Balaam,	<i>Earl of Huntingdon.</i>
Barzillai,	<i>Duke of Ormond.</i>
Balack,	<i>Barnet.</i>
Benaiah,	<i>General Sackville.</i>
Bezaliel,	<i>Duke of Beaufort.</i>
Caleb,	<i>Lord Grey.</i>
Corah,	<i>Dr. Oates.</i>
David,	<i>King Charles II.</i>
Doeg,	<i>Seute.</i>
Ethnick Plot,	<i>Popish Plot.</i>
Eliab,	<i>Earl of Arlington.</i>
Egypt,	<i>France.</i>
Hushai,	<i>Earl of Rochester, Hyde.</i>
Hebrew Priests,	<i>Church of England Ministers.</i>
Helon,	<i>Lord Feversham.</i>
Hebron,	<i>Scotland.</i>
Israel,	<i>England.</i>
Jerusalem,	<i>London.</i>
Isboseth,	<i>Rich. Cromwell.</i>
Jotham,	<i>Marquiss of Hallifax.</i>
Jebusites,	<i>Papists.</i>
Jonas,	<i>Sir W. Jones.</i>

Iffachar,	T. Thin, <i>Esq;</i>
Jothran,	Lord Dartmouth.
Ishban,	Sir R. Clayton.
Judas,	Ferguson.
B. Jochanan,	Johnson.
Michal,	Q. Katharine.
Mephibosheth,	Pordage.
Nadab,	Lord Howard of Esrick.
Og,	Shadwell.
Othniel,	Duke of Grafton.
Pharaoh,	French King.
Phaleg,	Forbes.
Rabshakeh,	Sir Tho. Player.
Saul,	Oliver.
Sanhedrim,	Parliament.
Solymean Rout,	London Rebels.
Sagan of Jerusalem,	Bishop of London.
Shimei,	Sheriff Bethel.
Sheva,	Sir R. L'Estrange.
Tyre,	Holland.
Uzza,	J. H.
Western Dome,	Dolben.
Zimri,	Duke of Buckingham.
Zadoch,	Archbishop Sancroft.
Zaken,	Parliament-man.
Ziloah,	Sir J. Moor.



The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and
Lausus, translated out of the Tenth
Book of *Virgil's Æneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the EPISODE, with the fore-
going Story.

Mezentius was King of *Etruria*, or *Tuscany*; from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus banish'd he applies himself to King *Turnus*, in whose Court he and his Son *Lausus* take Sanctuary. *Turnus* for the Love of *Lavinia* making War with *Æneas*, *Mezentius* engages in the cause of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himself on his late Subjects, who now assisted *Æneas* out of hatred to him. *Mezentius* is every where describ'd by *Virgil* as an Atheist; his Son *Lausus* is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Virtue: And the Death of these two is the subject of this Noble Episode.

THUS equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field;
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n survey the doubtful strife,
And mourn the Miseries of human life.
Above the rest two Goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, Juno there.
Amidst the Crowd, infernal *Aid* shakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hissing Crest of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud disdain,
Brandish'd his Spear, and rush'd into the Plain:
Where, tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like vast *Orion* stalking o'er the flood:

When

When with his brawny Breast, he cuts the waves;
 His shoulders scarce the topmost Billow laves.
 Or like a Mountain Ash, whose roots are spread,
 Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.
 Thus arm'd, he took the field:-----
 The Trojan Prince beheld him from afar,
 With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.
 Collected in himself, and like a Rock
 Poiz'd on his base; *Mezentius* stood the shock
 Of his great Foe: then measuring with his eyes
 The space his Spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:
 My own right Hand and Sword assist my stroke;
 (Those only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
 His Armour, from the Trojan Pyrate torn,
 Shall by my *Lausus* be in Triumph worn.
 He said; and straight with all his force he threw
 The massie Spear; which, hissing as it flew,
 Reach'd the celestial Shield; that stop'd the course.
 But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
 Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
 The Side and Bowels, fam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the War,
 'Till, tir'd with toils, fair *Italy* he chose;
 And in *Evander's* Palace sought repose:
 Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
 He casts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
 The pious Trojan then his Javelin sent;
 The Shield gave way, thro' treble plates it went.
 Of solid brass, of liinnen trebly rowl'd,
 And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
 All these it past with unresisted course,
 Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
 The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood:
 The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
 His Fauchion drew, to closer fight address,
 And with new force his fainting Foe oppress.
 His Father's danger *Lausus* view'd with grief,
 He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief;

And

And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here I must
 To thy immortal Memory be just,
 And sing an act, so noble and so new,
 Posterity shall scarce believe it true.
 Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
 The Father sought to save himself by flight;
 Incumber'd, slow he drag'd the Spear along,
 Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
 The pious Youth resolv'd to undergo
 The lifted Sword, springs out to face his Foe,
 Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
 Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
 To see the Son the vanquish'd Father shield;
 All fir'd with noble Emulation, strive;
 And with a storm of Darts, to distance drive
 The Trojan Chief, who held at bay, from far,
 On his *Vulcanian* Orb sustain'd the War.
 As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
 The Ploughman, Passenger, and lab'ring Hind,
 For shelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
 Or hous'd, or safe in hollow Caverns lie;
 But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above 'em smiles,
 Return to Travel, and renew their Toils:
Aeneas thus o'erwhelm'd; on every side
 The storm of Darts undaunted did abide;
 And thus to *Lausus* loud with friendly threatening cry'd.
 Why wilt thou rush to certain Death, and rage
 In rash Attempts beyond thy tender Age,
 Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn
 The Youth desists, but with insulting Scorn
 Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whose patience tir'd
 Gave place; and all his Breast with fury fir'd.
 For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
 And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
 Which full descending with a fearful sway,
 Thro' Shield and Cuirass forc'd th' impetuous way,
 And buried deep in his fair Bosom lay.
 The springing Streams thro' the thin Armour strove,
 And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother wove:
 And

And life at length forsook his heaving Heart,
 Loth from so sweet a Mansion to depart.
 But when, with Blood and Paleness all bespread,
 The pious Prince beheld young *Lausus* dead,
 He griev'd, he wept: the sight an image brought
 Of his own filial love; a sadly-pleasing thought.
 Then stretch'd his Hand to raise him up, and said;
 Poor hapless Youth, what Praises can be paid
 To Love so great; to such transcendent store
 Of early Worth, and sure presage of more!
 Accept whate'er *Aeneas* can afford:
 Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword:
 And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
 Inviolatè; and sacred to the slain.
 Thy Body on thy Parents I bestow
 To please thy Ghost; at least if shadows know
 Or have a taste of human things below.
 There to thy fellow Ghosts, with glory tell,
 'Twas by the great *Aeneas*' Hand I fell.
 With this he bids his distant Friends draw near,
 Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear;
 Himself assists to raise him from the Ground,
 His Locks deform'd with Blood, that swell'd from out
 his Wound.
 Mean-time the Father, now no Father, stood,
 And wash'd his Wounds by *Tyber*'s yellow Flood,
 Opprest with anguish, panting, and o'er-spent,
 His fainting Limbs against a Tree he leant:
 A Bough his brazen Helmet did sustain,
 His heavier Arms lay scatter'd on the Plain:
 Of Youth a chosen Troop around him stand,
 His Head hung down, and rested on his Hand;
 His grizly Beard his pensive Bosom sought,
 And all on *Lausus* ran his restless thought.
 Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
 Much he enquir'd, and many a Message sent
 To warn him from the Field; alas in vain!
 Behold his mournful Followers bear him slain
 On their broad Shields; still gush'd the gaping wound,
 And drew a bloody Trail along the ground.

Far off he heard their Cries; far off divin'd
 The dire Event with a foreboding Mind;
 With Dust he sprinkled first his hoary Head
 Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he spread;
 Last, the dear Corps embracing, thus he said,
 What Joys, alas, could this frail Being give
 That I have been so covetous to live.
 To see my Son, and such a Son, resign
 His Life a Ransom for preserving mine!
 And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
 How much too dear has that Redemption cost!
 'Tis now my bitter Banishment I feel,
 This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
 My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;
 My Blackness blotted thy unblemish'd Name.
 Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd and exil'd
 For foul Misdeeds, were Punishments too mild.
 I ow'd my People these; and from their Hate
 With less Injustice could have born my Fate.
 And yet I live, and yet support the sight
 Of hateful Men, and of more hated Light!
 But will not long. With that he rais'd from Ground
 His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with his Wound.
 Yet with a Mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
 With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd.
 Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress
 With daily care; and mounted with Success
 His Aid in Arms; his Ornament in Peace.
 Soothing his Courage with a gentle stroke,
 The Horse seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke.
 O *Rhæbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
 (If Long and Life were Terms that could agree!)
 This day, thou either shalt bring back the Head;
 And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;
 This day, thou either shalt revenge my Woe
 For murder'd *Lausus* on his cruel Foe;
 Or if inexorable Fate deny
 Our Conquest, with thy conquer'd Master die.
 For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
 Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* load endure.

He

He said; and straight th' officious Courser kneels
 To take his wonted Weight: His Hands he fills
 With pointed Javelins; on his Head he lac'd
 His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
 With waving Horse-hair, nodding from afar,
 Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidst the War.
 Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madnes wrought,
 Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
 Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress'd,
 Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast;
 Then loud he call'd *Aeneas* thrice by Name;
 The loud-repeated Voice to glad *Aeneas* came.
 Great *Jove*, he said, and the far-shooting God,
 Inspire thy Mind, to make thy Challenge good.
 He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of Fear,
 And threaten'd with his long-protended Spear,
 To whom *Mezentius* thus; Thy Vaunts are vain,
 My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain;
 He's lost; thy Conquest is already won:
 This was my only way to be undone.
 Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods despise!
 Forbear thy Threats; my Business is to die:
 But first receive this parting Legacy.
 He said; and straight a whirling Dart he sent;
 Another after, and another went.
 Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field,
 And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
 Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Aeneas* wheel'd,
 Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden Orb withstood
 The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
 Impatient of delay; and weary grown
 Still to defend, and to defend alone;
 To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,
 Urg'd and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight,
 At last resolv'd, he throws with all his force
 Full at the Temples of the warrior Horse;
 Betwixt the Temples pass'd th' unerring Spear,
 And piercing stood transfixt from Ear to Ear.
 Seiz'd with the sudden Pain, surpriz'd with Fright,
 The Courser bounds aloft and stands upright:

He

He beats his Hoofs awhile in Air; then preſt
 With anguiſh, floundring falls the gen'rous Breſt,
 And his caſt Rider with his weight oppreſt.
 From either Hoſt the mingled Shouts and Cries
 Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies.

Aeneas haſt'ning way'd his fatal Sword

High o'er his Head, with this reproachful Word:

Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Diſdain

Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty ſtrain?

Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,

With ſcarce recover'd Sight, he thus replies:

Why theſe inſulting Threats, this waſte of Breath,

To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death?

'Tis no Diſhonour for the Brave to die;

Nor came I here with hope of Victory;

But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;

When *Lausus* fell, I was already ſlain:

Nor ask I Life,

My dying Son contracted no ſuch Band:

Nor would I take it from his Murd'rer's Hand.

For this, this only Favour let me ſue,

(If pity to a conquer'd Foe be due)

Refuſe not that: But let my Body have

The laſt retreat of Human-kind; a Grave.

Too well I know my injur'd Peoples hate;

Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate;

This Refuge for my poor Remains provide;

And lay my much-lov'd *Lausus* by my ſide;

He ſaid; and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.

The Crimſon Stream diſtain'd his Arms around;

And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing thro' the wound.

The

The SPEECH of
V E N U S to *V U L C A N*:

Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son
Aeneas, then engag'd in a War against the Latins,
 and King *Turnus*: Translated out of the Eighth Book
 of Virgil's *Aeneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

[[spread:
NOW Night with fable Wings the World o'er-
 But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with Dread
 Of Latian Arms, before the Tempest breaks,
 Her Husband's timely succour thus bespeaks,
 Couch'd in his golden Bed: —
 (And, that her pleasing Speech his Mind may move,
 Inspires it with diviner Charms of Love:)
 While adverse Fate conspir'd with Grecian Pow'rs,
 To level with the Ground the Trojan Tow'rs,
 I begg'd no aid th' Unhappy to restore,
 Nor did thy Succour, nor thy Art implore;
 Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,
 To urge the Labour of my Lord in vain.
 Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam's* House, and more
 The dangers of *Aeneas* did deplore:
 But now, by *Jove's* command, and Fates decree,
 His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
 With humble Suit I ask thy needful Art,
 O still propitious Pow'r, O Sov'raign of my Heart,
 A Mother stands a Suppliant for a Son:
 By silver-footed *Thetis* thou wert won
 For fierce *Achilles*, and the rosie Morn
 Mov'd thee with Arms her *Memnon* to adorn;
 Are these my Tears less pow'rful on thy Mind?
 Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
 With Fire and Sword My People to destroy,
 And twice to triumph over Me and Troy.
 She said; and straight her Arms of snowy hue
 About her unresolving Husband threw;

Her

MISCELLANY POEMS.

45

Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,
His Bones and Marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire,
Not half so swift the rowling Thunder flies,
Or streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.
Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her Charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms :)
Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own Beauty or my Love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful Hand,
You might the Artist, and his Art command
To arm your Trojans: Nor did Jove, or Fate,
Confine their Empire to so short a date:
And if you now desire new Wars to wage,
My Care, my Skill, my Labour I engage,
Whatever melting Metals can conspire,
Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,
I freely promise; all your doubts remove,
And think no task is difficult to Love.
He said; and eager to enjoy her Charms,
He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his Arms;
"Till all infus'd in joy he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

L U C R E T I U S,

The Beginning of the First Book.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

Delight of human Kind, and Gods above;
Parent of Rome; Propitious Queen of Love;
Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling Skies:
For every kind, by thy prolifick might,
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light:

Thee,

Thee, Goddess, thee the Clouds and Tempests fear,
 And at thy pleasing Presence disappear:
 For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is drest,
 For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy
 Breast; [light is blest.
 And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer
 For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
 And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
 When teeming Budds, and chearful Greens appear,
 And Western Gales unlock the lasie Year,
 The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
 Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess:
 Then salvage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
 Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood:
 All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
 Of all that breathes, the various progeny,
 Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
 O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
 The leafy Forest, and the liquid Main,
 Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
 Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
 And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly Seeds of
 Since then the race of every living thing [Love:
 Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring
 Without thy Warmth, without thy Influence bear,
 Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,
 Be thou my aid: My tuneful Song inspire,
 And kindle with thy own productive fire;
 While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
 And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
 Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy won-
 d'rous Pow'r display.
 To *Memmius*, under thy sweet Influence born,
 Whom thou with all thy Gifts and Graces dost adorn.
 The rather then assist my Muse and me,
 Infusing Verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
 Mean-time on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord
 And lull the listning World in universal Peace.
 To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
 For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;

Because

Because the brutal business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care:
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy Breast, supinely lyes, [Eyes:
While with thy heavenly Form he feeds his famish'd
Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath,
By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing Death.
There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love,
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World restore.

LUCRETIVS,

The Beginning of the Second Book.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shoar
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide
To Virtue's heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
And all the Magazines of Learning fortify'd:
From thence to look below on humane kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:
To see vain Fools ambitiously contend
For Wit and Pow'r; their last endeavours bend
T'outshine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.

O wretched Man! in what a mist of Life,
 Inclos'd with dangers and with noisic strife,
 He spends his little Span: And overfeeds
 His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs;
 For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
 And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight;
 Which Minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
 A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.
 So little this corporeal Frame requires;
 So bounded are our natural Desires;
 That wanting all, and setting Pain aside,
 With bare Privation, Sense is satisfy'd.
 If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
 To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;
 If the proud Palace shines not with the State
 Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,
 If well-tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing Sound
 Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound;
 Yet on the Grass, beneath a Poplar shade
 By the cool Stream, our careless Limbs are lay'd,
 With cheaper Pleasures innocently blest,
 When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is drest.
 Nor will the raging Feaver's fire abate,
 With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
 But the poor Patient will as soon be found
 On the hard mattsress, or the Mother ground.
 Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more
 By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,
 'Tis plain, these useless Toys of every kind
 As little can relieve the lab'ring Mind:
 Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful sight
 Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight,
 Could, with their Sound and terrible Array,
 Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of Death away;
 But, since the supposition vain appears,
 Since clinging Cares, and trains of inbred Fears,
 Are not with Sounds to be affrighted thence,
 But in the midst of Pomp pursue the Prince,
 Not aw'd by Arms, but in the Presence bold,
 Without respect to Purple, or to Gold;

Why

Why should not we these pageantries despise;
 Whose worth but in our want of Reason lyes;
 For Life is all in wandring Errors led;
 And just as Children are surpriz'd with dread,
 And tremble in the dark, so riper Years
 Ev'n in broad day-light are possess'd with fears:
 And shake at shadows fanciful and vain,
 As those which in the Breasts of Children reign.
 These bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
 No rays of outward sunshine can dispel;
 But Nature and right Reason must display [day
 Their Beams abroad, and bring the darksome Soul to

*Translation of the latter Part of the Third
 Book of LUCRETIVS; against the
 Fear of Death.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHAT has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
 If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
 For, as before our Birth we felt no pain
 When Punick Arms infested Land and Main,
 When Heav'n and Earth were in confusion hurl'd
 For the debated Empire of the World,
 Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
 Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who should sway:
 So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
 The lifeless Lump uncoupled from the Mind,
 From sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free;
 We shall not feel, because we shall not Be.
 Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
 We should not move, we only should be tost.
 Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
 The Soul could feel in her divided State,
 What's that to us? for we are only we
 While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.

VOL. II.

D

Nay

Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,
 And Matter leap into the former dance,
 Tho' time our Life and Motion could restore,
 And make our Bodies what they were before,
 What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
 The new-made Man would be another thing,
 When once an interrupting Pause is made,
 That individual Being is decay'd:
 We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
 In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the Smart,
 Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
 Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
 For backward if you look, on that long space
 Of Ages past, and view the changing Face
 Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
 In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the Mind
 From thence to infer, that Seeds of things have been
 In the same Order as they now are seen:
 Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
 Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
 Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
 And all the wandring Motions from the sense are fled.
 For whoso'er shall in Misfortunes live,
 Must *Be*, when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
 And since the Man who *is not*, feels not woe,
 (For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
 Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
 What is there left for us in death to fear?
 When once that pause of Life has come between,
 'Tis just the same as we had never been.
 And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
 That after death his mouldring Limbs shall rot,
 Or flames, or jaws of Beasts devour his Mass,
 Know he's an un sincere, unthinking Ass.
 A secret Sting remains within his Mind,
 The fool is to his own cast offals kind;
 He boasts no sense can after death remain,
 Yet makes himself a part of life again,
 As if some other He could feel the pain.

While he live, this Thought molest his Head,
 What Wolf or Vulture shall devour me dead?
 He wastes his days in idle Grief, nor can
 Distinguish 'twixt the Body and the Man:
 But thinks himself can still himself survive;
 And what when dead he feels not, feels alive;
 Then he repines that he was born to die;
 Nor knows in death there is no other He,
 No living He remains his Grief to vent,
 And o'er his senseless Carcass to lament,
 If after death 'tis painful to be torn
 By Birds and Beasts; then why not so to burn,
 Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be soak'd,
 Or balmd to be at once preserv'd and choak'd;
 Or on an airy Mountain's top to lye,
 Expos'd to cold and Heav'n's inclemency;
 Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppress'd
 With monumental Marble on thy Breast?
 But to be snatch'd from all thy household Joys,
 From thy chaste Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,
 Whose little Arms about thy Legs are cast,
 And climbing for a Kiss prevent their Mother's haste;
 Inspiring secret Pleasure thro' thy Breast;
 All these shall be no more: thy Friends oppress'd,
 Thy Care and Courage now no more shall free:
 All Wretch, thou cry'st, ah! miserable me,
 One woful day sweeps Children, Friends and Wife,
 And all the brittle Blessings of my Life!
 Add one thing more, and all thou say'st is true;
 Thy want and wish of them is vanish'd too.
 Which well consider'd were a quick relief,
 To all thy vain imaginary Grief.
 For thou shalt sleep and never wake again,
 And quitting Life, shalt quit thy living pain.
 But we thy Friends shall all those sorrows find,
 Which in forgetful death thou leav'st behind,
 No time shall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from
 Our Mind.

The worst that can befall thee, measur'd right,
 Is a sound slumber, and a long good Night.

Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought the Wits,
 Disturb their Mirth with melancholy fits,
 When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
 'Till the fresh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
 They whine, and cry, let us make haste to live,
 Short are the joys that human Life can give.
 Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
 And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
 Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worst
 Of death, is want of drink, and endless thirst,
 Or any fond desire as vain as these.
 For ev'n in sleep, the body wrapt in ease,
 Supinely lyes, as in the peaceful Grave,
 And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave,
 Were that sound sleep eternal, it were death;
 Yet the first Atoms then, the Seeds of breath
 Are moving near to sense; we do but shake
 And rouse that sense, and straight we are awake.
 Then death to us, and death's anxiety
 Is less than nothing, if a less could be.
 For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
 Are scatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
 And never can return into their place,
 When once the pause of Life has left an empty space.
 And last, suppose great Nature's Voice should call
 To thee, or me, or any of us all,
 What dost thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
 Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
 And sigh and sob, that thou shalt be no more?
 For if thy Life were pleasant heretofore,
 If all the bounteous Blessings I could give
 Thou hast enjoy'd, if thou hast known to live,
 And pleasure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve;
 Why dost thou not give thanks as at a plenteous Feast,
 Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and rise and take thy rest?
 But if my Blessings thou hast thrown away, [rest]
 If indigested Joys pass'd thro' and would not stay,
 Why dost thou wish for more to squander still?
 If Life be grown a load, a real Ill,

And

And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
To please thee I have empty'd all my Store,
I can invent, and can supply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppose thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet still the self-same Scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldst thou ever live;
For life is still but life, there's nothing new to give.
What can we plead against so just a Bill?
We stand convicted, and our Cause goes ill.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppress'd by Fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,
She speaks aloud to him with more disdain,
Be still, thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
What thou (she crys) who hast out-liv'd Content?
Dost thou complain, who hast enjoy'd my Store?
But this is still th' effect of wishing more!
Unsatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the present, liking absent things;
From hence it comes thy vain desires, at strife
Within themselves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
And ghastly Death appear'd before thy sight
Ere thou hadst gorg'd thy Soul and Senses with delight.
Now leave those Joys, unsuited to thy Age,
To a fresh Comer, and resign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus she chide?
No sure; for 'tis her Business to provide
Against this ever-changing Frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to pass away.
One Being worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd, but not lost; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter must be found for things to come,
And these must waste like those, and follow Nature's
All things, like thee, have time to rise and rot; [doom.
And from each other's ruin are begot;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for Use; to none for Property.

Consider former Ages past and gone,
 Whose Circles ended long ere thine begun,
 Then tell me, Fool, what part in them thou hast?
 Thus may'st thou judge the future by the past.
 What horror seest thou in that quiet State,
 What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
 No Ghost, no Goblins, that still passage keep,
 But all is there serene, in that eternal Sleep.
 For all the dismal Tales that Poets tell,
 Are verifi'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
 No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye, [high;
 Or dreads th' impending Rock to crush him from on
 But fear of Chance on Earth disturbs our easie hours;
 Or vain imagin'd Wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
 No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
 Nor cou'd the Lobes of his rank Liver swell
 To that prodigious Mass, for their eternal Meal.
 Not tho' his monstrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
 Nine spreading Acres, or nine thousand more;
 Not tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gyant's
 floor.
 Nor in eternal Torments could he lye;
 Nor could his Corps sufficient food supply.
 But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppress'd,
 Or Tyrant Passion preying on his Breast,
 And ever-anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest.
 The *Sisyphus* is he, whom noise and strife
 Seduce from all the soft retreats of Life,
 To vex the Government, disturb the Laws,
 Drunk with the Fumes of popular applause,
 He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
 And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sovereign
 For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail, [seat,
 Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
 What is it, but in Reason's true account
 To heave the Stone against the rising Mount;
 Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
 Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smoaks a
 long the plain.

Then

Then still to treat thy ever-craving Mind
 With ev'ry Blessing, and of ev'ry kind,
 Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
 Though Years and Seasons vary thy delight,
 Yet nothing to be seen of all the store,
 But still the Wolf within thee barks for more;
 This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
 Of fifty foolish Virgins damn'd in Hell
 To leaky Vessels, which the Liquor spill;
 To Vessels of their Sex, which none could ever fill.
 As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
 The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
 But here on Earth the Guilty have in view
 The mighty Pains to mighty Mischiefs due;
 Racks, Prisons, Poisons, the Tarpeian Rock,
 Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and suffocating Smoak,
 And last, and most, if these were cast behind,
 Th' avenging horror of a Conscious Mind,
 Whose deadly fear anticipates the blow,
 And sees no end of Punishment and Woe;
 But looks for more, at the last gasp of Breath:
 This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.
 Mean-time, when thoughts of death disturb thy Head,
 Consider, *Ancus* great and good is dead;
Ancus, thy better far, was born to die,
 And thou, dost thou bewail mortality?
 So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
 Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
 That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
 And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves re-
 strain,
 (In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatned wreck,
 While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
 Him, Death, a greater Monarch, overcame; [Name.
 Nor spar'd his Guards the more, for their immortal
 The Roman Chief, the Carthaginian Dread,
Scipio, the Thunder-bolt of War, is dead,
 And like a common Slave, by Fate in triumph led.

The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
 And Wits who made Eternity their boast:
 Where now is *Homer*, who possess'd the Throne?
 Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
Democritus, perceiving Age invade,
 His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
 Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face;
 Made haste to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.
 That stroke, ev'n *Epicurus* could not bar,
 Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind, as far }
 As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
 And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy Breath,
 Whose very life is little more than death?
 More than one half by lazy sleep possess'd;
 And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best, [Breast. }
 Day-dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy }
 Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
 Whose cause and cure thou never hop'st to find;
 But still uncertain, with thy self at strife,
 Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
 O, if the foolish Race of Man, who find
 A weight of cares still pressing on their Mind,
 Could find as well the cause of this unrest,
 And all this burden lodg'd within the Breast!
 Sure they would change their Course; nor live as now,
 Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
 Uneasie both in Country and in Town,
 They search a Place to lay their Burden down,
 One restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
 And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
 But straight returns; for he's as restless there;
 And finds there's no relief in open Air.
 Another to his *Villa* would retire,
 And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
 No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
 But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore; }
 Or seeks the City which he left before. }
 Thus every Man o'er-works his weary will,
 To shun himself, and to shake off his Ill; }
 The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still. }
 No

No prospect of Repose, nor hope of Ease;
 The Wretch is ignorant of his Disease;
 Which known would all his fruitless trouble spare;
 For he would know the World not worth his care:
 Then would he search more deeply for the cause;
 And study Nature well, and Nature's Laws;
 For in this moment lyes not the debate;
 But on our future, fix'd, eternal State;
 That never-changing State which all must keep
 Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
 Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
 Beset with dangers and maintain'd with strife.
 A Life which all our care can never save;
 One Fate attends us; and one common Grave.
 Besides, we tread but a perpetual round,
 We ne'er strike out; but bear the former ground,
 And the same Maukish Joys in the same track are
 found.
 For still we think an absent Blessing best;
 Which cloyes, and is no Blessing when possess'd;
 A new arising Wish expells it from the Breast.
 The fear'full thirst of Life increases still;
 We call for more and more, and never have our fill:
 Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
 What dregs of Life in the last draught may lie.
 Nor, by the longest Life we can attain,
 One Moment from the length of Death we gain;
 For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
 When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
 The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
 Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
 As he who dy'd a thousand Years ago.



58 The SECOND PART of

L U C R E T I U S

The latter Part of the Fourth Book.

Concerning the Nature of Love.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit istum, &c.

THUS therefore, he who feels the fiery Dart
Of strong Desire transfix his amorous Heart,
Whether some beauteous Boy's alluring Face,
Or lovelier Maid with unresisted Grace,
From her each part the winged Arrow sends,
From whence he first was struck, he thither tends;
Restless he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the sprightly Seed.
For fierce Desire does all his Mind employ,
And ardent Love assures approaching Joy.
Such is the nature of that pleasing Smart,
Whose burning Drops distil upon the Heart,
The scayer of the Soul shot from the Hair,
And the cold Ague of succeeding Care.
If absent, her Idea still appears;
And her sweet Name is chuning in your Ears;
But strive those pleasing Fantoms to remove,
And shun th' aerial Images of Love,
That feed the Flame: When one molests thy Mind,
Discharge thy Loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiser way, than to restrain
Within thy swelling Nerves that hoard of Pain.
For ev'ry Hour some deadlier Symptom shows,
And by delay the gathering Venom grows,
When kindly Applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love must on the Wound be bruise'd:

On

MISCELLANY POEMS.

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On that one Object 'tis not safe to stay,
But force the tide of Thought some other way:
The squander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature sow.
Nor wants he all the Blifs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the Pleasure, and avoids the Pain;
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,
And less affect the sickly than the sound.
When Love its utmost Vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a restless wand'ring Joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild excess,
With Hands or Eyes, what first he would possess:
But strains at all; and fast'ning where he strains,
Too closely presses with his frantick Pains:
With biting Kisses hurts the twining Fair,
Which shews his Joys imperfect, unsincere:
For stung with inward Rage, he flings around,
And strives t' avenge the Smart on that which gave
the Wound,
But Love those eager bitings does restrain,
And mingling Pleasure mollifies the Pain:
For ardent Hope still flatters anxious Grief,
And sends him to his Foe to seek Relief:
Which yet the nature of the thing denies,
For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys,
By full Possession does but fan the Fire,
The more we still enjoy, the more we still desire:
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a space,
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place,
Hence Thirst and Hunger may be satisfy'd,
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatsoe'er Delight
Provokes the Lover's endless Appetite,
These fill no Space, nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our Instruments of Love:
In our deluded Grasp we nothing find,
But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.
As he who in a Dream with drought is curst,
And finds no real Drink to quench his thirst;

Runs

Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to steep,
 And vainly swills and labours in his sleep;
 So Love with Fantoms cheats our longing Eyes,
 Which hourly seeing never satisfies:
 Our hands pull nothing from the Parts they strain,
 But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain:
 Nor when the youthful Pair more closely join,
 When Hands in Hands they lock, and Thighs in Thighs
 Just in the raging foam of full Desire, [they twine,
 When both press on, both murmur, both expire,
 They gripe, they squeeze, their humid Tongues they
 As each wou'd force their way to t'other's Heart: [dart,
 In vain; they only cruize about the Coast,
 For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies lost:
 As sure they strive to be, when both engage
 In that tumultuous momentary Rage,
 So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
 'Till Man dissolves in that excess of Joy.
 Then, when the gather'd Bag has burst its way,
 And ebbing Tides the slacken'd Nerves betray,
 A Pause ensues; and Nature nods a while,
 'Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;
 And then the same vain Violence returns,
 With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.
 Again they in each other wou'd be lost,
 But still by adamantin Bars are cross'd;
 All ways they try, successless all they prove,
 To cure the secret Sore of ling'ring Love.
 Besides---
 They waste their Strength in the venereal Strife,
 And to a Woman's Will enslave their Life;
 Th' Estate runs out, and Mortgages are made,
 All Offices of friendship are decay'd;
 Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd.
 Assyrian Ointment from their Temples flows,
 And Diamond Buckles sparkle in their Shooes.
 The chearful Emerald twinkles on their Hands,
 With all the Luxury of foreign Lands:
 And the blue Coat that with Imbroid'ry shines,
 Is drunk with Sweat of their o'er-labour'd Loins.

Their

Their frugal Father's Gains they misemploy,
 And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry Female Toy.
French Fashions, costly Treats are their Delight;
 The Park by Day, and Plays and Balls by Night.
 In vain:—

For in the Fountain where their Sweets are sought,
 Some bitter bubbles up, and poisons all the Draught.
 First guilty Conscience does the Mirror bring,
 Then sharp Remorse shoots out her angry String,
 And anxious Thoughts within themselves at strife,
 Upbraid the long mis-spent, luxurious Life.
 Perhaps the fickle Fair-one proves unkind,
 Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind,
 And leaves a rankling Jealousie behind.
 Perhaps he watches close her amorous Eyes,
 And in the act of Ogling does surprise;
 And thinks he sees upon her Checks the while,
 The dimpled Tracks of some foregoing Smile;
 His raging Pulse beats thick, and his pent Spirits boyl.
 This is the product ev'n of prosp'rous Love,
 Think then what pangs disastrous Passions prove!
 Innumerable Ills; Disdain, Despair,
 With all the meager Family of Care:
 Thus, as I said, 'tis better to prevent,
 Than flatter the Disease, and late repent:
 Because to shun th'allurement is not hard,
 To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
 But wond'rous difficult, when once beset, [Net
 To struggle thro' the streights, and break th'involving
 Yet thus insnar'd thy freedom thou may'st gain,
 If, like a Fool, thou dost not hug thy Chain;
 If not to ruin obstinately blind,
 And wilfully endeavouring not to find
 Her plain defects of Body and of Mind.
 For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers use,
 T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse.
 And therefore 'tis no wonder if we see
 They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:
 Ev'n what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
 But veil with some extenuating Name:

The

The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
 And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
 If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love,
 If freckled, she's a party-colour'd Dove.
 If little, then she's Life and Soul all o'er:
 An *Amazon*, the large two-handed Whore.
 She stammers; oh what grace in lisp'ing lyes!
 If she says nothing, to be sure she's wise.
 If shrill, and with a Voice to drown a Quire,
 Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire.
 The lean, consumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
 Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender Maid.
 Th' o'er-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is exprest,
 A Bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the least.
 Flat Nose the name of Satyr never misses,
 And hanging blobber Lips, but pout for kisses.
 The task were endless all the rest to trace:
 Yet grant she were a *Venus* for her Face
 And Shape, yet others equal Beauty share;
 And time was, you could live without the fair:
 She does no more, in that for which you woo,
 Than homelier Women full as well can do,
 Besides she daubs, and stinks so much of paint,
 Her own Attendants cannot bear the scent,
 But laugh behind, and bite their Lips to hold;
 Mean-time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
 The whining Lover stands before the Gates,
 And there with humble adoration waits:
 Crowning with flow'rs the threshold and the floor,
 And printing kisses on th' obdurate Door:
 Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
 If some unsav'ry Whiff betray the crime,
 Invents a quarrel straight, if there be none,
 Or makes some faint Excuses to be gone:
 And calls himself a doating Fool to serve,
 Ascribing more than Woman can deserve.
 Which well they understand like cunning Queens,
 And hide their nastiness behind the Scenes,
 From him they have allur'd, and would retain;
 But to a piercing Eye, 'tis all in vain.

For common Sense brings all their Cheats to view,
 And the false light discovers by the true:
 Which a wise Harlot owns, and hopes to find
 A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
 Nor always do they feign the sweets of Love,
 When round the panting Youth their pliant Limbs
 they move;
 And cling, and heave, and moisten ev'ry kiss.
 They often share, and more than share the bliss:
 From every part, ev'n to their inmost Soul,
 They feel the trickling Joys, and run with vigour to
 the Goal.
 Stirr'd with the same impetuous desire,
 Birds, Beasts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males require;
 Because the throbbing Nature in their Veins
 Provokes them to assuage their kindly Pains:
 The lusty leap th' expecting Female stands,
 By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
 Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
 Nor shouting Boys nor Blows their Union can divide:
 At either end they strive the link to loose;
 In vain, for stronger Venus holds the noose.
 Which never would those wretched Lovers do,
 But that the common Heats of Love they know:
 The pleasure therefore must be shar'd in common too.
 And when the Woman's more prevailing juice
 Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce
 The Mother's likeness; when the Man prevails,
 His own resemblance in the Seed he seals.
 But when we see the new-begotten Race
 Reflect the Features of each Parent's Face,
 Then of the Father's and the Mother's Blood,
 The justly temper'd Seed is understood:
 When both conspire, with equal ardour bent,
 From every Limb the due proportion sent,
 When neither party soils, when neither soil'd,
 This gives the blended Features of the Child.
 Sometimes the Boy the Grandfire's image bears;
 Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he shares;

Be

Because the genial Atomes of the Seed
 Lie long conceal'd ere they exert the breed;
 And after sundry Ages past, produce
 The tardy likeness of the latent juice,
 Hence Families such different Figures take, [Make
 And represent their Ancestors in Face, and Hair, and
 Because of the same Seed, the Voice, and Hair,
 And Shape, and Face, and other Members are,
 And the same antique Mould the likeness does prepare.
 Thus oft the Father's Likeness does prevail
 In Females, and the Mother's in the Male.
 For since the Seed is of a double kind,
 From that where we the most resemblance find,
 We may conclude the strongest Tincture sent,
 And that was in conception prevalent.
 Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above
 Deny production to the act of Love,
 Or hinder Fathers of that happy Name,
 Or with a barren Womb the Matron shame;
 As many think, who stain with Victims Blood
 The mournful Altars, and with Incense load
 To bless the show'ry Seed with future Life,
 And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.
 In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
 To Oracles, or Magick Numbers try:
 For Barrenness of Sexes will proceed,
 Either from too Condens'd, or watry Seed;
 The watry Juice too soon dissolves away,
 And in the parts projected will not stay;
 The too condens'd, unfoul'd, unwieldy Mass
 Drops short, nor carries to the destin'd place:
 Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
 Will mingle with the kindly moisture of the Womb.
 For Nuptials are unlike in their Success,
 Some Men, with fruitful Seed some Women bless;
 And from some Men some Women fruitful are;
 Just as their Constitutions join or jar:
 And many seeming barren Wives have been,
 Who, after match'd with more prolifick Men,

Have

Have fill'd a Family with prattling Boys :
 And many, not supply'd at home with Joys,
 Have found a Friend abroad, to ease their smart,
 And to perform the Sapless Husband's part.
 So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
 Should of the kindly mixture make the Breed :
 And thick with thin, and thin with thick should join,
 So to produce and propagate the Line.
 Of such concernment too is Drink and Food,
 T' incrassate, or attenuate the Blood.
 Of like importance is the Posture too,
 In which the genial feat of Love we do :
 For as the Females of the four-foot kind
 Receive the leapings of their Males behind ;
 So the good Wives, with Loins up-lifted high,
 And leaning on their Hands, the fruitful stroke may try :
 For in that posture will they best conceive :
 Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave ;
 For active Motions only break the blow,
 And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show ;
 When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled Li-
 quors flow. }
 Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
 Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd ground.
 But common Harlots in Conjunction heave,
 Because 'tis less their Business to conceive
 Than to delight, and to provoke the deed ;
 A trick which honest Wives but little need.
 Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid's* dart,
 That many a homely Woman takes the Heart ;
 But Wives well-humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
 And clean, will hold their wand'ring Husbands fast, }
 Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will last.
 For what remains, long habitude, and use,
 Will kindness in domestick Bands produce :
 For Custom will a strong Impression leave ;
 Hard Bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
 In length of time, will moulder and decay,
 And stones with drops of Rain are wash'd away.

From

From LUCRETIVS Book V.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Tum porro puer, &c.

THUS like a Sailor by the Tempest hurl'd
 A-shore, the Babe is shipwreck'd on the World:
 Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
 Helpless of all that human wants require:
 Expos'd upon inhospitable Earth,
 From the first moment of his hapless Birth.
 Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;
 (Too true presages of his future Doom.)
 But Flocks and Herds, and every savage Beast
 By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
 They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
 Nor Nurse to reconcile them to their Food,
 With broken words; nor Winter blasts they fear,
 Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
 Nor, for their Safety, Citadels prepare;
 Nor forge the wicked Instruments of War:
 Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treasure grants,
 And Nature's lavish Hand supplies their common
 Wants.

D A P H N I S.

From Theocritus Idyll. 27.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

D A P H N I S.

THE Shepherd Paris bore the Spartan Bride
 By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
 But I by free consent can boast a Bliss,
 A fairer Helen, and a sweeter kiss.

Chloris.

Chloris. Kisses are empty Joys, and soon are o'er.

Daph. A Kiss betwixt the Lips is something more.

Chlo. I wipe my Mouth, and where's your kissing

Daph. I swear you wipe it to be kiss'd agen. [then?

Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiss your Cows at
I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's bloom. [home;

Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waste your time;
But wisely use it ere you pass your prime.

Chlo. Blown Roses hold their Sweetness to the last,
And Raisins keep their luscious native taste.

Daph. The Sun's too hot; those Olive shades are
I fain wou'd whisper something in your Ear. [near;

Chlo. 'Tis honest talking where we may be seen,
God knows what secret Mischief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kiss again. }

Daph. At least beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you're dispos'd to hear.

Chlo. Play by your self, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.

Daph. Coy Nymph beware, lest *Venus* you offend:

Chlo. I shall have chaste *Diana* still to Friend.

Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart;

Chlo. *Diana* will defend, or heal my Heart.

Nay, fie, what mean you in this open place?

Unhand me, or, I swear, I'll scratch your Face.

Let go for shame, you make me mad for spight;

My Mouth's my own; and if you kiss, I'll bite.

Daph. Away with your dissembling Female Tricks:
What, wou'd you 'scape the Fate of all your Sex?

Chlo. I swear I'll keep my Maidenhead 'till death,
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth*.

Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee down;
Better with me, than with some nauseous Clown.

Chlo. I'd have you know, if I were so inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my Mind. }

Daph. But they are absent all; and I am here;

Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear. }

Daph

Daph. A Scare-crow, set to frighten Fools away;
Marriage has Joys; and you shall have a Say.

Chlo. Sour Sawce is often mix'd with our Delight,
You kick by Day more than you kiss by Night.

Daph. Sham Stories all; but say the worst you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.

Chlo. But Child-birth is, they say, a deadly pain;
It costs at least a Month to knit again.

Daph. *Diana* cures the Wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddess is a Midwife by her Trade.

Chlo. But I shall spoil my Beauty if I bear.

Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.

Chlo. But there's a civil Question us'd of late;
Where lies my Jointure, where your own Estate?

Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Pastures
With Settlement as good as Law can make. [take,

Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the
common,

But marry me, and make an honest Woman.

Daph. I swear by *Pan* (tho' he wears Horns you'll
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away. [say]

Chlo. I bargain for a wedding Bed at least,
A House, and handsome Lodging for a Guest.

Daph. A House well furnish'd shall be thine to keep;
And for a Flock-bed I can sheer my Sheep.

Chlo. What Tale shall I to my old Father tell?

Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt bestow'd
so well.

Chlo. But after all, in Troth I am to blame
To be so loving, ere I know your Name.

A pleasant sounding Name's a pretty thing:

Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty Name to sing;
They call me *Daphnis*: *Lycidas* my Sire,
Both sound as well as Woman can desire.

Nomea bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Housewife she.

Chlo. Your Kindred is not much amiss, 'tis true,
Yet I am somewhat better born than you.

Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boasting am as good as he,

Mend.

Menalcas; and no Master goes before.

Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me, let me see your Living,
Your House and Home; for seeing is believing.

Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from
Noon;) [soon.

Chlo. Browze on my Goats; for I'll be with you

Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your Appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.

Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)
To touch my Breasts, and leave my Bosom bare?

Daph. These pretty Bubbies first I make my own.

Chlo. Pull out your Hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.

Daph. Why does thy ebbing Blood forsake thy Face?

Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My Linnen ruffled, and my Waistcoat soiling,
What do you think new Cloaths were made for spoiling?

Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy Back:

Chlo. My Head-Geer's off; what filthy work you
make!

Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these Off'rings by;

Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.

Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of Love.

Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.

Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.

Chlo. Y'are liberal now; but when your turn is sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with every Crust of Bread.

Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold. [told;

Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the Wood.)
I see there's no resisting Flesh and Blood!

Daph. The noble Deed is done; my Herds I'll cull;
Cupid, be thine a Calf; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.

Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flow'r.

Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at best;
If thou canst hold, I bid for Twins at least.

Thus

Thus did this happy Pair their love dispence
 With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Sense;
 The God of Love was there a bidden Guest;
 And present at his own mysterious Feast;
 His azure Mantle underneath he spread,
 And scatter'd Roses on the Nuptial Bed;
 While folded in each other's Arms they lay,
 He blew the Flames, and furnish'd out the Play,
 And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Sweat
 away.

First rose the Maid, and with a glowing Face,
 Her down-cast Eyes beheld her Print upon the Grass;
 Thence to her Herd she sped her self in haste:
 The Bridegroom started from his Trance at last,
 And piping homeward jocundly he past.

HORACE Lib. i. Ode 9.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountain's hoary height
 Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
 Again behold the Winter's weight
 Oppress the lab'ring Woods below:
 And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid Ground.

II.

With well-heap'd Logs dissolve the Cold,
 And feed the genial Hearth with Fires;
 Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
 And sprightly Wit and Love inspires:
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the World below;

MISCELLANY POEMS.

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At his Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by his Commission blow;
'Till with a Nod he bids 'em cease,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To-morrow and her Works defie,
Lay hold upon the present Hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's delights disdain,
Whate'er thou get'st to-day, is Gain.

V.

Secure those golden early Joys,
That Youth unsour'd with Sorrow bears,
Ere with'ring Time the taste destroys,
With Sickness and unwieldy Years!
For active Sports, for pleasing Rest,
This is the time to be possess'd;
The best is but in Season best.

VI.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliss,
The pleasing Whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing Kifs,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd Coynefs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.



Horn.

Horat. Ode 29. Book 3. *Paraphras'd in
Pindarique Verse; and inscrib'd to the
Right Honourable Lawrence Earl of Ro-
chester.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

DEscended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous Wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosie Wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, Come away;
Make haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:
Make haste and come:
Come and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome*;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures
of the Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty:
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat,

Without

Without the stately spacious Room,
The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar;
And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky;
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us fry.
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock
Beneath the covert of a Rock,
And seeks refreshing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and Streams
require;
And want a cooling breeze of Wind to fan the rage-
[ing fire.

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City Factions dare,
And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiously inquisitive to know:
But God has, wisely, hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate;
And sown their Seeds in depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling Hour;
And put it out of Fortune's Pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running Stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,
And always in extream.
Now with a noiseless gentle Course
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:
And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
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Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,
 And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
 And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd He-

VIII.

[nours mourn.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
 He, who can call to-Day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say
 To-Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-Day.
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
 The Joys I have possess'd, in spight of Fate are mine.
 Not Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
 Does Man her Slave oppress,
 Proud of her Office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless,
 Still various and unconstant still;
 But with an Inclination to be ill;
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
 And makes a Lottery of Life,
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;
 But when she dances in the Wind,
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the Prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd;
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
 And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
 If the Mast split and threaten Wreck,
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten Gain;
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear
 His Wealth into the Main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's Blows,
 (Secure of what I cannot lose,)

In my small Pinnace I can sail,
 Condemning all the blustering roar;
 And running with a merry Gale,
 With friendly Stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding Creek;
 And see the Storm a-shore.

From HORACE, *Epod. 2.*

By MR. DRYDEN.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
 How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
 Who leads a quiet Country Life!
 Discharg'd of Business, void of Strife,
 And from the griping Scrivener free!
 (Thus, ere the Seeds of Vice were sown,
 Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
 Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
 Their small paternal Field of Corn.)
 Nor Trumpets summon him to War,
 Nor Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,
 Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
 Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
 The clamours of contentious Law,
 And Court and State he wisely shuns,
 Nor brib'd with Hopes nor dar'd with Awe
 To servile Salutations runs:
 But either to the clasping Vine
 Does the supporting Poplar wed,
 Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin
 Unbearing Branches from their Head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead:
 Or climbing to a hilly Steep
 He views his Herds in Vales afar,
 Or sheers his overburden'd Sheep,
 Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.

Or in the now declining Year,
 When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
 And clustring Grapes with Purple spread,
 The fairest of his Fruit he serves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deserves,
 Whose care the Fences guards.
 Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
 Or on the matted Grass he lyes;
 No God of Sleep he need invoke,
 The stream that o'er the pebbles flies
 With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.
 The Wind that whistles through the Sprays
 Maintains the consort of the Song;
 And hidden Birds with native lays
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of Winter blows,
 And hoary frost inverts the Year,
 Into the naked Woods he goes,
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear,
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from sight
 With twinkling Glasses, to betray
 The Larks that in the Meshes light,
 Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
 Amidst his harmless easie joys
 No anxious Care invades his Health,
 Nor Love his peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor wicked avarice of Wealth
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,
 To ease the business of his Life,
 Divides with him his household care,
 Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,
 Such as the swift *Apulian's* Bride,
 Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' the be,
 Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
 And without noise will oversee
 His Children and his Family

And order all things 'till he come,
 Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
 If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,
 And then produce her Dairy store,
 With Wine to drive away the cold,
 And unbought dainties of the poor;
 Not Oysters of the *Lucrine Lake*
 My sober appetite would wish,
 Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
 That rowling Tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly Dish.
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
 Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
 More pleasing Morfels would afford
 Than the fat Olives of my Fields,
 Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,
 That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
 Or than the Lamb that falls by Lor,
 To the just Guardian of my Ground.
 Amidst these Feasts of happy Swains,
 The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
 His Flock returning from the Plains;
 The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
 To view his Oxen, sweating smock
 Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke,
 To look upon his menial Crew,
 That sit around his chearful Hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.
 This *Morecraft* said within himself,
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
 And live retir'd upon his own;
 He call'd his Money in,
 But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
 Soon split him on the former Shelf,
 And put it out again.

BAJAZET to GLORIANA, 1684.

Fair Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
 To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
 By what Degrees he took that Passion in,
 That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
 Who from the Gods durst steal Celestial Fire;
 And, tho' with less success, I did as high aspire.
 Ah! why (you Gods) was she of mortal Race,
 And why 'twixt her and me was there so vast a space?
 Why was she not above my Passion made?
 Some Star in Heaven, or Goddess of the Shade?
 And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
 To any Beauty of the common Crowd:
 None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
 Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.

I liv'd the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains;
 Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains,
 Where-e'er I pass'd, I swept the Street along,
 And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
 In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound;
 And when I vainly spread my Wishes round,
 They wanted nothing but my being Crown'd;
 Yet witness all you spiteful Pow'rs above,
 If my Ambition did not spring from Love:
 Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been less fair,
 Less excellent, less charming than you are,
 I had my honest Loyalty retain'd,
 My noble Blood untainted had remain'd;
 Witness you Graces, and you sacred Bowers,
 You shaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
 Where the expecting Nymphs have pass'd their
 hours;

Witness how oft (all careless of their Fame)
 They languish'd for the Author of their Flame:
 And when I came, reproach'd my old Reserve,
 Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preserve,

What sighing Maid was next to be undone,
 For whom I dress'd and put my Graces on?
 And never thought (tho' I feign'd ev'ry proof
 Of tender Passion) that I lov'd enough.
 While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
 Or the faint Pleasure like a Dream enjoy'd;
 'Twas *Gloriana's* Eyes my Soul alone
 With everlasting Gust could feed upon:
 From her first Bloom my Fate I did pursue,
 And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
 The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
 They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
 The Beauty from the Princess to divide:
 For he at once must feel, whom you inspire,
 A soft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
 And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Desire.
 My unconsidering Passion had not yet
 Thought your Illustrious Birth for mine too great:
 'Twas Love that I pursu'd, that God that leads
 Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
 But O, I had forgot that Flame must rest
 In your bright Soul that makes th' Adorer blest;
 Your sacred Fire alone must you subdue,
 'Tis that, not mine, can raise me up to you;
 Yet if by chance m' Ambition met a stop
 With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope:
 This new one straight would all the rest confound,
 How every Coxcomb aim'd at being Crown'd;
 The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Parts,
 Who wanted Sense enough for little Arts;
 Whose Composition was like *Cheder-Cheese*,
 In whose Production all the Town agrees)
 To whom from Prince to Priest was added Stuff,
 From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father Goss;
 Yet he with vain Pretensions lays a Claim
 To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign;
 And when for Gods such wretched things set up,
 Was it so great a Crime for me to hope?
 No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
 There is no Treason in ambitious Love;

That sacred Antidote i'th' poison'd Cup,
Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.

I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languishments, my soft Complaints and Pray'rs,
Artillery which was never sent in vain,
Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they return,
Meeting the solid Armour of your Scorn;
Scorn! by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War;
Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
Nay e'en in Battel from the Foe Defeat;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whose dull Recompence
Would ne'er atone for what they rob from thence;
Scandal of Coward, nay, half-witted too,
Or siding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew;
Or ought but Scorn: And yet you must frown on,
Your Slave was destin'd thus to be undone;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

On CONTENT.

BLEST he that with a mighty Hand,
Does bravely his own Fate command;
Whom threatening Ills, and flattering Pleasures find,
Safe in the Empire of a constant Mind,
Who from the peaceful Breach descries,
Repining Man in the World's Ocean tost,
And with a chearful Smile defies
The Storm, in which the Discontented's lost.

H.
Content, thou best of Friends, for thou
In our Necessities art so,

Midst

Mid'st all our Ill, a Blessing still in store,
 Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
 Thou Chymick good, thou canst alone,
 From Fate's most poisonous Drugs, rich Cordial
 Thou truest Philosophick Stone, [raise:
 That turn'st Life's melancholy Dross to golden days.

III.

Content, the good, the golden Mean,
 The safe Estate that sits between
 The sordid Poor, and miserable Great,
 The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.
 In vain we Wealth and Treasure heap;
 He 'mid'st his thousand Kingdoms still is poor,
 That for another Crown does weep;
 'Tis only he is Rich, that wishes for no more.

IV.

Hence, Titles, Manors and Estate;
 Content alone can make us great;
 Content is Riches, Honour, all beside:
 While the French Hero with insatiate Pride,
 A single Empire does disdain;
 While, still he's great, and still would greater be,
 On the least spot of Earth I Reign,
 A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with just Desires,
 What Need, not Luxury, requires;
 Give me with sparing Hands, but moderate Wealth;
 A little Honour and enough of Health;
 Life from the busie City free,
 Near shady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd;
 A faithful Friend, a pleasing She,
 And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
 Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
 The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
 And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.

VII.

Thus

Thus *Horace*, for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cæsar's* shining Court refuse;
And, in himself, compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress and a Muse.

The CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

By Mr. COWLEY.

I.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my Breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
To the Beauteous Katharine,
Beauteous Katharine gave place,
(Though loth and angry she, to part
With the Possession of my Heart)
To Elisa's Conqu'ring Face.

III.

Elisa 'till this Hour might reign,
Had she not Evil Counsels taken,
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new Favourites she chose,
'Till up in Arms my Passions rose,
And cast away her Yoke,

IV.

Mary then and gentle Ann
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,

And

And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I obey'd.

V.

Another *Mary* then arose,
And did rigorous *Laws* impose:
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

VI.

When *Fair Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *Golden Time* with me;
But soon those *Pleasures* fled;
For the gracious *Princess* dy'd
In her *Youth* and *Beauty's Pride*,
And *Judith* reigned in her stead.

VII.

One *Month*, *Three Days* and *Half an Hour*
Judith held the *Sov'reign Pow'r*,
Wondrous beautiful her *Face*,
But so weak and small her *Wit*,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susannah* took her Place.

VIII.

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless *Flame*,
And th' *Artillery* of her *Eye*,
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater *Conquests* to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the *Eye*.

IX.

But in her place I then Obey'd
Black-ey'd *Bess* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,
To whom ensu'd a *Vacancy*.
Thousand worse *Passions* then possess'd
The *Inter-regnum* of my *Breast*.
Bless me from such an *Anarchy*!

X. Gentle

XI. Gentle *Henrietta* then,
 And a third *Mary* next began,
 Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Audria*,
 And then a pretty *Thomasine*,
 And then another *Katharine*,
 And then a long *Et cetera*.

XI. But should I now to you relate
 The Strength and Riches of their *States*,
 The Powder, Patches, and the Pins,
 The Ribbon, Jewels, and the Rings,
 The Lace, the Paint, and warlike things,
 That make up all their *Magazines*;

XII. If I should tell the Politick Arts
 To take and keep Mens Hearts,
 The Letters, Embassies and Spies,
 The Frowns, and Smiles and Flatteries,
 The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
 Numberless, Nameless *Mysteries*!

XIII. And all the little *Lime-twigs* laid
 By *Matchiavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
 I more voluminous should grow,
 (Chiefly if I like them should tell
 All Change of *Weathers* that befall)
 Than *Holinshead* or *Stow*.

XIV. But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with Me,
 An higher and a nobler Strain
 My present *Emperefs* does claim,
Haleonora, First o' th' Name,
 Whom God grant long to Reign.



A SESSION of the POETS.

By Sir John Suckling.

A Session was held the other Day,
 And *Apollo* himself was at it, they say,
 The Laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
 Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

And therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
 'Twas strange to see how they flocked together,
 Each strongly confident of his own Way,
 Thought to gain the Laurel away that Day.

There was *Selden*, and he sat close by the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no Order;
Digby and *Shillingworth* a little further:

There was *Lucan's* Translator too, and he
 That makes God speak so big in's Poetry:
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers;
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The first that broke Silence was good old *Ben*,
 Prepar'd before with Canary Wine,
 And he told them plainly he deserv'd the Bays,
 For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
 Of Errors that had lasted many an Age;
 And he hop'd they did not think the *silent Woman*,
 The *Fox*, and the *Alchymist* out-done, by no Man.

Apollo stop't him there, and bid him not go on,
 'Twas Merit, he said, and not Presumption
 Must carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
 And in great Choler offer'd to go out:

But those that were there thought it not fit
 To discontent so ancient a Wit;
 And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
 And made him mine Host of his own New Inn.

Tara

Tom Carew was next, but he had a Fault
That wou'd not well stand with a Laureat;
His Muse was hard bound, and th' Issue of's Brain
Was seldom brought forth but with Trouble and Pain;

And all that were present there did agree,
A Laureat Muse shou'd be easie and free.
Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
Consider'd he was well, he had a Cup-Bearer's Place,

Will Davenant, asham'd of a foolish Mischance
That he had got lately travelling in France,
Modestly hop'd the Handsomness of his Muse
Might any Deformity about him excuse.

And surely the Company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any Precedent:
But in all their Records, either in Verse or Prose,
There was not one Laureat without a Nose.

To *Will Bartlet* sure all the Wits meant well,
But first they wou'd see how his Snow wou'd sell:
Will smil'd, and swore in their Judgments they went less,
That concluded of Merit upon Success.

Suddenly taking his Place again,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who streight stept in,
But alas! he had been so lately a Wit,
That *Apollo* himself scarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthew (Pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whispering Nothing in Somebody's Ear,
When he had the Honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carlisle* for't:

For had not her Character furnisht you out
With something of handsome, without all doubt
You and your sorry Lady-Muse had been
In the Number of those that were not let in.

In haste from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought Letters, forsooth, from the Queen;
'Twas discreetly done too, for if they had come
Without them, th' had scarce been let into the Room.

This

MISCELLANY POEMS.

87

This made a Dispute; for 'twas plain to be seen
Each Man had a Mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himself could not think it fit;
There was Difference, he said, betwixt Fooling and Wit.

SUCKLING next was call'd, but did not appear,
But streight one whisper'd *Apollo* i' th' Ear,
That of all Men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Mules so well as his Sports,
And priz'd black Eyes, or a lucky Hit
At Bowls; above all the Trophies of Wit:
But *Apollo* was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a Fine were set upon's Head.

Wat Mountague now stood forth to his Trial,
And did not so much as suspect a Denial;
But witty *Apollo* ask'd him first of all,
If he understood his own Pastoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
He understood more than any Man there,
And did merit the Bays above all the rest,
But the Monsieur was modest; and Silence confess'd.

During these Troubles, in the Court was hid
One that *Apollo* soon miss'd, little *Cid*;
And having spy'd him, call'd him out of the Throng;
And advis'd him in his Ear not to write so strong.

Murrey was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales set by himself most gravely did smile
To see them about nothing keep such a Coil;
Apollo had spy'd him, but knowing his Mind
Past by, and call'd *Falkland*, that sat just behind.

But he was of late so gone with Divinity,
That he had almost forget his Poetry,
Though to say the Truth, and *Apollo* did know it;
He might have been both his Priest and his Poet.
At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to swear;

But

But wiser *Apollo* bade him draw nigher;
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declared, that the best Sign
Of good Store of Wit's to have good Store of Coin,
And without a Syllable more or less said,
He put the Laurel on the Alderman's Head.

At this all the Wits were in such a-maze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a Man in the Place
But had Discontent writ at large in his Face.

Only the small Poets cheer'd up again,
Out of Hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But sure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

The SESSION of the POETS.

To the Tune of Cook-Lawrel.

APOLLO, concern'd to see the Transgressions
Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
Gave order once more to summon a Sessions,
Severely to punish the abuses of Wit.

II.

[Court,

Will D'Avenant would fain have been Steward o'th
To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will;
But *Apollo*, it seems, had heard a Report,
That his choice of new Plays did show h'ad no skill.

III.

Besides, some Criticks had ow'd him a spite,
And a litle before had made the God fret
By letting him know the Laureat did write
That damnable Farce, *The House to be Lett*.

IV. In-

IV.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being set,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and spiritual *Spratt*,
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

V.

Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
Because he knew it was the first case
The Duke e'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
And so with'd his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

VI.

O Yes being made, and silence proclaim'd,
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as soon as he saw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He scarce could forbear from tearing the Scroll.

VII.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'rest the greater,
Suspecting before what would come to pass,
Procur'd him his Cousin *Fitzharding's* Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Arse.

VIII.

Guy with his Pastoral next went to Pot;
At first in a doleful Study he stood,
Then shew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

IX.

Humorous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to splutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him first get
A Muse not so common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

X.

A number of other small Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made sport:
Clifford and *Flecknoe* were very well jeer'd,
And in Conclusion whip'd out of the Court.

XI.

Tom Relligrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

XII. With

XII.

With ill luck in Battel, but worse in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
 But *Apollo* did think such Impudence fit
 To be thrust out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

XIII.

Savoy-missing Cowley came into the Court,
 Making Apologies for his bad Play;
 Ev'ry one gave him so good a Report,
 That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could say:

XIV.

Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
 Unless he had done some notable Folly;
 Writ Verses unjustly in praise of *Sam Tuke*,
 Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

XV.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
 But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;
 Tho' his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
 For the worst *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

XVI.

Old *Shirly* stood up and made an Excuse,
 Because many young Men before him were got;
 He vow'd he had switch'd and spur-gall'd his Muse,
 But still the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

XVII.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
 At length sent in *Teague* with a Pacquet of News,
 Wherein the sad Knight, to his Grief, did discover,
 How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muse.

XVIII.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
 Which made the whole Family swear and rant,
 Desiring their Obin i' th' lurch being left,
 The Thief might be fin'd for the *Wild Gallant*.

XIX.

Dryden, whom one would have thought had more Wit,
 The censure of every Man did disdain,
 Pleading some pitiful Rhimes he had writ
 In praise of the Countess of *Castlemaine*.

XX. Ned

XX.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
 Tho' never took notice of 'till that Day,
 Impatiently sat 'till it came to his Round,
 Then rose and commended the Plot of his Play.

XXI.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* stark mad,
 But *Shirley* endeavour'd to appease his Choler,
 By owning the Play, and swearing the Lad
 In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

XXII.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
 Booted and spur'd to the Bar did advance,
 Where singing a damn'd nonsensical Song,
 The Youth and his Muse were sent into France.

XXIII.

Newcastle and's Horse for entrance next strives,
 Well stuff'd was his Cloakbag, and so was his Bree-
 ches. [lives,
 And unbutt'ning the Place where Nature's Posset-maker
 Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Essays and Spee-

XXIV.

[ches.
 Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here?
 Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiss,
 And home again; home again, take thy Career,
 To provide her fresh Straw, and a Chamber that

XXV.

[dark is,
Sam. Tuke sat and formally smil'd at the rest;
 But *Apollo*, who well did his Vanity know,
 Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Test,
 But his Muse was so stiff she scarcely could go.

XXVI.

She pleaded her Age, desir'd a Reward;
 It seems in her Age she doated on Praise;
 But *Apollo* resolv'd that such a bold Bard
 Should never be grac'd with a Per wig of Bays.

XXVII.

Shapleton stood up, and had nothing to say,
 But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to despair,
 Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
 To be danc'd by the Poppets at Barthol'mew-Fair.

XXVIII.

Sir William Killebrew doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whisper'd *Apollo*, in case he would praise
Selyndra, he should have a Bout with the Wench.

XXIX.

Buckhurst and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Translators of *Pompey*, did put in their Claim;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of Door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

XXX.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was sneaking away,
But somebody spy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo, tho' h' had not seen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

XXXI.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among those young Fellows that spoil the *French*
Then beck'ning to him, whisper'd in his Ear, [Plays?
And gave him good Counsel instead of the Bays.

XXXII.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whose Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's Hill* stands;
And brought many Stationers who swore very hard,
That nothing sold better, except 'twere his Lands.

XXXIII.

But *Apollo* advis'd him to write something more,
To clear a Suspicion which possess'd the Court,
That *Cooper's Hill*, so much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

XXXIV.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
But *Apollo* bad him not be so fierce;
And advis'd him to lay aside making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worse and worse.

XXXV.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
Swearing, Damn him he had writ the best Plays;
But *Apollo*, it seems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Ellis in great discontent went away,
 Whilst *D'Avenant* against *Apollo* did rage;
 Because he declar'd *the Secrets* a Play
 Fitting for none but a Mountebank's Stage.

XXXVII.

John Wilson stood up and wildly did stare,
 When on the sudden steep in a bold *Scot*;
 And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would swear,
 The said Master *Wilson* mought pass for a Sot.

XXXVIII.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis said,
 Would in no wise allow of any *Scotch Wit*;
 Then *Wilson* in spight made his Plays to be read,
 Swearing he'd answer for all he had writ.

XXXIX.

Clarges stood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
 But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
 Swearing if e'er he translated more Plays,
 He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Close-stool*.

XL.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princess* appear'd,
 Whom if *D'Avenant* begot, as some do suppose,
Apollo said the Pillory should crop off his Ears,
 And make them more suitable unto his Nose.

XLI.

Rhodes stood and play'd at bo-peep in the Door;
 But *Apollo*, instead of a *Spanish Plot*,
 On condition the Varlet would never write more,
 Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

XLII.

Ethridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble, appeal'd
 To *Apollo* himself in a very great rage;
 Because their best Friends so freely had deal'd,
 As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

XLIII.

Then seeing a Crowd in a Tumult resort,
 Well furnish'd with Verses, but loaded with Plays;
 It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
 And left them together by the Ears for the Bays.

A SESSION of the POETS.

Since the Sons of the Muses grew num'rous and loud,
 For th'appealing so factious and clam'rous a Crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a Cause,
 To establish a Government, Leader, and Laws.
 The Hopes of the Bays, at this summoning Call,
 Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all,
 All thronging and list'ning, they gap'd for the Blessing.

No Presbyter Sermon had more crowding and pre-
 In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That ancient grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd;
 But *Apollo* had heard of a Story i' th' Town,
 Of his quitting the Muses, to wear a black Gown,
 And so gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,
 To let him turn Priest, now *Reeves* is turn'd Nun.

This reverend Author was no sooner set by,
 But *Apollo* had got gentle * *George* in his Eye,
 And frankly confess'd, of all Men that writ, [Wit;
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment, and
 But i' th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so harden'd,
 That his long seven Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.

Brawny *Wycherly* was the next Man shew'd his Face;
 But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.
 No Gentleman-writer that Office should bear,
 'Twas a Trader in Wit the Lawrel should wear,
 As none but a Cit e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.

Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwel* does wallow,
 And swears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
 'Tis he that alone best pleases the Age;
 Himself and his Wife have supported the Stage.
Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,
 T'oblige him, he told him he should be huge glad,
 Had he half so much Wit as he fancy'd he had.

* *Sir George Ethridges*

How.

However, to please so jovial a Wit,
And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick
Of railing at Poets, and shewing his—

Nat Lee slept in next, in Hopes of a Prize;
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply;
Confess'd that indeed he'd a musical Note,
But sometimes strain'd so hard, he rattled 'th' Throat;
Yet owning he'd Sense, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,
And humbly desir'd he might give no Offence;
G-d D— me, cries *Shadwel*, he cannot write Sense;
And *Banks*, cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue.
Apollo considering he was not in Vogue,
Would not trust his dear *Bays* with so modest a Fool,
And bid the great Boy should be sent back to School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear Zany,
And swears for *Heroicks* he writes best of any;
Don *Carlos* his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were
all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Play-house for the Prop of an Age.

In the numerous Herd that encompass'd him round,
Little starch'd *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found;
His Cravat-string iron'd, he gently did stretch
His Lilly-white Hand out, the Lawrel to reach;
Alledging that he had most Right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and shiting of Plays.

Apollo rose up, and gravely confess
Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best;
For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only damn,
The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim,
Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of
Shame;

And

And to perfect his Bliss in Poetical Rapture,
He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.

The Poetess * *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,
That the Lawrel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her; [won:
But yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.

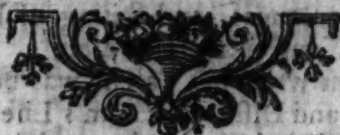
Anababalutha put in for a Share,

And little *Tom Essence's* Author was there:

Nor could *D'Ursey* forbear for the Lawrel to fickle,
Protesting he had had the Honour to Tickle
The Ears of the Town with his dear *Madam Fickle*;
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,
But they are too long to stand in my Verse.

Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,
Finds at last *Tom Betterton's* Face in the Gang,
And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,
By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,
That in Search of a *Laureat* he'd look out no more.
A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,
To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;
But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacifie all,
E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,
That he had made Plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore;
For of all the Play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't;
For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er came in Print.

* Mrs. Behn.



NEWS

NEWS from HELL.

By Captain Alexander Radcliff.

SO dark the Night was, that old *Charon*
 Could not carry Ghostly Fare-on;
 But was forc'd to leave his Souls,
 Stark stript of Bodies, 'mongst the Shoals
 Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,
 Which on the Stygian Shore do lie;
 Th'amazed Spirits desire recess
 To their old batter'd Carcasses,
 But as they turn about, they find
 The Night more dismal is behind.

Pluto began to fret and fume
 Because the Tilt-Boat did not come.
 To the Shore's side he straitway trudges
 With his three Soul-censuring Judges,
 Standing on Acherontic Strand,
 He thrice three times did waft his Wand;
 From gloomy Lake did straight arise
 A meager Fiend, with broad blue Eyes;
 Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,
 From's Head there dropt infernal Mud;
 Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*
 Come — 'Tis well, quoth surly *Pluto*,
 Go you to t'other side of *Styx*,
 And know why *Charon's* so prolix:
 Surely on Earth there cannot be
 A Grant of Immortality.

Away the wrigling Fiend soon scuds
 Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds.

In the mean-while old *Æacus*,
 Craftier far than any of us;
 For mortal Men to him are silly;
 Besides he held a League with *Lilly*;
 And what is acted here does know
 As well as t'other does below:

Thus spake, "Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,
 "Who into any Shape canst work us;
 "I to your Greatness shall declare
 "My Sentiments of this Affair.
 "Charon you know did use to come
 "With some Elucid Spirit home;
 "Some Poet bright, whose glowing Soul
 "Like Torch did light him cross the Pool:
 "Old Charon then was blithe and merry,
 "With Flute and Rhapsody in Ferry.
 "Shou'd he gross Souls alone take in,
 "Laden with heavy rubbish Sin;
 "Sin that is nothing but Allay;
 "'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.
 "But now such Wights with Souls so clear
 "Must not have Damnation here;
 "Nor can we hope they'll hither move,
 "For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;
 "They're damn'd on Earth by th' present Age,
 "Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o'th' Stage.
 "(a) Laureat, who was both learn'd and florid,
 "Was damn'd long since for Silence horrid:
 "Nor had there been such clutter made,
 "But that this Silence did invade:
 "Invade! and so 't might well, that's clear:
 "But what did it invade?—an Ear.
 "And for some other things, 'tis true,
 "We follow Fate that does pursue.

(b) A Lord who was in Metre wont
 To talk of Privy-Member blunt,
 Whose Verse, by Women termed lewd,
 Is still preserv'd, not understood.
 But that which made 'em curse and ban,
 Was for his Satyr against Man.

(c) A third was damn'd, 'cause in his Plays
 He thrusts old Jest in *Archee's* days:
 Nor as they say can make a *Chorus*
 Without a Tavern or a Whore-house;

(a) Dryden.

(b) Lord Rochester.

(c) Shadwell.

Wh

Which he, to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.

(a) A fourth for writing superfine,
With words correct in every Line:

And one that does presume to say,
A Plot's too gross for any Play:

Comedy should be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.

So what he writes is but Translation,
From Dog and Partridge Conversation.

(b) A fifth, who does in's last prefer
'Bove all, his own dear Character:

And fain wou'd seem upon the Stage
Too Manly for this flippant Age.

(c) A sixth, whose lofty Fancy towers
'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers:

Rumbles i' th' Sky, and makes a buffle;
So Gods meet Gods i' th' Dark, and juggle.

A Seventh, because he'd rather chuse
To spoil his Verse than tire his Muse.

Nor will he let Heroicks chime;
Fancy (quoth he) is lost by Rhime.

And he that's us'd to clashing Swords
Should not delight in sounds of Words.

Mars with Mercury should not mingle;
Great Warriors shou'd speak big, not jingle.

Amongst this Heptarchy of Wit,
The censuring Age have thought it fit

To damn (d) a Woman, 'cause 'tis said,
The Plays she vends she never made.

But that (e) a Grays-Inn Lawyer does 'em,
Who unto her was Friend in Bosom.

So not presenting Scarf and Hood,
New Plays and Songs are full as good.

These are the better sort, I grant,
Damn'd only by the Ignorant:

(a) Sit G. Etheridge.

(b) Mr. Wicherly.

(c) Mr. Nat. Lee.

(d) Mrs. Behn.

(e) Mr. Hoyl.

But still there are a scribbling Fry
 Ought to be damn'd eternally;
 An unlearn'd Tribe, o' th' lower Rate,
 Who will be Poets spite of Fate;
 Whose Character's not worth reciting,
 They scarce can read, yet will be writing:
 As t'other day a silly Oase
 Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jose*:
 Whose humble Muse descends to Cellars,
 Or at the best to *Her'les Pillars*,
 Now *Charon* I presume does stop,
 Expecting one of these wou'd drop;
 For any such Poetick Damn'd-boy
 Will light him home as well as *Flambeau*.
Aecus just had made an end,
 When did arrive the dripping Fiend,
 Who did confirm the Judge's Speech,
 That *Charon* did a Light beseech.
 They fell to Consultation grave,
 To find some strange enlightened Knave.
Faux had like t' have been the Spark,
 But that his Lanthorn was too dark.
 At last th' agreed a fullen Quaker
 Should be this business Undertaker;
 The fittest Soul for this Exploit,
 Because he had the newest Light:
 Him soon from sable Den they drag,
 Who of his Sufferings doth brag;
 And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,
 To *Charon's Vessel* was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well;
 This is the only News from Hell.



A CALL to the GUARD by a Drum.

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

RAT too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat rat too,
With your Noses all scabb'd and your Eyes
black and blue;

All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Soldiers are,
Though with very small Coin, yet with very much Care,
From your Quarters and Garrets make haste to repair,
To the Guard, to the Guard.
From your sorry Straw Beds and bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreams of small Drink and your very small
Ease,

From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm sticking on 'em
like Gum,

And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to stanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.

From your crack'd Earthen Pispots where no Piss can
stay, [way;

From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the wrong
From one old broken Stool with one unbroken Leg,
One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,

And Windows that of Storms more than your selves
can brag, *To the Guard, &c.*

With trusty Pike and Gun, and the other rusty Tool,
With Heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts won-
drous cool; [hurt;

With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sutlers)
With two old tatter'd Shoes that disgrace the Town
Dirt, [Shirt,

With forty Shreds of Breeches, and no one Shred of
To the Guard, &c.

See they come, see they come, see they come, see
they come,

With Alarms in their Pates to the Call of a Drum;

Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modest call
Bitches)

With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk
to Switches; [Breeches,

With the Plague in the Purse, and the Pox in the
To the Guard, &c.

Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on Benches,
Some from damn'd fulsom Ale, and more damn'd ful-

som Wenches; [stalk;

Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this way
Each Man's Reeling's his Gate, and his Hickup his

Talk, [Chalk,

With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old Rows of
To the Guard, &c.

Here come others from scuffling, and damning mine
Host, [boast

With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces that
Of some Scars by the Jordan, or warlike Quart Pot,

For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne'er

a Groat, To the Guard, &c.

Then for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does come!
From his preaching o'er Poets now to pray o'er a Drum.

All ye whoring and swearing old Red Coats draw near,
Like to Saints in Red Letters listen and give ear,

And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,
To the Guard, &c.

After some canting Terms, To your Arms, and the like,
Such as Poyssing your Musquet, or Porting your Pike;

To the Right, To the Left, or else Face about;
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,

Haste your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard on
Foot, To the Guard, &c.

Captain Hector first marches, but not he of Troy,
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy;

See the Man scant of Arms in a Scarf does abound,
Which presages some Swaggering, but no Blood not

Wound;

Like a Rainbow that shews the World shan't be drown'd.
To the Guard, &c.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 103

As the Tinker wears Rags whilst the Dog bears the
 Budget, (trudge it
 So the Man stalks with Staff, whilst the Footboy does
 With the Tool he should work with (that's Half-Pike
 you'll say)

But what Captain's so strong his own Arms to convey,
 When he marches o'er-loaden with ten other Mens
 Pay? *To the Guard, &c.*

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least
 With Stinks sixteen deep, and about five abreast,
 Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and brown
 Crust for, [cluster,
 While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the
 Which declares that his Journey's not now to the
 Muster, *But to the Guard, &c.*

Some with Musquet and Belly uncharg'd march away,
 With Pipes black as their Mouths, and short as their
 Pay; [lace about 'em,
 Whilst their Coats made of Holes shew like Bone-
 And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins without 'em,
 And whilst Horsemen do cloath 'em, these Foot-scrubs
 do clout 'em, *For the Guard, &c.*

Some with Hat ty'd on one side, and Wit ty'd on nei-
 ther; [run hither,
 Wear gray Coats, and gray Cattle, see their Wenches
 For to peep thro' Red Lettice and dark Cellar Doors,
 To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty just like their
 Whores,

As slender as their Meals and as long as their Scores,
To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheedle; whilst we
 beat Dub a Dub;

Keep the base *Scotish* Noise, and as base *Scotish* Scrub:
 Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,
 Comes a thing with red Colours, and Nose full as red;
 Like an Ensign to the King, and to the King's Head,
Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,
 Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country Claps.

To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by Name that vents Stink by whole-
sale,

For where should the Fart be but just with the Tail

Of the Guard? &c.

And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the
Court,

Which is guarded by these as the Tower is by Dirt;
These *Whitehall* must admit and such other unhouse
ye.

Each Day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the
And no place in the World shifts so oft to be lowlie.

Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to *Scotland-Yard* sneak, and the Suttler's Wife
kisses;

But despairing of Drink 'till some Countryman pisses,
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be
given)

To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, soon, and cures Sir---

On the Guard, &c.

Some at Sh--house publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts and diminish their Clothes,
Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and Ba-
con being all

Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Courtiers
may call,

For what they eat in the Suburbs, they sh--- at *White-*

For the Guard, &c.

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call a
Centry,

[Clock 'tis,

Which in bad Houses of Boards stand to tell what a
Where they keep up tame Redcoats as Men keep up
tame Foxes,

Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in Boxes.

Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been their
Lucks

[Ducks;

Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the King's
While

While some others are set in the side that has Wood
in, [ther footing,
To stand Pimps to black Masques that are oft thi-
Just as Housewives set Cuckolds to stir their Black
Pudding. *Oh the Guard, &c.*

Whilst another true *Trojan* to some Passage runs,
As to keep in the Debtors, so to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Mistress, with Oaths to con-
found, [Ground,
'Till he hies him from the Park as from forbidden
'Cause his Credit is whole, and his Wench may be
found, *And quits the Guard, &c.*

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Alehouse drown'd,
For nought else but the Pot and their Brains walk the
Round; [does shew,
Whilst like Hell the Commanders Guard-chamber
There's such damning themselves and all else of the
Crew, [his due,
For tho' these cheat the Men, they give the Devil
On the Guard, &c.

Whilst a Main after Main at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high as their Money grows
low;

Straight they threaten hard (using bad Faces for Frowns)
To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones.
But the Blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all their
Wounds. *Like the Guard, &c.*

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray;
For some one to the King does the Tidings convey
For preventing of Murder; Oh 'tis a wise way!
Tho' not one of 'em knows (as a thousand dare say)
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay
For the Guard, &c.

With their Skins they march Home no more hurt than
their Drums,

But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat *Alewives*, and *Tradesmen* grown
lean;

For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him again,
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men

Straight the poor Rogues, cashier'd with a Cane, and a
Curse,

Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse:
And what then? Man's a *Worm*; these we *Glow-worms*
may name:

For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of Flame,
So tho' those liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with a Psalm,
Farewel Guard, &c.

The R A M B L E.

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

WHile Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
With Back so weak —

You'd wonder.

I rouz'd my Doe, and laid her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She pift, and then I drove her down,

Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
I drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,
And still I thought the Devil in her

I sat at *Muskat's* in the dark,
I heard a Tradesman and a Spark,
An Attorney and a Lawyer's Clerk,

Tell Stories.

From thence I went, with muffled Face,
To the Duke's House, and took a place,
In which I spew'd, may't please his Grace,

Or Highness;

Should I be hang'd I could not chuse
But laugh at Whores that drop from Stews,
Seeing that Mistress *Marg'ret* —

So fine is.

When

When Play was done, I call'd a Link;
I heard some paltry Pieces chink
Within my Pockets, how d'ye think

I employ'd em?

Why, Sir, I went to Mistress Sperring,
Where some were cursing, others swearing;
Never a Barrel better Herring,

per fidem.

Seven's the Main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,
'Twas Six, said I, as God shall sa' me,
Now being true you cou'd not blame me

So saying.

Sa' me! quoth one, what Shameroon
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down

A playing?

This was as bad to me as killing;
Mistake not, Sir, said I, I'm willing,
And able both to drop a Shilling,

Or two, Sir.

Goda'mercy then, said Bully Hec —
With Whiskers stern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his scabby Neck

To shew, Sir.

With mangled Fist he grasp'd the Box,
Giving the Table bloody Knocks,
He throws — and calls for Plague and Pox.

T' assist him.

Some twenty Shillings he did catch,
H'ad like to have made a quick dispatch,
Nor could Time's Register, my Watch,

Have mist him.

As Luck would have it, in came Will,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, y'ad better go and Swill

Canary.

We steer'd our course to Dragon Green,
Which is in Fleetstreet to be seen,
Where we drank Wine — not foul — but clean

Contrary.

Qui

Our Host, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,
Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us swallow Sack as Salmon

Drink Water.

Being o'er-warm'd with last Debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roche,
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,

Or later.

We broke the Glasses out of hand,
As many Oaths I'd at command
As *Hastings*, *Sabin*, *Sunderland*,

Or Ogle.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Henry Vane*,
And swore by H --- I would maintain
Episcopacy was too plain

A juggle.

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine so late.
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*

O' th' Kitchen.

Which *Hammond's* Wife would not endure;
I told her, tho' she look'd demure,
She came but lately I was sure

From Bitching.

A Club there was in t'other Room,
I bolted in, being known to some,
Such Men are not in Christendom

For jesting.

They use a plain familiar Style,
Appearing friendly all the while,
Yet never part without a Broil

Intestine.

The first as Steward did appear,
A strange conceited Barrister,
Who on all Matters will infer

His Reading.

A Band had on, that's very plain,
A Velvet Coat, a shining Cane,
Some Law, less Wit, and not a Grain

Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit
Of talking News about *Maestricht*,
How that the Prince's leaving it
Was sudden.

Quoth he, (because they should not say
That he knew less of this than they)
Just such a Case I read this day

In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,
Could Indignation not forbear,
'Zounds, says he, did Man e'er hear

Such Non-sense?

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,
This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,
With musty Law and dull Reports,

Damn'd long since,

Go bolt your Cases at the Fire,
From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Rastal*, *Dyer*,
Such heavy stuff does rather tire

Than please us :

Tell not us of Issue Male,
Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,
Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,

And Leases.

Can you discourse of Hand-Granadoes,
Of Sally-Ports and Ambuscadoes,
Of Counterscarps and Pallizadoes,

And Trenches,

Of Bastions, blowing up of Mines,
Or of Communication Lines,
Or can you guess the great Designs

The *French* has :

The Barrister began to start
To hear such bloody Terms of Art,
And did desire with all his Heart

A Farewel,

'Till younger Member of the House,
Resenting this as an Abuse,
Thought it convenient to espouse

His Quarrel.

This

This was a spruce young Squire, that
Knew the true Manage of the Hat,
And every Morning ty'd Cravat

With Project :

One that was sure he knew the Town,
To Men of Fringe and Feather known,
'Mongst whom all Law he would disown,

And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus :
You are mistaken much in us,
With dint of Sword we can discuss,

'Tis true, Sir,

You trail'd a Pike, or some such thing,
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding :
And all the Town (forsooth) must ring

Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lamb's*,
Whither you'd come with forty shams ;
And swore you would renounce all Games

But Tennis :

Last Night (such Luck ne'er Man had yet)
You play'd with Countess at Picquet,
And that she did (by Jesus) get

Twelve Guineas ;

Nay worse — just parting with my Lords,
He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,
And you wear his not worth a Turd —

— A Bawble ;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,
For you will have his Iron Grey :
A swifter Nag is not this day

In Stable.

And all the great Design of this,
Is but to borrow half a Piece,
Or be excus'd (if Ready miss)

From Clubbing.

The Captain swell'd, yet did not know
Whether the Youth would fight or no,
Or if 'twere safe to give the Foe

A drubbing :

Com.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 111

Company's here, and for their sake,
Quoth he, some other time I'll take,
For I did never love to mak

A Bustle.

Even when you please, quoth Younker, then,
I'm every Evening to be seen
'Mongst witty Coffee-drinkers in

Street Ruffel.

One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,
With whom the Captain us'd to snack,
Because he'd make the first Attack

On Bubble;

Did think it fit to do him right,
Altho' he knew he would not fight,
Yet Cully he would sore affright

And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;
Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,
If Letters fail, go Bully-rock

The Carrier.

For here you must not vent your stuff,
We understand you well enough:
You must not think to rant and huff

A Warrior.

I knew when *Animal and Ens*
Was once the chief of your Pretence,
But now you think y'ave sprucer Sense

And Knowledge.

When first this Town y'arriv'd unto,
The only Bus'ness y'ad to do
Was to enquire out those that knew

Your College.

Certainly Mortal never saw
A thing so pert, so dull, so raw,
And yet 'twou'd put a Case in Law,

If they would,

Then it began to visit Plays,
And on the Women it would gaze,
And looked like Love in a Maze,

Or a Wood.

Into

Into Fop-corner you would get,
And use a strange obstreperous Wit,
Not any Quiet to the Pit

Allowing :

And when my Lord came in, you'd spy
If toward you he cast an Eye,
Y' had lucky opportunity

Of bowing :

At last you got a swinging Clap,
Which ran upon you like a Tap,
And lay for Cure of this mishap

At Tooting.

Then you writ Letters of Advice
To Parent, for some fresh Supplies:
Pretending to the Exercise

Of Mooting :

At length you understood a Die,
Carry'ing in Fob variety
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High

And Low-Dice.

But when you hear the fatal Doom,
That Father shall remand you home,
It hardly will appear you come

From Studies.

The Youth was just a throwing Glass,
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,
When Barrister took Heart of Grace,

And Coutage :

Doctor, says he, you are a Cheat,
A greater Knave walks not the Street,
A verier Quack one shall not meet

In our Age.

Doctors of Physick we indeed
Do most abominably need :
If you are one, that scarce can read

A Ballad.

You serv'd a Doctor, --- true, from whom
You stole Receipts, being his Groom,
Or waiting on him in his Room,

As Valet.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 113

On Serving-men you us'd to cut,
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,
And made the Fellows still run out

And their Wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old scores,
Ruin the Tapster at All Fours,
And still observe the Carriers Hours,

And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,
To whom your stolen Receipts you show,
That y'have no Learning he does know,

And small Parts :

Yet for Advantage does proclaim
You as the eldest Son of Fame,
And swears your Cures have got a Name

In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his House,
With care and secrecie to chouse
Those Fools incurable, that thus

Are minded,

If y'are desir'd to write a Bill,
Your Eyes have a Defluxion still,
That if you do but touch a Quill,

You're blinded.

'Mongst gilded Books on Shelves you squeeze
Old Galen and Hippocrates,
For such learn'd Men (say you) as these

I'll stickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,
Giants they might have been as well,
Or two Arch-Angels, Gabriel,

And Mich'el.

In short, you are an empty Sawse---
Before this word quite out, he draws,
The Doctor struck him cross the Jaws,

God bless us!

The Student then propos'd a slap,
Which on Quack's best of Eyes did hap,
With might and main---on Youth fell Cap---

---tain Bessus.

I th.

I' th' Room was Justice *Middlesex*,
 Who understanding *Statue Lex*,
 Being unwilling to perplex

A Riot,

Softly as he could speak, did cry,
 (Which no Body observ'd but I)
 My Friends, in Name of Majesty,

Be quiet.

The Youngster first desir'd a Truce,
 Because Cravat from Neck hung loose,
 Captain, quoth he, your Weapon chuse,
 I'll fight ye:

Nay then, thought I, if so it be,
 You're very likely to agree,
 There's no Diversion more for Me,

Good Night t'ye.

And having now discharg'd the House,
 We did reserve a gentle Soufe,
 With which we drank another rouse

At the Bar:

And good Christians all attend,
 To Drunkenness pray put an end,
 I do advise you as a Friend,

And Neighbour,

For lo! that Mortal here behold,
 Who cautious was in days of old,
 Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,

And free, Sir;

For having scap'd the Tavern fo,
 There never was a greater Foe,
 Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no,

Nor *Caesar*.

A Constable both stern and dread,
 Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,
 Preferr'd to be the Brainless Head —

O'th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,
 A Hat too, which as Folk do say,
 Is firnam'd to this very day —

A Steeple;

His

MISCELLANY POEMS. 115

His Staff, which knew as well as he
The Bus'ness of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me;

Very true 'tis,

Those lousy Currs that hither come
To keep the King's Peace safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from

Their Cutis.

Stand! stand! says one, and come before---

You lye, said I, like a Son of a Whore,

I can't, nor will not stand, -- that's more---

D'ye mutter?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,

Yond' Officer i'th May-pole Hat,

I'll make as drunk as any Rat,

Or Otter.

The Constable began to swell,

Altho' he lik'd the Motion well:

Quoth he, my Friend, this I must tell

Ye clearly,

The Patience you can't forget,

Nor the Dispute with Dutch, nor yet

The dreadful Fire, that made us get

Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,

To have a Body's Conscience clear

Excellerh any costly Cheer,

Or Banquets;

Besides, (and 'faith I think he wept)

Were it not better you had kept

Within your Chamber, and have slept

In Blankets?

But I'll advise you by and by,

A Pox of all Advice, said I,

Your Janizaries look as dry

As Vulcan:

Come, here's a Shilling, fetch it in,

We come not now to talk of Sin,

Our Bus'ness must be to begin

A full Can.

At

116 *The SECOND PART of*

At last, I made the Watch-men drunk;
Examin'd here and there a Punk,
And then away to bed I slunk

To hide it.

God save the Queen, --- but as for you,
Who will these Dangers not eschew,
I'd have you all go home and spue,

As I did.

A New SONG of the Times, 1683.

By the Honourable William Wharton.

I.

'T Were folly, if ever
The Whigs should endeavour
Disowning their Plots; when all the World knows 'em;
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern, tho' no body chose 'em?
They that bore sway,
Knew not one would obey;
Did *Trincalo* make such a ridiculous pother?
Monmouth's the Head,
To strike Monarchy dead;
They chose themselves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

II.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Russel* and *Hambden*,
To serve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
With his own Purse and Credit to raise *Men and Money*?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Those brisk Boys unspy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury's* Whistle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he should bring,
Like a true *Brentford* King,
Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

III.

III.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Commonwealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occasion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore dispers'd it all o'er his own Clofet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or indicting;
And tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Trust is
Plac'd in the Chief-Justice,
To damn Law, and Reason too, by over-ruling?

IV.

What if a Traytor,
In spite of the State, Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new Freak
Make *Braddon* and *Hugh Speak*,
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
Tho' a Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is an Evidence strong of his desperate Guilt, Sir,
So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of Horror and Dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

V.

Who can think the Case hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*, [ness?
That lov'd his just Rights more than those of his High-
O disloyal Ears,
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the *Papists* a kindness.
An old doating Citty,
With his *El'zabeth Wit*,
Against the *French* mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
Where less dull than his Eyes,
For both then were shut when all others were open.

VI.

VI.

All *Europe* together
 Can't shew such a Father,
 So tenderly nice of a Son's Reputation,
 As our good King is,
 Who labour'd to bring his
 By Tricks to subscribe to a Sham Declaration,
 'Twas very good Reason
 To pardon his Treason,
 To obey (nor his own, but) his Brother's Command;
 To merit whose Grace, [Sir,
 He must in the first Place
 Confess he's dishonest, under his Hand, Sir.

VII.

Since Fate the Court blesses
 With daily Successes,
 And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
 Whilst our Duke Nero,
 The Church's blind Hero,
 By Murder is planting his Faith Apostolick;
 Our Modern Sages,
 More wise than past Ages,
 Would ours establish by *Papish* Successors;
 Queen *Bess* ne'er thought it,
 And *Cecil* forgot it,
 But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors;



On the University of Cambridge's Burning
the Duke of Monmouth's Picture, 1685.
who was formerly their Chancellor.
In Answer to this Question,

—— Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit
Damnatos.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

YES, fickle Cambridge, Perkins found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasie as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young Man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong Thoughts she might improve her Race,
But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the Canvas Traytor to the Fire,
Left it, like Bones of Scanderbeg, incite
Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes Mayor Eagle, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge:
But the Man of Clarehall that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses,
And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good Charles, and Crowning of James:
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the Marriage of Anne, if that ben't enough.
The Heads, lest he get all the Profit to himself
(Too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf)

This

This Motion deny, and Vote that *Tire Tillet*
 Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
 The Kindness was common, and so they'd return it;
 The Gift was to all; all therefore would burn it:
 Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
 As they club for a Cheese in the Parish of *Cheddar*;
 Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
 The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the
 Proctors,

While the Troops from each part of the Countries in
 Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of *Stale*.
 But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
 Does by her Absence their Folly rebuke,
 The tender Creature could not see his Fate,
 With whom she had danc'd a Minuet so late,
 The Heads who never could hope for such Frames,
 Out of envy condemn'd sixscore Pounds to the Flames,
 Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
 As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz:
 So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er rattles,
 Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

The MAN of HONOUR.

Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occasion'd by a Postscript of Pen's Letter.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
 A Prince's Whisper, or a Tyrant's Frown
 Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
 Of him, who to strict Honour is inclin'd;
 Though all the Pomp and Pleasure that does wait
 On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
 Should fondly court him to be base and great;
 With even Passions, and with settled Face,
 He would remove the Harlot's false Embrace.

Tho'

Tho' all the Storms and Tempests should arise,
 That Church Magicians in their Cells devise,
 And from their settled Basis Nations tear,
 He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
 Secure in Innocence condemn 'em all,
 And decently array'd in Honours, fall.

For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumley's* Name,
 Shall stand the foremost in the List of Fame,
 Who first with steady Minds the Current broke,
 And to the suppliant Monarch boldly spoke.

Great Sir, renown'd for Constancy, how just
 Have we obey'd the Crown, and serv'd our Trust,
 Espous'd your Cause and Interest in distress,
 Your self must witness, and our Foes confess!

Permit us then ill Fortune to accuse,
 That you at last unhappy Counsels use,
 And ask the only thing we must refuse.

Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expose,
 Honour alone we cannot, must not lose;
 Honour, that Spark of the Celestial Fire,
 That above Nature makes Mankind aspire;
 Ennobles the rude Passions of our Frame,
 With thirst of Glory and desire of Fame;
 The richest Treasure of a generous Breast,
 That gives the Stamp and Standard to the rest.
 Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous force,
 Unless this softens and directs their Course;
 And would you rob us of the noblest Part,
 Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?

'Tis much beneath the greatness of a Throne,
 To take the Casket when the Jewel's gone:
 Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
 And teach the Nobles to be false and base;
 What Confidence can you in them repose,
 Who, ere they serve you, all their Value lose?
 Who once enslave their Conscience to their Lust,
 Have lost their Reins, and can no more be Just.

Of Honour, Men at first like Women nice,
 Raise Maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice;

Their modest Nature curbs the struggling Flame,
 And stifles what they wish to act, with Shame.
 But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
 That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live;
 They stop not here their Course, but safely in,
 Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
 True to no Principles, press forward still,
 And only bound by Appetite their Will:
 Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails;
 But shift with every veering Blast their Sails.
 Mark those that meanly truckle to your Power,
 They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
 And would to-morrow *Mahomet* adore!

On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
 Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
 When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
 With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
 When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
 Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
 Could they oppose to stop the Torrent's Course?

Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their Lives, and lavish of their Blood;
 But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
 With the same Constancy they all resign.

Thus spake the Youth, who open'd first the way,
 And was the *Phosphorus* to the dawning Day;
 Follow'd by a more glorious splendid Host,
 Than any Age, or any Realm can boast:
 So great their Fame, so numerous their Train,
 To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
 But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
 Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
 So high their Virtue as yet wants a Name,
 Exceeding Wonder, and surpassing Fame:
 Rise, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
 The Storm is past, th' Impending Tempest fled:
 Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Disgrace,
 It had not giv'n such Sons, so brave a Race.

When

MISCELLANY POEMS. 123

When for Destruction Heaven a Realm designs,
 The Symptoms first appear in slavish Minds:
 These Men would prop a sinking Nation's weight,
 Stop falling Vengeance, and reverse ev'n Fate.
 Let other Nations boast their fruitful Soil,
 Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
 In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
 Let them excel, their Mastery we grant.
 But to instruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
 With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
 Exalt the thought, a speedy Courage lend,
 That Horror cannot shake, or Pleasure bend:
 These are the *English* Arts, these we profess
 To be the same in Mis'ry and Success;
 To teach Oppressors Law, assist the Good,
 Relieve the Wretched, and subdue the Proud.
 Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
 When Kings commit to hungry Priests the Scale?
 All Merit's light when they dispose the Weight,
 Who either would embroil, or rule the State;
 Defame those Heroes who their Yoke refuse,
 And blast that Honesty they cannot use;
 The strength and safety of the Crown destroy,
 And the King's Power against himself imploy;
 Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
 Bereft of these, he must become their Slave.
 Men, like our Money, come the most in play,
 For being base, and of a coarse Allay.
 The richest Medals, and the purest Gold,
 Of native Value, and exactest Mould,
 By Worth conceal'd, in private Closets shine,
 For vulgar use too precious and too fine;
 Whilst Tin and Copper with new stamping bright,
 Coin of base Metal, counterfeit and light,
 Do all the Business of the Nation's turn,
 Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
 So shining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
 Whose guilty Actions fly the searching Light;
 Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
 Great without Pomp they willingly retire:

Give place to Fools, whose rash misjudging Sense
 Increases the weak measures of their Prince;
 Prone to admire, and flatter him in Ease,
 They study not his Good, but how to please;
 They blindly and implicitly run on,
 Nor see those Dangers which the other shun;
 Who slow to act, each bus'ness duly weigh,
 Advise with Freedom, and with Care obey;
 With Wisdom fatal to their Interest strive
 To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
 Such have no place where Priests and Women reign,
 Who love fierce Drivers, and a looser Rein.

SONG. TO CELIA.

I.
I Spend my sad Life in sighs, and in cries,
 And in silent dark Shades mourn the frowns of
 your Eyes;

Lewd Satyrs and Fawns soft pity do show,
 And Wolves howl in Consort to the noise of my Woe;
 Even Mountains and Groves are kinder than she;
 Groans rebound from each Rock, Tears drop from
 each Tree:

And all things, but *Celia*, shew pity, shew pity on me.

II.
 Come *Celia*, come learn of these Shades to be kind,
 Learn to yield when I sigh; Trees bend with the Wind;
 When Drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
 Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep, to repent.
 Kind Ivies do ne'er from Embraces remove,
 Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
 Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Ri-
 vers, to Love.

A S O N G.

I.

NO more on my Knees to a Beauty I'll sue,
 My Heart that was Captive, shall learn to subdue;
 I'll court the fair Idols no more to comply,
 Nor from their Refusals conclude I must dye:
 Let insipid Lovers their Passion discover,
 With Hearts almost drown'd in a Deluge of Woe.
 To *Phillis* I'll go, where a Whisper or so,
 Makes way to the Fountain where Pleasures o'erflow.

II.

There in Love's Garden I'll rifle each Flower,
 Contemning young *Cupid*, and scoffing at's Power,
 'Till Appetite's rais'd; then give o'er to pursue
 Those pretty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
 At every Motion, or amorous Notion,
 The risings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
 To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot spy,
 My *Phillis* and I most pleasingly stray.

III.

Where whilst I enfold the soft Dear in my Arms,
 I swallow in Joy, 'till dissolv'd by the Charms
 Of her soft melting Kisses, I gasp for fresh Breath,
 Each minute reviving to die a new Death.
 Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliss
 We consume the swift Minutes of troublesome Life,
 'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,
 And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.



THE
D U E L
OF THE
S T A G S.
A
P O E M.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

L O N D O N :
Printed in the Year MDCCXXVII.

THE
DUEL

OF THE
YACHT

A
POEM

Written by the Honorable
ST. ROBERT HOWARD

LONDON:
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To His GRACE the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MY LORD,

I Should beg your Pardon, could I apprehend it were an Error to present any thing to your Grace which comes from me, to whom I have made so entire a Dedication of my self; but this Advantage appears in all real Esteems and Friendships, they are as much above the Ceremonies of the World, as the usual Practice of it; but your Grace has a farther Title to this, being more Yours than Mine; as much as an Image well shap'd and polish'd, is more properly due to him that gave it that Perfection, than to him that first dig'd the Stone out of the Quarry; it was an ill-contriv'd House within, full of Entries and unuseful Passages, 'till your Grace was pleas'd to take them away, and make it Habitable for my Candid Opinion.

G s

At

At the same time when your Grace made this your own, you made me more justly yours; 'twas in your Confinement, where after some Concealment of your self, to weigh the Circumstances and Causes of your Persecution, you generously expos'd your self to stand all Hazards and Tryals, from the Assurance of your Courage, and Advice of your Innocence; and as your Grace in your Adversity has found the Advantage of an unshaken Honour, I doubt not but your Prince and Nation will find an equal Benefit in your better Fortunes, by your Counsel and Service, which will always be directed by such a steady Virtue; and may all Advantages that you encrease in, and all the Nation receives by you, be equal'd by nothing but the Content of,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most Humble

and Faithful Servant,

ROBERT HOWARD,



The DUEL of the STAGS.

IN *Windſor* *Forest*, before War deſtroy'd
 The harmleſs Pleaſures which ſoft Peace enjoy'd,
 A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
 By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd;
 And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
 They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
 Still as he paſſeth by, they all remove,
 Proud in Dominion, prouder in his Love:
 [And while with Pride and Appetite he ſwells,]
 He courts no choſen Object, but compels:
 No Subject his lov'd Miſtreſs dares deny,
 But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.
 Long had this Prince imperiouſly thus ſway'd,
 By no ſet Laws, but by his Will obey'd,
 His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
 Admire his Strength, and dare not uſe their own.
 One Subject moſt did his ſuſpicion move,
 That ſhow'd leaſt Fear, and counterfeited Love;
 In the beſt Paſtures by his ſide he fed,
 Arm'd with two large Militia's on his Head:
 As if he practis'd Majeſty, he walk'd,
 And at his Nod, he made not haſte, but ſtalk'd.
 By his large ſhade, he ſaw how great he was,
 And his vaſt Layers on the bended Graſs,
 His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
 And judg'd himſelf as fit for Empire too.
 Thus to rebellious Hopes he ſwell'd at length,
 Love and Ambition growing with his ſtrength.
 This hid Ambition his bold Paſſion ſhows,
 And from a Subject to a Rival grows.
 Sollicites all his Prince's fearful Dames,
 And in his ſight courts with rebellious Flames.

The

The Prince sees this with an inflamed Eye,
 But Looks are only Signs of Majesty :
 When once a Prince's Will meets a restraint,
 His Power is then esteem'd but his Complaint.
 His Head then shakes, at which th' affrighted Herd
 Start to each side; his Rival not afraid,
 Stands by his Mistress side, and stirs not thence,
 But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.

The Quarrel now to a vast height is grown,
 Both urg'd to fight by Passion, and a Throne;
 But Love has most excuse; for all, we find,
 Have Passions, tho' not Thrones alike assign'd.
 The Sovereign Stag shaking his loaded Head,
 On which his Scepters with his Arms were spread;
 Wisely by Nature, there together fix'd,
 Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.
 The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
 Became at once his Majesty, and Rage :
 T' other stands still with as much confidence,
 To make his part seem only his defence.

Their heads now meet, and at one blow each strikes
 As many strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
 Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlers stand,
 Which every Year kind Nature does disband.
 Wild Beasts sometimes in Peace and Quiet are,
 But Man no season frees from Love or War.

With equal strength they met, as if two Oaks
 Had fell, and mingled with a thousand strokes.
 One by Ambition urg'd, t' other Disdain,
 One to Preserve, the other fought to Gain :
 The Subjects and the Mistresses stood by,
 With Love and Duty to crown Victory :
 For all Affections wait on prosperous Fame,
 Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.

While thus with equal Courages they meet,
 The wounded Earth yields to their struggling Feet;
 And while one slides, t' other pursues the Fight,
 And thinks that forc'd Retreat looks like a Flight :
 But then ashamed of his Retreat, at length
 Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his Strength.

As even Weights into a Motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down;
So sometimes one, then t' other Stag prevails,
And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.

The Prince asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
With all his strength united rushes on;
The Rebel weaker than at first appears,
And from his Courage sinks unto his Fears,
Not able longer to withstand his might,
From a Retreat at last steals to a Flight.
The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,
'Till his own Pride of Conquest made him slow;
Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes,

The Vanquish'd, as he fled, turn'd back his sight,
Asham'd to fly, and yet afraid to fight:
Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuse, survey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd:
Blush'd that his Wounds so slight should not deny
Strength for a Fight, that left him Strength to fly.
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his Aid,
But Fears more powerful than all those persuade,
And yet in spite of them retains his shame,
His cool'd Ambition, and his half-quench'd Flame.
There's none from their own sense of shame can fly,
And dregs of Passions dwell with Misery.

Now to the shades he bends his feeble Course,
Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force:
The Wretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's Favour, loses too his own.

While fawning Troops their conquering Prince en-
Now render'd Absolute by being oppos'd. [clos'd,
Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new-quench'd Rebellions firmer stand;
'Till by the boundless Offers of Success,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happiness.

The vanquish'd Stag to thickest Shades repairs,
Where he finds Safety punish'd with his Cares;
Thorough the Woods he rushes not, but glides,
And from all searches but his own he hides;
Asham'd

As Ham'd to live, unwilling yet to lose
That wretched Life he knew not how to use.

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
'Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almost heal'd;
His ancient Passions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire, and of Love:
Then rous'd himself, and stretch'd at his full Length,
Took the large Measure of his mighty Strength;
Then shook his loaded Head; the shadow too
Shook like a Tree, where leaveless Branches grew.
Stooping to drink, he sees it in the streams,
And in the Woods hears clashing of his Beams:
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing Strength, and his encreasing Shame.

Now once again, resolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate;
And in the Mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love)
He thinks upon his mighty Enemy
Circl'd about with Pow'r, and Luxury,
And hop'd his Strength might sink in his Desires,
Remembering he had wasted in such Fires.
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wisht the other's fatal Joys his own.

Thus the unquiet Beast in safety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;
Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty, Nature did afford,
Chose Feasts for every Arbitrary Sense,
An Empire in the State of Innocence.

But all the Feasts, Nature before him plac'd,
Had but faint Relishes to his lost Taste.
Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever spent,
Turn Food to the Disease, not Nourishment.

Sometimes he stole abroad, and shrinking stood
Under the shelter of the friendly Wood;
Casting his envious Eyes towards those Plains
Where crown'd with Joys his mighty Rival Reigns.
He saw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatness by the Throng.

Want

Want makes false Measures, both of Power and Joys,
And envy'd Greatness is but Crowd and Noise.

Not able to endure this hated Sight,
Back to the Shades he flies to seek out Night,
Like Exiles from their native Soils, though sent
To better Countreys, think it Banishment.
Here he enjoy'd, what t' other could have there,
The Woods as shady, and the Streams as clear,
The Pastures more untainted where he fed,
And every Night chose out an unpress'd Bed.

But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was press'd,
And found the greatest Weariness in Rest;
His dreadful Rival in his sleep appears,
And in his Dreams again, he fights, and fears:
Shrinks at the strokes of t' other's mighty Head,
Feels every wound, and dreams how fast he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes
Salutes the Light, that fleets the *Eastern Skies*.
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by Fear,
Scarce can believe no Enemy was near.
But when he saw his heedless Fears were brought,
Not by a Substance, but a drowsie Thought,
His ample Sides he shakes, from whence the Dew
In scatter'd showers, like driven Tempests flew.
At which, through all his Breast new boldness spread,
And with his Courage rais'd his mighty Head.
Then by his Love inspir'd, resolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Passion sometimes is above
The fear of Death, much more the noblest Love.
By Hope 'tis scorn'd, and by Despair 'tis fought,
Pursu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.

Resolv'd the Paths of Danger now to tread,
From his scorn'd shelter, and his fears, he fled.
With a brave haste now seeks a second Fight,
Redeems the base one by a noble flight.

In the mean time, the Conqueror enjoy'd
That Power by which he was to be destroy'd.
How hard 'tis for the Prosperous to see
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory!

Thus

Thus he securely Reign'd, when in a Rout,
 He saw th' affrighted Herd flying about;
 As if some Huntsmen did their Chase pursue,
 About themselves in scatter'd Rings they flew.
 He like a careful Monarch rais'd his Head,
 To see what Cause that strange disturbance bred.

But when the searcht-out Cause appear'd no more,
 Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
 A bold Disdain did in his Looks appear,
 And shook his awful Head to chide their Fear.
 The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
 Shrink from the one, and from the other fly;
 They scarce know which they should obey, or trust,
 Since Fortune only makes it safe and just.

Yet in despite of all his Pride, he staid,
 And this unlookt-for Chance with trouble weigh'd.
 His Rage, and his Contempt alike, swell'd high,
 And only fear'd his Enemy should fly;
 He thought of former Conquest, and from thence
 Cozen'd himself into a Confidence.

T' other that saw his Conqueror so near,
 Stood still and listned to a whisp'ring Fear,
 From whence he heard his Conquest, and his Shame;
 But new-born Hopes his antient Fears o'creame.

The mighty Enemies now meet at length,
 With equal Fury, though not equal Strength;
 For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
 That all was wasted in him but his Mind.
 His Courage in his Weakness yet prevails,
 As a bold Pilot steers with tatter'd Sails;
 And Cordage crackt, directs no steddý Course,
 Carry'd by Resolution, more than Force.
 Before his once-scorn'd Enemy he reels,
 His Wounds encreasing with his Shame, he feels.
 The other's strength more from his weakness grows,
 And with one furious push, his Rival throws.

So a talk Oak, the Pride of all the Wood,
 That long th' Assault of several Storms had stood;
 'Till by a mighty Blast more pow'rfully pusht,
 His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he rusht.

Yet

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew,
Once, all his Power, and all his Title too;
Unable now to rise, and less to fight,
He rais'd those Scepters to demand his Right:
But such weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles, when their Power is gone.

His Head now sinks, and with it all defence,
Not only robb'd of Power, but Pretence.
Wounds upon Wounds the Conqueror still gives,
And thinks himself unsafe, while t'other lives:
Unhappy State of such as wear a Crown,
Fortune can never lay 'em gently down.

Now to the most scorn'd Remedy he flies,
And for some Pity seems to move his Eyes;
Pity, by which the best of Virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd.
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
For all their Greatness, by no Common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory;
The Faith of most with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conscience but Design.

The Victor now, proud in his great Success,
Hastes to enjoy his fatal Happiness;
Forgot his mighty Rival was destroy'd
By that, which he so fondly now enjoy'd.

In Passions thus Nature her self enjoys,
Sometimes preserves, and then again destroys;
Yet all Destruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is supply'd by Love.



A S O N G.

I.

Ranging the Plain one Summer's Night,
 To pass a vacant Hour,
 I fortunately chanc'd to light
 On lovely *Phillis'* Bow'r:
 The Nymph, adorn'd with thousand Charms,
 In Expectation sate,
 To meet those Joys in *Strephan's* Arms,
 Which Tongue cannot relate.

II.

Upon her Hand she lean'd her Head,
 Her Breast did gently rise;
 That ev'ry Lover might have read
 Her Wishes in her Eyes.
 At ev'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
 She suddenly would start;
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart.

III.

But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had stay'd;
 And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The melancholy Maid.
 Ye Gods, she said, how oft he swore
 He would be here by One;
 But now, alas! 'tis six and more,
 And yet he is not come.



A S O N G.

I.

THE Night her blackest Sables wore,
 And gloomy were the Skies;
 And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
 Than those in *Stella's* Eyes:
 When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been;
 And shrowded only with her Smock,
 The fair one let me in.

II.

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling lay aham'd;
 Her swelling Breast, and glowing Face,
 And every touch inflam'd.
 My eager Passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the Fort to win;
 And her fond Heart was soon betray'd,
 To yield, and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expressing,
 Immortal was the Joy;
 I knew no greater Blessing,
 So great a God was I.
 And she transported with Delight,
 Oft pray'd me come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that every Night
 She'd rise and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at last she prov'd with Bern,
 And sighing fate, and dull;
 And I that was as much concern'd
 Look'd then just like a Fool.
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o'er,
 Repenting her rash Sin;
 She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
 That e'er she let me in.

V. But

V.

But who could cruelly deceive;
 Or from such Beauty part?
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave
 The Charmer of my Heart.
 But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
 Thus all was well again;
 And now she thanks the blessed Hour,
 That e'er she let me in.

A SONG, *on the Devil's Arse of
 the Peak.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

Cook-Lawrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
 And bad him once into the Peak to Dinner,
 Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
 Provided him yet, at the Charge of a Sinner.

II.

His Stomach was queasie for coming there Coach'd;
 The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise;
 To help it, he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
 That us'd to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

III.

And so recover'd unto his With,
 He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
 Promoter in Plum-broth was the first Dish,
 His own privy Kitchen had no such Meat.

IV.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
 Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher
 As soon as he spy'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
 By which you may Note the Devil's a Wencher.

V.

Six pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyrewomen, fit for his Palat;
With Feathermen, and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger, to make a grand Sallet.

VI.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyer's Head and Green-sawce;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if 'till then he had never seen Sawce.

VII.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook'd with Pains,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeant's Face;
The Sawce was made of his Yeoman's Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

VIII.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board;
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fur'd,
Their Chains like Sawfages hung about 'em.

IX.

The very next Dish, was the Mayor of a Town,
With a Pudding of maintenance thrust in his Belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his Couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

X.

A London Cuckold, hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit, [him,
But the Horns were very near like to have choak'd

XI.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick;
A Pander's Pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

XII.

A large fat Pasty of a Mid-wife hot;
And for a cold bak'd Meat into the Story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in Crust, 'till now she was hoary.

XIII. To

XIII.

To these, an over-grown Justice of Peace,
 With a Clerk like a Gizzard thrust under each Arm;
 And Warrants for Sippets, laid in his own Grease
 Set o'er a Chaffing-dish to be kept warm.

XIV.

The Joul of a Jaylor, serv'd for a Filth,
 A Constable sours'd with Vinegar by;
 Two Aldermen Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
 A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

XV.

All which devour'd; he then for a Close,
 Did for a full draught of Derby call;
 He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
 And left not till he had drunk up all.

XVI.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
 Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce,
 All which he fluried away with a Fart,
 From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arse.

XVII.

And there he made such a Breach with the Wind,
 The hole too standing open the while,
 That the scent of the Vapour, before, and behind,
 Hath foully perfum'd most part of the Isle.

XVIII.

And this was Tobacco, the learned suppose;
 Which since in Country, Court and Town,
 In the Devils Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
 Of Pollicat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

XIX.

From which wicked Weed, with Swines-flesh, and Ling,
 Or any thing else that's Feast for the Fiend:
 Our Captain and we cry, God save the King,
 And send him good Meat, and Mirth without end.

SONG.

SONG. To CELIA.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

Drink to me, only with thine Eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a Kiss but in the Cup,
And I'll not look for Wine.
The Thirst, that from the Soul doth rise,
Doth ask a Drink divine:
But might I of Jove's Nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee, late, a rose Wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of it self, but thee.

To HEAVEN.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

Good; and great God, can I not think of thee,
But it must, straight, my Melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me Disease,
That, laden with my Sins, I seek for Ease?
O, be thou Witness, that the Reins dost know,
And Hearts of all, if I be sad for Show:
And judge me after: If I dare pretend
To ought but Grace, or aim at other End.
Is thou art All, so be thou All to me,
First, midst, and last, converted one, and three;

My

My Faith, my Hope, my Love: And in this State,
 My Judge, my Witness, and my Advocate.
 Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
 And whither rapt, now thou but stoop'st to me?
 Dwell; dwell here still: O, Being every-where,
 How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
 I know my State, both full of Shame and Scorn,
 Conceived in Sin, and unto Labour born,
 Standing with Fear, and must with Horror fall,
 And destin'd unto Judgment, after all:
 I feel my Grievs too, and there scarce is Ground
 Upon my Flesh t'inflict another Wound.
 Yet dare I not complain, or wish for Death:
 With holy *Paul*, lest it be thought the Breath
 Of Discontent; or that these Prayers be
 For weariness of Life, not Love of thee.

An ELEGY.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

TO make the Doubt clear, that no Woman's true,
 Was it my Fate to prove it full in you?
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Air,
 And must she needs be false, because she's Fair?
 Is it your Beauty's Mark, or of your Youth,
 Or your Perfection, not to study Truth;
 Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no Eyes?
 Or those it has, wink at your Perjuries?
 Are Vows so cheap with Women? or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in Water,
 And blown away with Wind? or doth their Breath,
 Both hot and cold at once, threat Life and Death?
 Who could have thought so many Accents sweet
 Tun'd to our Words, so many Sighs should meet
 Blown from our Hearts, so many Oaths and Tears
 Sprinkled among? all sweeter by our Fears,

And the divine Impression of stol'n Kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty Bliss?
 Did you draw Bonds to forfeit? sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the Truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O, I profane! Though most of Women be
 The common Monster, Love shall except thee,
 My dearest Love, however Jealousie
 With Circumstance might urge the contrary.
 Sooner I'll think the Sun would cease to cheer
 The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear;
 Sooner that Rivers would run back, or *Thames*
 With Ribs of Ice in *June* would bind his Streams:
 Or Nature, by whose strength the World endures,
 Would change her Course, before you alter yours.
 But, O that treacherous Breast, to whom weak you
 Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his Falshood found too late! 'twas he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me.
 Whilst he, black Wretch, betray'd each simple Word
 We spake unto the coming of a third!
 Curst may he be that so our Love hath slain,
 And wander wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*:
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity:
 In plaguing him, let Misery be witty.
 Let all Eyes shun him, and he shun each Eye,
 'Till he be noisom as his Infamy:
 May he without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his Soul's price:
 And after all self-torment, when he dies,
 May Wolves tear out his Heart, Vultures his Eyes,
 Swine eat his Bowels, and his falser Tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung:
 And let his Carrion Coarse be a longer Feast
 To the King's Dogs, than any other Beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our Love revive;
 In me the Flame was never more alive.
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that Pleasure lengthen the short days

Of my Life's Lease, like Painters that do take
 Delight, not in made Works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those Times, when first I saw
 Love in your Eyes, that gave my Tongue the Law
 To like what you lik'd, and at Masks, or Plays,
 Commend the self-same Actors, the same Ways,
 Ask how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent;
 All which were such lost Pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
 But, being got, it is a Treasure sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder than to get;
 And ought not be profan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by Chance, 'tis kept by Art.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod felix faustumque Convivis in Apolline sit.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

- 1 **N**emo Asymbolus, nisi Umbra, huc venito.
- 2 Idiota, Insulsus, Tristis, Turpis, abesto.
- 3 Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honesti, adsciscuntor.
- 4 Nec lecta Femina repudiantor.
- 5 In Apparatu quod Convivis corruget Nares nil esto.
- 6 Epula delectu potius quam sumptu parentur.
- 7 Obsonator & coquus conviviarum Gula periti sunt.
- 8 De Discubitu non contenditor.
- 9 Ministri, à Dapibus oculati & muti,
 A Poculis auriti & celeres sunt.
- 10 Vina puris fontibus ministrentur, aut vapulet Hospes.
- 11 Moderatis poculis provocare sodales fas esto.
- 12 At Fabulis magis quam Vino velitatio fiat.
- 13 Conviva nec muti nec loquaces sunt.
- 14 De seriis ac sacris Poti & Saturi ne differunt.
- 15 Fidecem, nisi accersitus, non venito.

- 16 *Admisso Rifu, Tripudiis, Choreis, Cantu, Salibus,*
Omni Gratiarum festiuitate sacra celebrantor.
- 17 *Foci sine felle sunt.*
- 18 *Inspida poemata nulla recitantor.*
- 19 *Versus scribere nullus cogitor.*
- 20 *Argumentationis totus Strepitus abesto.*
- 21 *Amatoriis querelis, ac suspiriis liber Angulus esto.*
- 22 *Lapitharum more Scyphis pugnare, Vitrea collidere,*
Fenestras excutere, supellectilem dilacerare, nefas esto.
- 23 *Qui foras vel diota vel facta Eliminat, Eliminator.*
- 24 *Neminem reum Pocula faciunt.*
Focus perennis esto.

RULES for the Tavern Academy, &c.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

- 1 **A**S the Fund of our Pleasure, let each pay his Shot,
Except some chance Friend whom a Member
brings in.
- 2 Far hence be the *Sad*, the *Lewd* *Fop* and the *Sot*,
For such have the Plagues of good Company been.

II.

- 3 Let the *Learned* and *Witty*, the *Jovial* and *Gay*,
The *Generous* and *Honest* Compose our free State;
- 4 And the more to exalt our Delight whilst we stay,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice Female Mate.

III.

- 5 Let no Scent offensive the Chamber infect.
- 6 Let Fancy, not Cost, prepare all our Dishes.
- 7 Let the Caterer mind the taste of each Guest,
And the Cook in his Dressing comply with their
Wishes.

IV.

- 8 Let's have no disturbance about taking Places,
To shew your nice Breeding, or out of vain Pride.

H 2

9 Let

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9 Let the Drawers be ready with Wine and fresh
Glasses; [must be ty'd,
Let the Waiters have Eyes, tho' their Tongues
V.

10 Let our Wines without mixture, or Strum, be all fine,
Or call up the Master, and break his dull Noddle,
11 Let no sober Bigot here think it a Sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate Bottle.
VI.

12 Let the Contests be rather of Books than of Wine;
13 Let the Company be neither noisie nor mute,
14 Let none of things Serious, much less of Divine,
When Belly and Head's full, prophanely dispute.
VII.

15 Let no sawcy Fidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our Bliss.
16 With *Mirth, Wit, and Dancing and Singing* conclude,
To regale ev'ry Sense, with Delight in excess.
VIII.

17 Let Raillery be without Malice or Heat.
18 Dull Poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no Poetaster command or intreat
Another Extempore Verses to make.
IX.

20 Let Argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor Jars interpose sacred Friendship to grieve.
21 For Generous Lovers let a Corner be found,
Where they in soft Sighs may their Passions relieve.
X.

22 Like the old *Lapithites*, with the Goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst Offences unpardon'd will rank;
Or breaking of Windows, or Glasses for spight,
And spoiling the Goods for a Rakehelly Prank.
XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,
Be he banish'd for ever our Assembly Divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good Wine.

*Over the Door at the Entrance into
the APOLLO.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

WElcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo* —
Here he speaks out of his Pottle,
Or the Tripes, his Tower Bottle:
All his Answers are Divine,
Truth it self doth flow in Wine.
Hang up all the poor Hop-Drinkers,
Cries *Old Sym* the King of Skinkers;
He the half of Life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull Girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of *Venus*,
And the Poet's Horse accounted:
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true *Phœbeian* Liquor,
Cheers the Brains, makes Wit the quicker,
Pays all Debts, cures all Diseases,
And at once three Senses pleases.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*.

Her Man described by her own Dictamen.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

O F your Trouble, *Ben*, to ease me,
I will tell what Man would please me,
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
H 3 Titles,

Titles, I confess, do take me;
 And a Woman God did make me:
French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his Manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a Man; with crisped Hair,
 Cast in thousand Snares and Rings,
 For *Love's* Fingers, and his Wings:
 Chestnut Colour, or more slack
 Gold, upon a Ground of Black.
Venus and *Minerva's* Eyes,
 For he must look wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent, like *Cupid's* Bow,
 Front, an ample Field of Snow;
 Even Nose and Cheek (withal)
 Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
 Chin as woolly as the Peach;
 And his Lip should kissing teach,
 'Till he cherish'd too much Beard,
 And make *Love* or me afraid.

He should have a Hand as soft
 As the Down, and shew it oft;
 Skin as smooth as any Rush,
 And so thin to see a Blush
 Rising through it, ere it came;
 All his Blood should be a Flame,
 Quickly fir'd, as in Beginners
 In *Love's* School, and yet no Sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all,
 What we Harmony do call,
 In a body should be there.
 Well he should his Cloaths to wear;
 Yet no Taylor help to make him,
 Drest, you still for Man should take him,
 And not think h'had eat a Stake,
 Or were set up in a Brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
 Shewing Danger more than Ire.
 Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth,
 And as honest as his Birth.

All his Actions to be such,
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor condemn;
Nor do Wrongs, nor Wrongs receive;
Nor tie Knots, nor Knots unweave;
And from Baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a Map, with every part,
I could give my very Heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

A NYMPH's Passion.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

I Love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who,
For if the Nymphs should know my Swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The Pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow Joy is but our own.

II.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous, mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a Plague 'bove Scorn,
And yet it cannot be forbore,
Unless my Heart would as my Thought be torn.

III.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too.

As Summer's Sky, or purged Air,
 And looks as Lillies do,
 That are this Morning blown;
 Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
 And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

IV.

But he hath Eyes so round, and bright,
 As make away my Doubt,
 Where Love may all his Torches light,
 Though Hate had put them out:
 But then t' increase my Fears,
 What Nymph so'er his Voice but hears,
 Will be my Rival, though she have but Ears.

V.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me; yet no
 One unbecoming thought doth move
 From either Heart, I know;
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a Fame:
 If Love, or Fear, would let me tell his Name.

*An ECLOGUE on the Death of
 BEN. JOHNSON, between Melibœus
 and Hylas.*

Written by the Earl of Falkland.

MELIBŒUS.

HYLAS, the clear Day boasts a glorious Sun,
 Our Troop is ready, and our Time is come:
 That Fox who hath so long our Lambs destroy'd,
 And daily in his prosperous Rapine joy'd,
 Is earth'd not far from hence, old Ægon's Son,
 Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
 In part the Sport, in part Revenge desire,
 And both thy Tarrier and thy Aid require.

Haste,

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Haste, for by this, but that for thee we staid,
The Prey-devourer had our Prey been made.

HYLAS.

Oh! *Melibœus*, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that Vigour as before I wont;
My Presence will afford them no Relief,
That Beast I strive to chase is only Grief.

MELIBŒUS.

What mean thy folded Arms, thy down-cast Eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and Sighs which rise?
What mean thy words which so distracted fall,
As all thy Joys had now one Funeral?
Cause for such Grief, can our Retirements yield?
That follows Courts, but stoops not to the Field.
Hath thy stern Step-Dame to thy Sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst with conceal'd?
Part of thy Herd hath some close Thief convey'd
From open Pastures to a darker Shade?
Part of thy Flock hath some fierce Torrent drown'd?
Thy Harvest fail'd? or *Amaryllis* frown'd?

HYLAS.

Nor Love, nor Anger, Accident nor Thief,
Hath rais'd the Waves of my unbounded Grief:
To cure this Cause, I would provoke the Ire
Of my fierce Step-Dame or severer Sire,
Give all my Herds, Fields, Flocks, and all the Grace
That ever shone in *Amaryllis*' Face.
Alas! that Bard, that glorious Bard is dead,
Who when I whilome Cities visited,
Hath made them seem but Hours which were full Days,
Whilst he vouchsaf'd me his harmonious Lays:
And when he liv'd, I thought the Country then
A Torture, and no Mansion, but a Den.

MELIBŒUS.

JOHNSON you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the Person by the Character.

HYLAS.

You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less Spring could all these Rivers flow.

H 3

ME-

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M E L I B O E U S.

Ah *Hylas*! then thy Grief I cannot call
A Passion, when the Ground is rational.
I now excuse thy Tears and Sighs, though those
To Deluges, and these to Tempests rose:
Her great Instructor gone, I know the Age
No less laments than doth the widow'd Stage.
And only Vice and Folly now are glad,
Our Gods are troubled, and our Prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows Light, Health and Art,
Feels this sharp Grief pierce his immortal Heart,
He his neglected Lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger nobler *Helicon*,
To find his Herbs, which to his Wish prevail
For the less lov'd, should his own Favourite fail:
So moan'd himself when *Daphne* he ador'd,
That Arts, relieving all, should fail their Lord.

H Y L A S.

But say, from whence in thee this Knowledge springs,
Of what his Favour was with Gods and Kings.

M E L I B O E U S.

Dorus, who long had known Books, Men and Towns,
At last the honour of our Woods and Downs,
Had often heard his Songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting Power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still Groves he brought
To meditate on what his Muse had taught:
Here all his Joy was to revolve alone,
All that her Musick to his Soul had shown,
Or in all Meetings to divert the stream
Of our Discourse; and make his Friend his Theam,
And praising Works which that rare Loom hath weav'd,
Impart that Pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet Notes (which did all Tunes excel,
But what he prais'd) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare Pen, what was the Use and Price,
The Bays of Virtue and the Scourge of Vice;
How the rich Ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the Trappings would esteem the Beast:

But did our Youth to noble Actions raise,
 Hoping the meed of his immortal Praise:
 How bright and soon his Muse's Morning shone,
 Her Noon how lasting, and her Evening none:
 How Speech exceeds not Dumbness, nor Verse Prose,
 More than his Verse the low rough Rhimes of those,
 (For such, his seen, they seem'd,) who highest rear'd,
 Possess *Parnassus* ere his Power appear'd:
 Nor shall another Pen his Fame dissolve,
 'Till we this doubtful Problem can resolve,
 Which in his Works we most transcendent see,
 Wit, Judgment, Learning, Art, or Industry,
 Which 'Till is Never, so all jointly flow,
 And each doth to an equal Torrent grow:
 His Learning such, no Author old nor new
 Escap'd his reading that deserv'd his View,
 And such his Judgment, so exact his Taste,
 Of what was best in Books, as what Books best,
 That had he join'd those Notes his Labours took,
 From each most prais'd and praise-deserving Book,
 And could the World of that choice Treasure boast,
 It need not care though all the rest were lost:
 And such his Wit, he writ past what he quotes,
 And his Productions far exceed his Notes:
 So in his Works where ought inserted grows,
 The noblest of the Plants engrafted shows,
 That his adopted Children equal not
 The generous Issue his own Brain begot:
 So great his Art, that much which he did write,
 Gave the Wise Wonder, and the Crowd Delight,
 Each Sort as well as Sex admir'd his Wit,
 The Hees and Shees, the Boxes, and the Pit;
 And who less lik'd within, did rather chuse
 To tax their Judgments than suspect his Muse.
 How no Spectator his chaste Stage could call
 The cause of any Crime of his, but all
 With Thoughts and Wills purg'd and amended rise,
 From th'Ethick Lectures of his Comedies,
 Where the Spectators act, and the sham'd Age
 Blusheth to meet her Follies on the Stage;

Where

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Where each Man finds some Light he never fought,
 And leaves behind some Vanity he brought,
 Whose Politicks no less the Minds direct,
 Than these the Manners, nor with less Effect,
 When his Majestick Tragedies relate
 All the Disorders of a tottering State,
 All the Distempers which on Kingdoms fall,
 When Ease, and Wealth, and Vice are general,
 And yet the Minds against all Fear assure,
 And telling the Disease, prescribe the Cure:
 Where, as he tells what subtle Ways, what Friends,
 (Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for Ends)
 Ambitious and luxurious Persons prove,
 Whom vast Desires, or mighty Wants do move,
 The general Frame to sap and undermine,
 In proud *Sejanus*, and bold *Catiline*;
 So in his vigilant Prince and Consuls parts,
 He shews the wiser and the nobler Arts,
 By which a State may be unhurt, upheld,
 And all those Works destroy'd, which Hell would build.
 Who (not like those who with small Praise had writ,
 Had they not call'd in Judgment to their Wit)
 Us'd not a tutoring Hand his to direct,
 But was sole Workman and sole Architect;
 And sure by what my Friend did daily tell,
 If he but acted his own Part as well
 As he writ those of others, he may boast,
 The happy Fields hold not a happier Ghost.

H T L A S.

Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear Youth)
 Where most he past Belief, fell short of Truth:
 Say on, what more he said, this gives Relief,
 And though it raise my Cause, it bates my Grief,
 Since Fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
 I joy to hear him by thy Friend reviv'd.

M E L I B O E U S.

More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
 His smother Words with my unpolish'd Style)
 And having told what Pitch his Worth attain'd,
 He then would tell us what Reward it gain'd:

How

How in an ignorant, and learn'd Age he sway'd,
 (Of which the first he found, the second made)
 How he, when he could know it, reap'd his Fame,
 And long out-liv'd the envy of his Name:
 To him how daily flockt, what reverence gave,
 All that had Wit, or would be thought to have,
 Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
 That to his Ashes they can pay no more,
 Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
 But aim'd at Glory from so great a Foe:
 How the Wise too, did with meer Wits agree,
 As *Pembroke*, *Portland*, and grave *Aubigny*,
 Nor thought the rigid'st Senator a shame,
 To contribute to so deserv'd a Fame:
 How great *Eliza*, the Retreat of those,
 Who weak and injur'd her Protection chose,
 Her Subjects Joy, the Strength of her Allies,
 The Fear and Wonder of her Enemies,
 With her judicious Favours did infuse
 Courage and Strength into his younger Muse:
 How learned *James*, whose Praise no end shall find,
 (But still enjoy a Fame pure like his Mind)
 Who favour'd Quiet and the Arts of Peace,
 (Which in his Halcyon Days found large encrease)
 Friend to the humblest if deserving Swain,
 Who was himself a part of *Phæbus*' Train,
 Declar'd great *Johnson* worthiest to receive
 The Garland which the Muses Hands did weave;
 And though his Bounty did sustain his Days,
 Gave a more welcome Pension in his Praise:
 How mighty *Charles*, amidst that weighty Care
 In which three Kingdoms as their Blessing share,
 Whom as it tends with ever-watchful Eyes,
 That neither Power may force, nor Art surprize,
 So bounded by no Shore, grasps all the Main,
 And far as *Neptune* claims, extends his Reign,
 Found still some time to hear and to admire
 The happy Sounds of his harmonious Lyre,
 And oft hath left his bright exalted Throne,
 And to his Muses Feet * combin'd his own:

* In his Mask.

As

As did his Queen, whose Person so disclos'd
 A brighter Nymph than any Part impos'd,
 When she did join by an harmonious Choice
 Her graceful Motions to his powerful Voice:
 How above all the rest was *Phæbus* fir'd
 With love of Arts, which he himself inspir'd,
 Nor oftner by his Light our Sense was chear'd,
 Than he in Person to his sight appear'd,
 Nor did he write a Line, but to supply
 With sacred Flame the radiant God was by.

H Y L A S.

Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
 I saw as much when I did see his Verse.

M E L I B O E U S.

Since he, when living, could such Honours have,
 What now will Piety pay to his Grave?
 Shall of the rich (whose Lives were low and vile,
 And scarce deserv'd a Grave, much less a Pile)
 The Monuments possess an ample Room,
 And such a Wonder lye without a Tomb?
 Raise thou him one in Verse, and there relate
 His *Worth*, thy *Grief*, and our deplored State,
 His great *Perfections*, our great Loss recite,
 And let them meerly weep who cannot write.

H Y L A S.

I like thy Saying, but oppose thy Choice,
 So great a Task as this requires a Voice
 Which must be heard, and listned to, by all,
 And Fame's own Trumpet but appears too small;
 Then for my slender Reed to sound his Name,
 Would more my Folly than his Praise proclaim;
 And when you with my Weakness sing his Worth,
 You charge a Mouse to bring a Mountain forth:
 I am by Nature form'd, by Woes made Dull,
 My Head is emptier than my Heart is full;
 Grief doth my Brain impair, as Tears supply,
 Which makes my Face so moist, my Pen so dry:
 Nor should this Work proceed from Woods and Downs,
 But from the Academies, Courts, and Towns;

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Let *Digby*, *Carew*, *Killigrew*, and *Maine*,
Godolphin, *Waller*, that inspired Train,
 Or whose rare Pen beside deserves the Grace,
 Or of an equal, or a neighbouring Place,
 Answer thy Wish, for none so fit appears
 To raise his Tomb, as who are left his Heirs:
 Yet for this Cause no labour need be spent,
 Writing his Works, he built his Monument.

M E L I B O E U S.

If to obey in this, thy Pen be loth,
 It will not seem thy Weakness, but thy Sloth:
 Our Towns prest by our Foes invading Might,
 Our ancient *Druids* and young Virgins fight,
 Employing feeble Limbs to the best use;
 So *Johnson* dead, no Pen should plead excuse:
 For Elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
 For Tombs bring Turf, who cannot Marble bring,
 Let all their Forces mix, join Verse to Rime,
 To save his Fame from that Invader, Time;
 Whose Power, though his alone may well restrain,
 Yet to so wisht an end, no Care is vain;
 And Time, like what our Brooks act in our Sight,
 Oft sinks the Weighty, and upholds the Light:
 Besides, to this, thy Pains I strive to move
 Less to express his Glory than thy Love:
 Not long before his Death, our Woods he meant
 To visit, and descend from *Tbames* to *Trent*,
 Meet with thy Elegy his Pastoral,
 And rise as much as he vouchsaf'd to fall:
 Suppose it chance no other Pen do join
 In this Attempt, and the whole work be thine.
 When the fierce Fire the rash Boy kindled, rain'd,
 The whole World suffer'd; Earth alone complain'd:
 Suppose that many more intend the same,
 More taught by Art, and better known to Fame,
 To that great Deluge which so far destroy'd, [ploy'd;
 The Earth her Springs, as Heav'n his Show'rs em-
 So may, who highest Marks of Honour wears,
 Admit mean Partners in this Flood of Tears:

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So oft the humblest join with loftiest Things,
Nor only Princes weep the fate of Kings:

H T L A S.

I yield, I yield, thy Words my Thoughts have fir'd,
And I am less perswaded than inspir'd;
Speech shall give Sorrow vent, and that Relief,
The Woods shall Eccho all the City's Grief:
I oft have Verse on meaner Subjects made,
Should I give Presents and leave Debts unpaid?
Want of Invention here is no Excuse,
My Matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in Crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
Else in this Work which now my Thoughts intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:
I then but ask fit Time to smoothe my Lays,
(And imitate in this the Pen I praise)
Which by the Subject's Power embalm'd, may last,
Whilst the Sun Light, the Earth doth Shadows cast,
And feather'd by those Wings fly among Men,
Far as the Fame of Poetry and BEN.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. HENRY KING.

I See that Wreath which doth the Wearer arm
Against the quick stroaks of Thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale Dart: For (*Johnson*) then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living Men:
Time's Sythe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade,
Nor thee this Subject of our Sorrow made.

Amongst those many Votaries that come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tomb,
Whilst some more lofty Pens in their bright Verse,
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy Herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless World to see,
How great a maim it suffers, (wanting thee;)

Let

Let not thy learned Shadow scorn, that I
 Pay meaner Rites unto thy Memory:
 And since I nought can add but in desire,
 Restore some sparks which leapt from thine own fire.

What Ends soever other Quills invite,
 I can protest, it was no itch to write,
 Nor any vain Ambition to be read,
 But merely Love and Justice to the dead,
 Which rais'd my fameless Muse; and caus'd her bring
 These Drops, as Tribute thrown into that Spring,
 To whose most rich and fruitful Head we owe
 The purest streams of Language which can flow.
 For 'tis but truth; Thou taught'st the ruder Age,
 To speak by Grammar; and reform'dst the Stage:
 Thy Comick Sock induc'd such purged Sense,
 A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
 Amongst these soaring Wits that did dilate
 Our *English*, and advance it to the rate
 And value it now holds, thy self was one
 Helpt lift it up to such proportion,
 That thus refin'd and roab'd it shall not spare
 With the full *Greek* or *Latin* to compare.
 For what Tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
 Great *Tully's* Eloquence, or *Homer's* State?
 Both which in their unblemish'd Lustre shine,
 From *Chapman's* Pen, and from thy *Cariline*.

All I would ask for thee, in recompence
 Of thy successful Toyl, and Time's expence,
 Is only this poor boon: That those who can
 Perhaps read *French*, or talk *Italian*,
 Or do the lofty *Spaniard* affect,
 (To shew their Skill in foreign Dialect)
 Prove not themselves so unnat'rally wise
 They therefore should their Mother-tongue despise:
 (As if her Poets both for Style and Wit,
 Not equal'd, or not pass'd their best that Writ)
 Untill by studying *Johnson* they have known
 The Height, and Strength, and Plenty of their own.
 Thus in what low Earth, or neglected Room,
 So e'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy Tomb,
 Thou

Thou wilt go down a happy Coarse, bestrew'd
 With thine own Flowers, and feel thy self renew'd,
 Whilst thy immortal, never-with'ring Bays
 Shall yearly flourish in thy Reader's Praise.
 And when more spreading Titles are forgot,
 Or, spight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth, rot;
 Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own Sheets wilt lye
 A Relick fam'd by all Posterity.

To the Memory of BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. JASPER MAYNE.

AS when the Vestal Hearth went out, no fire
 Less Holy than the flame that did expire
 Could kindle it again: So at thy fall
 Our Wit, great *Ben*, is too Apocryphal
 To celebrate the Loss, since 'tis too much
 To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
 What thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,
 Without an Ecstasie cannot be told.
 We must be ravish'd first, thou must infuse
 Thy self into us both the Theam and Muse.
 Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy Herse
 Our Works) so that 't had been but one great Verse,
 Though the Priest had translated for that time
 The Liturgy, and bury'd thee in Rhime,
 So that in Meeter we had heard it said,
 Poetick Dust is to Poetick laid: [have
 And though that Dust being *Shakespear's* thou might'st
 Not his Room, but the Poet for thy Grave;
 So that, as thou didst Prince of Numbers dye,
 And live, so now thou might'st in Numbers lye,
 'Twere frail Solemnity; Verses on thee,
 And not like thine, would but kind Libels be;
 And we, (not speaking thy whole Worth) should raise
 Worse bloss, than they that envied thy Praise.

Indeed,

Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
 Invention, thou wert thine own Funeral.
 Hereafter, when Time hath fed on thy Tomb,
 Th' Inscription worn out, and the Marble dumb,
 So that 'twould pose a Critick to restore
 Half Words, and Words expir'd so long before;
 When thy maim'd Statue hath a sentenc'd Face,
 And Looks that are the horror of the Place,
 That 'twill be Learning, and Antiquity,
 And ask a *Selden* to say, This was thee,
 Thou'lt have a whole Name still, nor need'st thou fear
 That will be ruin'd, or lose Nose, or Hair.
 Let others write so thin, that they can't be
 Authors 'till rotten, no Posterity
 Can add to thy Works; th' had their whole growth then
 When first Born, and came aged from thy Pen.
 Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
 Of all that Time gives, but the Reverence.
 When th' art of *Homer's* Years, no Man will say
 Thy Poems are less worthy, but more gray:
 'Tis Bastard-Poetry, and o' th' false Blood
 Which can't without Succession be good.
 Things that will always last, do thus agree
 With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
 Scorn then their Censures, who gave't out, thy Wit
 As long upon a Comedy did sit
 As Elephants bring forth; and that thy Blots
 And Mendings took more time than Fortune Plots:
 That such thy Drought was, and so great thy Thirst,
 That all thy Plays were drawn at th' *Mermoid* first:
 That the King's yearly Butt wrote, and his Wine
 Hath more right than thou to thy *Catiline*.
 Let such Men keep a Diet, let their Wit
 Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a Fit.
 When they've felt Tortures which out-pain the Gout,
 Such, as with less, the State draws Treason out;
 Though they should the length of Consumptions lye
 Sick of their Verse, and of their Poem dye,
 'Twould not be thy worst Scene, but would at last
 Confirm their Boastings, and shew made in haste.

He

He that writes well, writes quick, since the Rule's true,
 Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
 So when thy *Fox* had ten times acted been,
 Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen.
 And so thy *Alchymist* plaid o'er and o'er,
 Was new o'th' Stage when 'twas not at the Door.
 We, like the Actors did repeat, the Pit
 The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy Wit:
 Which was cast in those Forms, such Rules, such Arts,
 That but to some not half thy Acts were Parts:
 Since of some silken Judgments we may say,
 They fill'd a Box two Hours, but saw no Play.
 So that th' unlearned lost their Mony, and
 Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
 Thy Scene was free from Monsters, no hard Plot
 Call'd down a God t'unty th'unlikely Knot.
 The Stage was still a Stage, two Entrances
 Were not two Parts o'th' World, disjoin'd by Seas.
 Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
 To swim a whole Scene out, then o'th' Stage drown'd;
 Pitch'd Fields, as red Bull Wars, still felt thy Doom,
 Thou laid'st no Sieges to the Musick-Room;
 Nor would'st allow to thy best Comedies
 Humours that should above the People rise:
 Yet was thy Language and thy Style so high,
 Thy Sock to th' ancle, Buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
 And both so chaste, so 'bove Dramatick clean,
 That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy Scene.
 No foul loose Line did prostitute thy Wit,
 Thou wrot'st thy Comedies, didst not commit.
 We did the Vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
 And were made Judges, not bad Parts by th' Ear.
 For thou ev'n Sin didst in such words array,
 That some who came bad Parts, went out good Play.
 Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the Age
 Still acted, which grew Innocent from th' Stage.
 'Tis true thou hadst some Sharpness, but thy Salt
 Serv'd but with Pleasure to reform the Fault.
 Men were laugh'd into Virtue, and none more
 Hated Face acted than were such before.

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MISCELLANY POEMS. 165

So did thy Sting not Blood, but Humors draw,
 So much doth Satyr more correct than Law,
 Which was not Nature in thee, as some call
 Thy Teeth, who say thy Wit lay in thy Gall.
 That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spight,
 Didst 'gainst a Person of such Vices write:
 That 'twas Revenge, not Truth; that on the Stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy Rage:
 And that when thou in company wert met,
 Thy Meat took Notes, and thy Discourse was Net.
 We know thy free Vein had this Innocence,
 To spare the Party, and to brand th' Offence.
 And the just Indignation thou wert in
 Did not expose *Shift*, but his Tricks and Ginn.
 Thou mightst have us'd th' old Comick freedom, these
 Might have seen themselves plaid, like *Socrates*.
 Like *Cleon*, *Mammon* might the Knight have been,
 If, as *Greek* Authors, thou hadst turn'd *Greek* spleen;
 And hadst not chosen rather to translate
 Their *Learning* into *English*, not their hate:
 Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
 Of thy Humanity, might be call'd Theft.
 The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange
 Or borrow'd in thee did grow thine by th' change.
 Who without *Latin* helps hadst been as rare
 As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakespear* were:
 And like them, from thy native Stock couldst say,
 Poets and Kings are not born every Day.

In Memory of the most Worthy BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

By Mr. W. CARTWRIGHT.

FATHER of Poets, though thine own great Day
 Struck from thy self, scorns that a weaker ray
 Should twine in lustre with it: Yet my Flame,
 Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy Name.
 For

For in the Acclamation of the less
 There's Piety, though from it no access,
 And though my ruder Thoughts make me of those,
 Who hide and cover what they should disclose:
 Yet, where the Lustre's such, he makes it seen
 Better to some, that draws the Veil between.

And what can more be hop'd, since that Divine
 Free filling Spirit took its flight with thine?
 Men may have Fury, but no Raptures now;
 Like Witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how,
 And through Distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
 Instead of writing, only rave in Verse:
 Which when by thy Laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd,
 'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.

Where shall we find a Muse like thine, that can
 So well present and shew Man unto Man,
 That each one finds his Twin, and thinks thy Art
 Extends not to the Gestures, but the Heart?
 Where one so shewing Life to Life, that we
 Think thou taught'st Custom, and not Custom thee?
 Manners, that were Themes to thy Scenes, still flow
 In the same Stream, and are their Comments now:
 These Times thus living o'er thy Models, we
 Think them not so much Wit, as Prophecie:
 And tho' we know the Character, may swear
 A Sibyll's Finger hath been busie there. [known

Things common thou speak'st proper, which tho'
 For Publick, stamp'd by thee grow thence thine own:
 Thy Thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
 Conclude that thou didst not Discourse, but see
 Language so master'd, that thy numerous Feet,
 Laden with genuine Words, do always meet
 Each in his Art; nothing unfit doth fall,
 Shewing the Poet, like the Wiseman, all:

Thine equal Skill thus wresting nothing, made
 Thy Pen seem not so much to Write as Trade.

That Life, that *Venus* of all things, which we
 Conceive or shew, proportion'd Decency,
 Is not found scatter'd in thee here and there,
 But, like the Soul, is wholly every where.

No strange perplexed Maze doth pass for Plot,
 Thou always dost untie, not cut the Knot.
 Thy Lab'rinth's Doors are open'd by one Thread,
 That ties, and runs through all that's done or said.
 No Power comes down with learned Hat and Rod,
 Wit only, and Contrivance is thy God.

'Tis easie to gild Gold: There's small Skill spent
 Where ev'n the first rude Mass is Ornament:

Thy Muse took harder Metals, purg'd and boil'd,
 Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat and toyl'd,
 Sifted the Dross, fil'd roughness, then grave dress,
 Vexing rude Subjects into Comeliness.

Be it thy Glory then, that we may say,
 Thou run'st where th' Foot was hindred by the Way.

Nor dost thou pour out, but dispence thy Vein,
 Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
 Not like our Wits, who into one piece do
 Throw all that they can say, and their Friends too,
 Pumping themselves, for one Term's noise, so dry,
 As if they made their Wills in Poetry.

And such spruce Compositions press the Stage,
 When Men transcribe themselves, and not the Age.
 Both sorts of Plays are thus like Pictures shown,
 Thine of the common Life, theirs of their own.

Thy Models yet are not so fram'd, as we
 May call them Libels, and not Imag'ry:

No name on any Basis: 'tis thy Skill

To strike the Vice, but spare the Person still:

As he, who when he saw the Serpent wreath'd

About his sleeping Son, and as he breath'd,

Drink in his Soul, did so the shoot contrive,

To kill the Beast, but keep the Child alive:

So dost thou aim thy Darts, which, even when

They kill the Poisons, do but wake the Men.

Thy Thunders thus but purge, and we endure

Thy Launcings better than another's Cure;

And justly too: for th' Age grows more unsound

From the Fool's Balsom, than the Wiseman's Wound.

No rotten Talk brokes for a Laugh; no Page
 Commenc'd Man by th' Instructions of thy Stage;

No

No bargaining Line there; no provoc'tive Verse;
 Nothing but what *Lucretia* might rehearse;
 No need to make good Count'nance ill, and use
 The Plea of strict Life for a looser Muse:
 No Woman rul'd thy Quill: we can descry
 No Verse born under any *Cynthia's* Eye:
 Thy Star was Judgment only, and right Sense,
 Thy Self being to thy Self an Influence.
 Stout Beauty is thy Grace: Stern Pleasures do
 Present Delights, but mingle Horrors too:
 Thy Muse doth thus like *Jove's* fierce Girl appear,
 With a fair Hand, but grasping of a Spear.

Where are they now that cry, thy Lamp did drink
 More Oil than th' Author Wine, while he did think?
 We do imbrace their Slander: thou hast writ
 Not for Dispatch but Fame; no market Wit:
 'Twas not thy Care, that it might pass and sell,
 But that it might endure, and be done well:
 Nor would'st thou venture it unto the Ear,
 Until the File would not make smooth, but wear:
 Thy Verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
 Born not to feed the Author, but to live:
 Whence 'mong the choicer Judges rose a Strife,
 To make thee read as Classick in thy Life.
 Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
 'Cause they can Poems form upon one Leg,
 Write not to Time, but to the Poet's Day:
 There's difference between Fame, and sudden Pay.
 These Men sing Kingdoms falls; as if that Fate
 Us'd the same Force t' a Village, and a State:
 These serve *Thyestes* bloody Supper in,
 As if it had only a Sallad been:
 Their *Catilines* are but Fencers, whose Fights rise
 Not to the Fame of Battel, but of Prize.
 But thou still put'st true Passions on; dost write
 With the same Courage that try'd Captains fight;
 Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
 Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
 Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
 Big without swelling, without painting fair:

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They Wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
 Are not Wits, but materials of Wit.
 What though thy searching Wit did rake the Dust
 Of Time, and purge old Metals of their Rust?
 Is it no Labour, no Art, think they, to
 Snatch Shipwrecks from the Deep, as Divers do?
 And rescue Jewels from the covetous Sand,
 Making the Sea's hid Wealth adorn the Land?
 What though thy culling Muse did rob the Store
 Of Greek and Latin Gardens, to bring o'er
 Plants to thy native Soil? Their Virtues were
 Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
 If thy Still to their Essence doth refine
 So many Drugs, is not the Water thine?
 Thefts thus become just Works; they and their Grace
 Are wholly thine: Thus doth the Stamp and Face
 Make that the King's, that's ravish'd from the Mine:
 In others then 'tis Oar, in thee 'tis Coin.

Blest Life of Authors, unto whom we owe
 Those that we have, and those that we want too:
 Thou'rt all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
 And to have writ so well's thine only curse,
 Secure then of thy Merit, thou didst hate
 That servile base dependance upon fate:
 Success thou ne'er thought'st Virtue, nor that fit,
 Which Chance, and th' Age's Fashion did make hit;
 Excluding those from Life in after-time,
 Who into Po'try first brought Luck and Rime:
 Who thought the Peoples breath good Air: Stil'd Name
 What was but Noise; and getting briefs for fame
 Gather'd the many's Suffrages, and thence
 Made Commendation a Benevolence:
 Thy Thoughts were their own Lawrel, and did win
 That best Applause of being crown'd within.

And though th' exacting Age, when deeper Years
 Had interwoven Snow among thy Hairs,
 Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
 Ne'er by thy Writings knew thee young; we may
 Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
 Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:

Thine Art was thine Art's blur, and they'll confess
 Thy strong Perfumes made them not smell thee less,
 But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
 And we adore the last draughts of thy Quill:
 Though those thy Thoughts, which the now queasie Age
 Dorth count but Clods, and refuse of the Stage,
 Will come up Porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
 When there will be more Manners, and more Sense,
 'Twas Judgment yet to yield, and we afford
 Thy Silence as much Fame, as once thy Word:
 Who like an aged Oak, the Leaves being gone,
 Wast Food before, art now Religion;
 Thought still more Rich, though not so richly stor'd,
 View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.

Great Soul of Numbers, whom we want and boast;
 Like curing Gold, most valu'd now th' art lost;
 When we shall feed on refuse Offals, when
 We shall from Corn to Akorns turn again;
 Then shall we see that these two Names are one,
Johnson and Poetry, which now are gone.

A S O N G.

ON the Bank of a River close under the Shade,
 Young *Cleon* and *Sylvia* one Evening were laid;
 The Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love,
 But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove. [Sung]
 She cry'd, where's the Luster, when Clouds shade the
 Or what is rich *Nectar*, the Taste being gone?
 'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do dwell;
 But if gather'd, the Rose it self loses the smell.

II.

'Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
 If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
 In Matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
 But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
 Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
 For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.

Mol

Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

A S O N G.

THAT beauteous Creature for whom I'm a Lover,
I cannot, I will not, I must not discover,
Yet mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give;
For she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live,
Is either call'd Mary, or Betty, or Ann,
Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender;
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I say no more, but I say no more.

An AYRE on a Ground.

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,
But give me your Heart,
That Treasure, that Treasure alone, I beg for my own;
So gentle a Love, so frequent a Fire,
My Soul does inspire;
That Treasure, that Treasure alone, I beg for my own:
Your Love let me crave, give me in possessing
So matchless a Blessing,
That Empire is all I would have:
Love's my Petition, and all my Ambition.
E'er you discover so faithful, so faithful a Lover,
So real a Flame,
I'll die, I'll die, I'll die, so give up my Game.

A S O N G.

THE bright *Laurinda*, whose hard Fate

It was to love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithless, and Ingrate,

Grew weary of her Pain:

Long, long, alas! she vainly strove,

To free her Captive Heart from Loe;

'Till urg'd too much by his Disdain,

She broke at last the strong-link'd Chain,

And vow'd she ne'er would love again.

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,

Gay as the blooming Spring,

To no soft Tale would lend an Ear,

But careless sit and sing:

Or if a moving Story wrought

Her frozen Breast to a kind Thought,

She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!

Amyntor thus his Story told,

Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus she kept her Liberty,

And by her all-conquering Eyes

A thousand Youths did daily die

Her Beauty's Sacrifice:

'Till Love at last young *Cleon* brought,

The object of each Virgin's thought,

Whose strange resistless Charms did move,

They made her burn and rage with Love,

And made her blest as those above.



ASONG.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn,
Sylvia for shame the Cheat give o'er;
 The end to which the Fair are born,
 Is not to keep their Charms in store:
 But lavishly dispose in haste
 Of Joys, which none but Youth improve;
 Joys which decay when Beauty's past,
 And who, when Beauty's past, will love?

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
 Revenging all your cold Disdain,
 And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
 By every once-admiring Swain:
 And we can only Pity pay,
 When you in vain too late shall burn;
 If Love increase, and Youth decay,
 Ah *Sylvia*! who will make return?

III.

Then haste my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
 Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire;
 And teach us every Art of Love,
 And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher:
 And when Embracing we shall lye,
 Closely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers;
 The duller World whilst we defie,
 Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.

DAMON the Mower.

By ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

HARK how the Mower *Damon* sung,
 With love of *Juliana* stung?
 While ev'ry thing did seem to paint
 The Scene more fit for his Complaint.

Like her fair Eyes the Day was fair;
 But scorching like his am'rous Care.
 Sharp like his Scythe his Sorrow was,
 And wither'd like his Hopes the Grass.

II.

Oh what unusual Heats are here,
 Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows fear!
 The Grass-hopper its Pipe gives o'er;
 And hamstring'd Frogs can dance no more.
 But in the Brook the green Frog wades,
 And Grass-hoppers seek out the Shades.
 Only the Snake, that kept within,
 Now glitters in its second Skin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raise,
 Nor Dog-star so inflames the Days.
 It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
 Which burns the Fields and Mower both;
 Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
 Hotter than his own *Phaeton*.
 Not *July* causeth these Extrems,
 But *Juliana's* scorching Beams.

IV.

Tell me where I may pass the Fires
 Of the hot Day, or hot Desires.
 To what cool Cave shall I descend,
 Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
 Alas! I look for Ease in vain,
 When Remedies themselves complain.
 No Moisture but my Tears do rest,
 Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt thou, fair Shepherdess,
 Esteem me, and my Presents, less?
 To thee the harmless Snake I bring,
 Disarmed of its Teeth and Sting.
 To thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
 And Oak-leaves tint with Honey-dew.
 Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
 Nor what they are, nor who them brought.

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VI. *VI. I am the Mower*

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown:
On me the Morn her Dews distils
Before her darling Daffadils.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In Cowslip-water baths my Feet.

VII. *VII. What, though the piping*

What, though the piping Shepherd flock I lead
The Plains with an unnumb'ed Flock,
This Scythe of mine discovers wide
More Ground than all his Sheep do hide,
With this the Golden Fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wool more poor than they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.

VIII. *VIII. Nor am I so deform'd*

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my Scythe I looked right,
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The Deathless Fairies take me off
To lead them in their Dances soft:
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

IX. *IX. How happy might I still*

How happy might I still have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thistles sow'd:
But now I all the Day complain,
Joining my Labour to my Pain,
And with my Scythe cut down the Grass,
Yet still my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Scythe and Woes.

X. *X. While thus he threw*

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
I 43 And,

And, with his whistling Scythe, does cut
 Each stroke between the Earth and Root,
 The edged Steel by careless chance
 Did into his own Ankle glance;
 And there among the Grass fell down,
 By his own Scythe, the Mower mown.

XI.

Alas! said he, these Hurts are slight
 To those that die by Love's despight,
 With Shepherds-purse, and Clowns-all-heal,
 The Blood I stanch, and Wound I seal;
 Only for him no Cure is found,
 Whom *Juliana's* Eyes do wound.
 'Tis Death alone that this must do:
 For Death thou art a Mower too.

AMETAS and THESTYLIS making
 Hay-Ropes.

By ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

A M E T A S.

Think'st thou that this Love can stand,
 Whilst thou still dost say me Nay?
 Love unpaid does soon disband:
 Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.

T H E S T Y L I S.

Think'st thou that this Rope would twine,
 If we both should turn one way?
 Where both Parties so combine,
 Neither Love will twist, nor Hay.

A M E T A S.

Thus you vain Excuses find,
 Which your self and us delay:
 And Love ties a Woman's Mind
 Looser than with Ropes of Hay.

THE.

THE STYLIS.

What you cannot constant hope,
Must be taken as you may.

A METAS.

Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kifs within the Hay.

*Some VERSES sent by a Friend to
one. who twice ventur'd his Carcase in
Marriage.*

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, she always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcase,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a
hard case.

Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death can sign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell you sad Stories of Liberty lost,
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Measures all cross;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Sutes no other State or Degree in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?
The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beast, you know, can scarce carry double.
'Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling:
O the Virtues and Graces of shrill Caterwauling!
How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you
know, Sir.

How often your Neighbour breaks in your Inclosure?
For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,
You must eat, tho' a hundred have spit in your Porridge,
If at Night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-shed, next
Morning;

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Lust's the Bane of your Shanks, O dear Mr. Horner,
 This comes of your sinning with Grape in a Corner,
 Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you
 must rally,
 And labour and sweat like a Slave in a Gally;
 And still you must charge, O blessed Condition!
 Tho' you know, to your cost, you've no more Am-
 munition:

*Till at last the poor Tool of a mortified Man
 Is unable to make a poor Flash in the Pan,
 Fire, Flood, and Female begin with a Letter,
 But for All the World's not a Farthing the better,
 Your Flood is soon gone, and your Fire you may
 humble,
 If into the Flames store of Water you tumble;
 But to cure the damn'd Lust of your Wife's Titil-
 lation, [tion]
 You may use all the Engins and Pumps in the Na-
 As well you may piss out the last Conflagration,
 And thus I have sent you my Thoughts of the matter,
 You may judge as you please, I scorn for to flatter;
 I could say much more, but here ends the Chapter.

An Epitaph upon a Stumbling Horse.

HERE lyes a Horse beneath this Stone,
 Who living oft hath lain on one:
 A noble Steed, who as he went
 Proclaimed still his great Descent.
 A proudly-headed Nag he was,
 And hence it often came to pass
 That he his Feet not valued,
 But still stood much upon his Head.
 He was no War-Horse, yet he knew
 The Art to squat and lye perdu.
 Yet many a Horse long train'd in Wars
 Had never half so many Scars;

There's

There's only this small difference in't,
 Theirs were of Steel, and his of Flint.
 He was no Hunter, nor did care
 To follow Chase of Fox or Hare;
 Yet had this property of Hound,
 He still was smelling on the Ground.
 And tho' Dame Nature did not frame
 Him for a Finder of the Game,
 Yet were it lost, none certainly
 Would sooner stumble on't than he.
 He was no Racer, as some say,
 Tho' some conclude the other way,
 And say for swiftness he might run
 Against the Horses of the Sun:
 For tho' full swift Don *Phæbus* be,
 This would be sooner down than he.
 For his Opinion, Critick *Wic*
 Does vary much in guessing it.
 Some say he was Conformist Breed,
 He bow'd so low: but some this Steed
 Think may for Nonconformist go,
 At every thing he stumbles so.
 Some think him Presbyter, 'cause he
 Brings *Rider* down to Parity.
 But some say no, for by this Knack
 He still throws *Jockey* from his Back.
 Some think him Papist, 'cause so prone
 He was to worshipping of Stone.
 Some think again, that tripping he
 Confutes Infallibility;
 But most allow him, which is worse,
 No more Religion than a Horse.
 Well now he's dead, no wonder is't,
 For Mother Earth long since he kist,
 And what it was full well did know,
 To turn his Heels up long ago.
 If any to inquire shall please
 What caus'd his Death, 'twas a Disease
 Call'd Epilepse by learned Leech,
 But Falling-sickness in plain Speech.

And

180 *The SECOND PART of*

And now good Coroner, since he hath
By his own stumbling caus'd his Death,
In King's High-way pray let him rest,
With this Inscription on his Breast.

*Despise me not ye passing Steeds,
Nor toss in scorn your lofty Heads:
What mine is now, may be your Lot;
For where's the Horse that stumbles not?
But since my Charity does enjoin
To wish you milder Fates than mine;
Whene'er it is your Hap to stumble,
Oh may you trip, but never tumble.*

PROLOGUE *for Sir John Falstaff,*
rising slowly to soft Musick.

SEE Britons, see one half before your Eyes
Of the old Falstaff labouring to rise.
Curse on these strait-lac'd Traps and French Machines,
None but a Genie can ascend these Scenes.
Once more my *English* Air I breathe again,
And smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.
Now let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere;
Body O me! the Ladies still are fair:
The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Robas* at the Bull.
But Supream Jove, what washy Rogues are here?
Are these the Sons of Beef and *English* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dreamt of Kine so lean:
This comes of meagre Soop and sour Champaign.
Degenerate Race! Let your old Sire advise,
If you desire to fill the Fair Ones Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiss,

Till

MISCELLANY POEMS. 181

'Till quite worn out with acting Beaux and Wits,
You're all sent crawling to the Gravel-Pits:
Pretending Claps, there languishing you lye,
And let the Maids of the Green-sickness die.
The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
We robb'd and ravish'd, but you Sigh and Toast.

But here I see a Side-box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turnspits of the Mastiff kind. }
Half bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungrel's Curse,
Oons! which among you dares attempt a Purse?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
And let my Wit and Humour find Applause;
Shew your Disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste, }
Where *French* Buffoon like leanest *Switzer* drest,
Turns all good Politicks to Farce and Jest.
Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage;
Let Mimes and squeaking Eunuchs fill your Rage;
On such let your descending Curse be try'd,
Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.

MUSICK'S EMPIRE.

By ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

I.

FIRST was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Winds to infant Nature plaid.
All Musick was a solitary Sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal first made the wilder Notes agree;
And *Jubal* tuned Musick's *Jubilee*:
He call'd the Ecchoes from their sullen Cell,
And built the Organs City, where they dwell.

III.

Each sought a Consort in that lovely Place;
And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Base.

From

32 *The SECOND PART of*

From whence the Progeny of Numbers new
Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, some to the Viol went,
And others chose the Cornet eloquent,
These practising the Wind, and those the Wire,
To sing Mens Triumphs, or in Heaven's Choir.

V.

Then Musick, the Mosaïque of the Air,
Did all of these a solemn Noise prepare:
With which she gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VI.

Victorious Sounds! yet here your Homage do
Unto a gentler Conqueror than you;
Who though he flies the Musick of his Praise,
Would with you Heaven's Hallelujahs raise.

The G A R D E N.

By ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

I.

HOW vainly Men themselves amaze
To win the Palma, the Oak, or Bays;
And their uncessant Labours see
Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree,
Whose short and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toils upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
To weave the Garlands of Repose.

II.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy Sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busie Companies of Men.

Yours

MISCELLANY POEMS. 183

Your sacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow;
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in these Trees their Mistress' Name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far these Beauties hers exceed!

Fair Trees! where s'e'er you Barks I wound;
No Name shall but your own be found.

IV.

What wond'rous Life is this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my Head;
The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectarel, and curious Peach,
Into my Hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.

V.

Here at the Fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-tree's mossy Root,
Casting the Body's Vest aside,
My Soul into the Boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver Wings;
And, 'till prepar'd for longer Flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VI.

Such was that happy Garden-state,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place so pure and sweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's Share
To wander solitary there:
Two Paradises 'twere in one
To live in Paradise alone.

VII. How

VII.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
 Of Flow'rs and Herbs this Dial new?
 Where from above the milder Sun
 Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
 And, as it works, th' industrious Bee
 Computes its time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholsom Hours
 Be reckon'd but with Herbs and Flow'rs?

A S O N G.

I.

MUST poor Lovers still be wooing,
 Beauties must they never gain?
 Must they always be pursuing,
 Never, never, to obtain?
 Can you glory in our Dying?
 Bleeding Wounds should Pity move;
 Can you glory in denying?
 Yield at last and crown our Love.

Then all the little Gods of Love that are near us,
 And all the sweet Birds of the Grove that can hear us;
 In the Air and on Boughs shall attend us around,
 All the *Cupids* with Roses shall cover the Ground,
 Whil'st our am'rous Birds chanting, the Eccho's re-

II.

[sound.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths surrounded,
 Underneath cool Shades we lye;
 Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
 There both killing, we'll both die.
 Thy bright Eyes shall gently fire me,
 Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
 And thy charming Looks inspire me,
 With new Themes of Poetry.
 Then all the little Gods, &c.

A S O N G.

I.

Lucinda by a secret Art,
Unknown to all but her;
Which she has practis'd on my Heart,
Has charm'd the Wanderer:
Enjoyment, which did use t'abate
The vigour of Love's Heat,
Does now fresh Appetites create,
The Pleasures to repeat.

II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
And into Bondage brought;
At first his Prison how to brook
With Difficulty's taught:
But with kind tender Usage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e'er he found abroad.

A S O N G.

I.

YOU I love by all that's true,
More than all things here below,
With a Passion far more great,
Than e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet still you cry, forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

II.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched sigh no more;

Bid the Old be young again,
 Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
 Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
 That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
 Ease or cure, torment or kill,
 Be kind or cruel, false or true;
 Love I must, and none but you.

A DIALOGUE between *DAPH-*
NEY and *AMINTAS*.

DAPHNEY

SO pale, *Amintas*, do thy Looks appear
 As if thy Doom drew near,
 Whence do thy Sorrows flow?

AMINTAS

From Discontent, the Plague of Pow'r below;
 I'm weary of this World, and would another know.

DAPHNEY

Can this poor World find no Relief,
 To cure thy melancholy Grief,
 Nor tempting Hopes of Happiness draw near,
 That may contain thy Wishes here?

AMINTAS

The World, in all its Pomp and State,
 Is but a Lottery of Fate,
 Where Fortune blindly does bestow
 Favours on him to whom she ne'er did owe;
 Where Fondlings, meriteless as wise,
 Enjoy the Prize,
 And Fate her Equity denies.

DAPH-

MISCELLANY POEMS. 187

DAPHNEY.

Fortune, a Cheat unto our Hopes,
Is sent to steal away the Blessing of Content,
Depending on our Fraud, renews our Care,
And brings us to Despair;

AMINTAS.

But few repine at Fate, who happy are.

DAPHNEY.

Alas poor Swain! those whom you daily see,
That seem far happier than thee,
More Troubles undergo,
In all they think or do,

And to the World less happy are than we.

AMINTAS.

Then to be happy, is to be content.

DAPHNEY.

'Twas so, by Heaven meant.

AMINTAS.

But I am troubled.

DAPHNEY.

No, it must not be.

I'll charm away thy Grief with Harmony.

All Trouble must be banish'd hence;

AMINTAS.

Then, Daphney, try thy Influence.

CHORUS.

Let Musick be our Charm,

To keep the Mind from harm;

Let helpless Trouble live alone,

Let Envy make her moan;

Let helpless Trouble live alone,

Let Envy, make her moan,

While all those Blessings we pursue,

Still wait on me and you,

And fall, and fall, as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

To the LORDS assembled in COUNCIL:
The Petition of Tho. Brown,

Humbly sheweth,

Should you order *Tom Brown*

To be Whipt thro' the Town

For scurvy Lampoon,

Tate, Southern, and Crown,

Their Pens will lay down.

E'en *Dursey* himself, and such merry Fellows,

That put their whole trust in Tunes and Trangdillos,

May hang up themselves, and their Harps on the Wil-
lows.

For if Poets are punish'd for Libelling Trasha,

Jo. Dryden, at sixty, may yet fear the Lash.

No Pension nor Praise,

All Birch and no Bays;

These are not right ways

Our Fancies to raise

To the writing of Plays,

And Prologues so witty,

That jerk at the City;

And now and then hit

Some Friend in the Pir,

So hard, and so pat,

'Till he hides with his Hat

His monstrous Crevat.

The Pulpits alone

Can never preach down

The Fops of the Town:

Then pardon *Tom Brown*,

And let him write on.

But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,

His foul railing Mouth may be stopt with a Dinner,

Give him Cloths to his Back, some Meat and much Drink,

Then clap him close Prisoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray, &c.
The

*The CONFEDERATES: Or the first
Happy Day of the Island Princess.*

YE vile Traducers of the Female Kind,
Who think the Fair to Cruelty inclin'd,
Recant your Error, and with Shame confess,
Their tender Care of *Skipwith* in Distress.
For now to vindicate this Monarch's Right,
The *Scotch* and *English* equal Charms unite;
In solemn Leagues contending Nations join,
And *Britain* labours with the vast Design:
An Opera with loud Applause is play'd,
Which fam'd *Motteux* in soft Heroicks made,
And all the sworn Confederates resort
To view the Triumph of their Sov'reign's Court;
In bright Array the well-train'd Host appears,
Supream Command brave *Darwentwater* bears.
And next in Front *George Howard's* Bride does shine,
The living Honour of that antient Line.
The Wings are led by Chiefs of matchless Worth,
Great *Hamilton*, the Glory of the North,
Commands the left; and *England's* dear Delight,
The bold *F——ter*, charges on the Right.
The Prince to welcome his propitious Friends,
A Throne erected on the Stage ascends.

He said: Blest Angels for great Ends design'd,
The best (and sure the fairest) of your Kind,
How shall I praise, or in what Numbers sing
Your just Compassion of an injur'd King;
'Till you appear'd, no Prospect did remain
My Crown and falling Scepter to maintain,
No noisie Beaux in all my Realm were found,
No beauteous Nymphs my empty Boxes crown'd.
But still I saw (O dire Heart-breaking Woe!)
My own sad Consort in the foremost Row:
But this auspicious Day new Emptre gives,
And if by your Support my Nation lives,

For

For you my Bards shall tune the sweetest Lays,
Norton and *Hardy* shall resound your Praise;
 And I; not last of the Harmonious Train,
 Will give a loose to my Poetick Vein.

To him Great *Darwentwater* thus reply'd:
 Thou mighty Prince in many Dangers try'd,
 Born to dispute severe Decrees of Fate,
 The nursing Father of a sickly State;
 Behold the Pillars of thy lawful Reign,
 Thy Regal Rights we promise to maintain;
 Our brightest Nymphs shall thy Dominions grace
 With all the Beauties of the Highland Race;
 The Beaux shall make thee their peculiar Care,
 (For Beaux will always wait upon the Fair)
 For thee kind *Bereton* and bold *Web* shall fight,
 Lord *Scot* shall ogle, and my Spouse shall write:
 Thus shall thy Court our *English* Youth engross,
 And all the *Scotch* from *Drummond* down to *Ross*.

Now in his Throne the King securely sat,
 But O! this Change alarm'd the Rival State;
 Besides he lately brib'd, in Breach of Laws,
 The fair Deserter of her Uncle's Cause.
 This rous'd the Monarch of the neighbouring Crown,
 A drowsie Prince, too careless of Renown,
 Yet prompt to Vengeance and untaught to yield,
 Great *Scarsdale* challeng'd *Skipwith* to the Field:
 Whole Shoals of Poets for this Chief declare,
 And Vassal Players attend him to the War.
Skipwith with Joy the dreadful Summons took,
 And brought an equal Force: Then *Scarsdale* spoke;

Thou Bane of Empire, Foe to human Kind,
 Whom neither Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind,
 For Cares of high Poetick Sway unfit,
 Thou Shame of Learning and Reproach of Wit;
 Restore bright *Helen* to my longing Sight,
 Or now my Signal shall begin the Fight.

Hold, said the Foe, thy warlike Host remove,
 Nor let our Bards the Chance of Battel prove;
 Should Death deprive us of their shining Parts,
 What would become of all the Liberal Arts?

Should

Should Dennis fall, whose high Majestick Wit
And awful Judgment like two Tallies fit,
Adieu strong Odes and every lofty Strain,
The Tragick Rant, and proud Pindarick Vein,
Should tuneful Dunsen now resign his Breath,
The Lyrick Muse would scarce survive his Death;
But should Divine Mortons unanimously die,
The gasping Nine would in Convulsions lie,
For these bold Champions safer Arms provide,
And let their Pens the doubtful Strife decide.

The King consents, and urg'd by publick Good,
Wisely retreats to save his People's Blood;
The moving Legions leave the dusty Plain,
And safe at home Boastick Wars maintain.

*A LETTER from J. P. to Colonel H.
occasion'd by the Colonel's two late
Letters.*

O Harry, canst thou find no Subject fit;
But thy best Friend, to exercise thy Wit;
No Order but the Toast to ridicule?
Why with things sacred dost thou play the Fool?
Sadly condemn'd (the Poet's common Curse)
Still to be writing, and still writing worse.
Thy first Essay was with some Fancy fir'd,
Thy last was by some Grubstreet Muse inspir'd;
So harsh the Numbers, Raillery so gross,
Sure 'twas translated out of Scotch by Ross;
Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
The Knights bestow'd, who never tasted thine?
And dost thou thus our Mysteries disclose,
And in rude Rhime our President expose?
How oft hast thou with awful Silence heard
The midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
When with his Glass in Hand he doth unfold
What Faith the Priests of all Religions hold;

Wh

What old *Socinus*, and *Molinos* teach,
 And what the modern *Philadelphians* preach;
 What nice Remarks each different Tongue affords,
 And curious Etymologies of Words?
 Then he goes on to search Decrees of Fate,
 And give strong Proofs about a future State:
 Not old *Silenus* so divinely spoke
 Of hidden Truths in *Virgil's* sacred Book,
 When with a load of Wine and Knowledge fraught,
 The drunken God the listning Satyrs taught;
 And dost thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
 To make thee learned in thy own Despite?
 Hard Fate of Greatness! tho' a Man should be
 As wise as *Ashly*, or refin'd like thee,
 Like *Fletcher* should for *England's* Glory toil,
 And plot as deep as *Mounmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
 Yet *Barber*, B---y, and such Wits as those,
 Would find out something in him to expose.
 Thrice happy B---, who alike does prove
 Successful in Affairs of State and Love;
 Grave as Sir *Harry* in a Council-Chair,
 Yet smart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
 Such are his Mien, his Person, and his Parts,
 He seems by Nature form'd to gain their Hearts;
 And such his Prudence to protect their Fame,
 Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
 None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
 Nor stood recorded yet in *Walker's* Page.
 The Jealous trust him with their Wives alone,
 Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
 Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
 He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
 But he's a Theam too lofty for thy Pitch,
 Aim not at things that are above thy reach.
Mildmay seems fitting for a Style like thine,
 And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would shine;
 Lord *Ratcliff's* Poems might thy Satyr fit,
 But what hast thou to do with Men of Wit?
 Resign the Task to some sublimer Muse,
 To tell what Beauties *Burl---n* pursues,

What

What powerful Charms did *Anglesea* recal,
 And who now warms the Heart of gentle *Maule*;
 What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth caress,
 Or strowling *Punk* does brawny *Granvile* bless;
 What new *Swivante* *Manwaring* will clap,
 And who by *Walsh* is destin'd to a Rape;
 How *Therold* still for *Mazareen* doth burn,
 And Lady *Mary* does lost *Kingston* mourn.
 Well it becomes wife *William's* rightful Heir
 To fix his serious Inclinations there,
 Where solid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
 And from the Mother Chastity descends.
 But groundless Fears oblig'd him to desist,
 And no bold Man will venture to be blest,
 'Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
 Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.
 But these are Subjects that surpass thy Rhimes,
 Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times;
 Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
 Write *Popham's* Life, or *Madam Griffin's* Loves,
 One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
 Who with false Beauty does deface the true;
 And may arrive with Diligence and Care
 In time to rival *Darwentwater's* Heir.
 On such as these thy Doggrel Numbers try,
 And fresh *Memoirs* Lord *Edward* will supply.
 But all whose Beauty and whose Virtue shine,
 Should be protected from such Pens as thine:
 From them, dear *Harry*, modestly abstain,
 Nor ever more immortal Charms profane.
 More I could say, but Business must not wait,
 And I to-day must open a Debate.
 If after all the Criticks tell us right,
 Who say some other did those Rhimes indite,
 And set thy Name to what thou didst not write;
 Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
 Who am thy most assured Friend *J. P.*

Cure for Green Sickness, 1702.

AS fair *Olinda* sat beneath a shady Tree,
 Much Love I did proffer to her, and she the
 like to me;
 But when I kiss'd her lovely Lips, and press'd her to
 be kind, [Wind,
 She cry'd O no, but I remember, Womens words are
 I hug'd her 'till her Breath grew short, then farther
 did intrude, [was rude,
 She scratch'd and struggl'd modestly, and told me I
 I beg'd her Pardon twenty times, and some Concern
 did feign, [again,
 But like a bold presumptuous Sinner did the same
 At last I did by Dalliance raise the pretty Nymph's
 Desire,
 Our Inclinations equal were, and mutual was our Fire,
 Then in the height of Joy she cry'd, O I'm undone I
 fear, [quite, my Dear,
 O kill me, stick me; stick me, kill me; kill me

*On the Lord LOVELACE'S coming
 to Oxford from Gloucester Goal in
 December, 1688.*

ALate Expedition to *Oxford* was made
 By a Protestant Peer and his Brother o'th' Blade,
 Who in Triumph his Lordship from *Gloucester* convey'd,
 Which no body can deny.

II.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
 Equipt in their thread-bare grey Coats and high Shooes,
 You'd have sworn not the Goal, but all Hell was broke
 loose, Which, &c.

III. In

III.

In rank and in file there rode many a Man,
Some march'd in the Rear, and some in the Van,
And for want of their Hats they had Head-pieces on,
Which, &c.

IV.

Tho' Arms were not plenty, yet armed they come
With stout oaken Plants and Crabtree Sticks some,
To cudgel the Pope and the bald Pates of Rome,
Which, &c.

IV.

Some had two able Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tires mounted they stood stoutly to't,
But for the Name of a Horse they'd as good went on
foot, Which, &c.

VI.

In all these gay Troops, 'mongst twenty scarce one
Had Halbert or Pistol, Sword, Carbine or Gun,
A Sign they did mean no great harm should be done,
Which, &c.

VII.

One Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Sense of his Beast,
And he of the two did deserve the Rope best,
Which, &c.

VIII.

Here were many Gallants, I warrant you that
Had Ribbons of Orange and Seamans Cravats,
The Defect of their Arms was made up in State,
Which, &c.

IX.

Here Mordant and G--- on their pamper'd Steeds prance,
D--- Brab---; G--- next, and J. Willis advance,
Who phyz'd at the Switzer that can'd him in France.
Which, &c.

X.

In this Cavalcade, for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord Lovelace rode first, and the next follow'd after,
They gallopt up Town first, and then down to Water,
Which, &c.

XI. The

XI.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous Fashion,
 Bid him welcome to Town in a fine-pen'd Oration;
 And thank'd him for taking such Care of the Nation,
 Which, &c.

XII.

His Honour the next day in Courtship exceeding,
 Return'd a smart Speech to shew them his Breeding,
 Which when 'tis in print will be well worth the reading,
 Which, &c.

XIII.

Having thus far proceeded to secure the Town,
 The Guards were strait set, and the Bridges beat down,
 And tho' no great Courage, yet his Conduct was shown,
 Which, &c.

XIV.

Next Night's Alarum our Warriors surprise,
 Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rise
 To fight the King's Army that came in disguise,
 Which, &c.

XV.

The Cits were strait armed, expert Men and able,
 With Prongs and with Coal-staffs march'd next whoop-
 ing Rabble,
 In as great a Confusion as ever was Babel,
 Which, &c.

XVI.

In the midst of the Mob two fat Draymen appear,
 To guard Mr. Ensign a huge nasty Tar,
 Who flourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
 Which, &c.

XVII.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er scarce
 So pleasantly burlesqu'd the angry God *Mars*,
 Or of Affairs warlike e'er made such a Farce,
 Which, &c.

XVIII.

At the foot of the Colours blith *Crendon* did go,
 Who play'd a new Tune you very well know,
 His Bagpipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero*,
 Which, &c.

XIX.

And had the Dear Joys now but come in the nick,
I fancy they had shown them a slippery Trick,
And march'd more nimbly without their Musick,
Which no Body can deny.

ADAM'S SLEEP.

Sleep, Adam, sleep, and take thy Rest,
Let no sad Thoughts possess thy Breast;
But when thou wak'st, look up and see
What thy Creator hath done for thee:
A Creature from thy Side is ta'en,
Who 'till thou wake, she wants a Name;
Flesh of thy Flesh, Bone of thy Bone,
A Mate most fit for thee alone.
Wake, Adam, wake, to embrace thy Bride,
Who is newly risen from thy Side;
But in the midst of thy Delights, beware,
Lest her Enticements prove thy Snare.

A S O N G.

FAIN would I, *Chloris*, ere I die,
Bequeath you such a Legacy,
That you might say when I am gone,
None hath the like: My Heart alone
Were the best Gift I could bestow,
But that's already yours, you know.
So that 'till you my Heart resign,
Or fill with yours the Place of mine,
And by that Grace my Store renew,
I shall have nought worth giving you;

Whose Breast has all the Wealth I have,
 Save a faint Carcase and a Grave:
 But had I as many Hearts as Hairs,
 As many Lives as Love has Fears,
 As many Lives as Years have Hours,
 They should be all and only yours.

HERO'S Complaint to LEANDER.

NOR com'st thou yet, my slothful Love! nor yet
 Leander! Oh my Leander! can'st thou forget
 Thy Hero? Leander, why dost thou stay,
 Who holds thee? Cruel! what hath begot delay?
 Too soon alas! the Rosey-finger'd Morn,
 Will chase the darksome Night. Ah me! I burn
 And die in this my languishing Desire,
 See! see! the Taper wastes in his own Fire,
 Like me; and will be spent before thou come.
 Make haste then my Leander, pry'st'hee come,
 Behold the Winds and Seas, deaf and enrag'd,
 My Imprecations have in part asswag'd;
 Their Fury's past; but thou more deaf than they,
 More merciless, torment'st me with delay.
 If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar,
 Such high Delight thou tak'st, why didst thou more
 Incite my hot Desires with faithless Lines,
 Flatt'ring me with Promise, that when the Winds
 Became less high, and Shores had some Repose,
 If I did but the friendly Torch expose
 To be thy Guide, thou would'st not fail to come?
 The Shores have Peace, the Winds and Seas are dumb,
 Thy Hero here attends thee, and the Light
 Invades the Horror of the sable Night;
 Come quickly then, and in these Arms appear,
 That have been oft thy chiefest Calm, thy Sphear.
 Wretch that I am! 'tis so, your Gods! 'tis so!
 Whilst here I vent to Heav'n and Seas my Woe,

He

He at *Abydos* in a newer Flame
 Forgets that e'er he heard poor *Hero's* Name.
 Ah! lighter than Blossoms, or the fleeting Air
 That sheds them; How! O how canst thou repair
 Thy broken Faith! Is this the dear Respect
 Thou bear'st to Oaths and Vows, thus to neglect
 Both *Cytherea* and her *Nim*? Is this
 Th' inviolable Band of *Hymen*? This
 That Knot, before the sacred Altar made
 Of Sea-born *Venus*? Heav'ns lend your Aid,
 And arm your selves in Thunder! Oh! but stay,
 What vain Fear transports thee, *Hera*, away
 With jealous Fury? *Leander's* thine, thou his;
 And the poor Youth at home lamenting is
 The wary Eyes of his old Parents; now
 Steals from them apace unto the Shoar, now
 With hasty hand doth fling his Robes from him,
 And even now bold Boy attempts to swim,
 Parting the swelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms,
 Born up alone by Love's all-powerful Charms.
 You gentler peaceful Winds, if ever Love
 Had Pow'r in you, if ever you did prove
 Least Spark of *Cupid's* Flame, for pity's sake
 With softer Gales more smooth and easie make
 The troubled Flood unto my Soul's Delight.
 You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempests black as Night,
 Retire your Fury, 'till my Love appear,
 And bless these Shoars in safety, and I here
 Within these Arms enfold my only Treasure;
 Then all in Rage and Horror send at Pleasure
 The frothy Billows high as Heaven, that he
 May here be ever forc'd to dwell with me;
 But hark! O wonder! what sudden Storm is this?
 Seas menace Heav'n, and the Winds do hiss,
 In scorn of this my just Request. Retire,
 Retire, my too too vent'rous Love, retire,
 Tempt not the angry Seas. Ah me! ah me!
 The Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O deadly
 Night! *Neptune*, *Aeolus*, ye pow'rful Deities,
 Spare, O spare my Jewel! pity the Cries

And Tears of wretched *Hero*! 'Tis *Leander*
 Trusts you with his Love and Life, fair *Leander*,
 Beauty of these Shoars. See! see the bashful Morn,
 For sorrow of my sad Laments, hath torn
 Through cloudy Night a Passage to my Aid,
 And here beneath amidst the horrid Shade,
 By her faint Light, something methinks I see
 Resembling my Soul's Joy. Woe's me! 'tis he!
 Drown'd by th'impetuous Flood. O dismal Hour!
 Curst be these Seas, these Shoars, this Light, this
 In spite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, [Tow'r!
Leander's Bosom shall be Hero's Tomb.

A S O N G.

I.

WHat art thou, Love? whence are those Charms,
 That thus thou bear'st an universal Rule?
 For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
 The King turns Slave, the Wiseman Fool.

II.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
 And with cool Thoughts resist thy Yoke;
 Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
 And all those high Resolves are broke.

III.

Can we e'er hope thou should'st be true,
 Whom we have found so often base?
 Cozen'd and cheated, still we view
 And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

IV.

In vain our Nature we accuse,
 And doat because she says we must.
 This for a Brute were an Excuse,
 Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.

V. To

V.
To get our Likeness, what is that?
Our Likeness is but Misery:
Why should I toil to propagate
Another Thing as Vile as I?

VI.
From Hands divine our Spirits came,
And Gods that made us did inspire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

A New C A T C H.

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly
full Bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls;
The Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind sooths the Strong,
And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire,
Love only remains, our unquenchable Fire.

On Mr. MILTON's Paradise Lost.

By ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender Book his vast Design unfold,
Messiah Crown'd, God's reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while mis-doubting his Intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred Truths to Fable and old Song

(So *Sampson* groap'd the Temple's Posts in spight)
The World o'erwhelm'd to revenge his Sight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his Project, the Success did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;
Lest he perplex the things he would explain,
And what was easie he should render vain.

Or if a Work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was, that some less skilful Hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)

Might hence presume the whole Creation's Day
To change in Scenes, and show it in a Play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, Surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
Thou hast not miss'd one Thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.

That Majesty which through thy Work doth reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such State
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.
At once Delight and Horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much Gravity and Ease;
And above humane Flight dost soar aloft,
With Plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.

Where could'st thou Words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of Mind?
Just Heav'n thee, like *Tiresias*, to requite,
Rewards with Prophecie thy loss of Sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Sense secure;
While the Town Bays writes all the while and spells,
And like a Pack-horse tires without his Bells.

Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
The Poets tag them; we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to praise thee must commend.
Thy Verse created like thy Theme sublime,
In Number, Weight, and Measure, needs not Rhime.

Senec. Tragoed. ex Thyeste Chor. 2.

Stet quicunque volet potens

Aula culmine lubrico, &c.

Translated by ANDREW MARVELL, Esq;

CLIMB at Court for me that will
Tottering Favour's Pinnacle;

ALL I seek is to lye still.

Settled in some secret Nost

In calm Leisure let me rest;

And far off the publick Stage

Pass away my silent Age.

Thus when without Noise, unknown,

I have liv'd out all my Span,

I shall die without a Groan,

An old honest Country-man.

Who expos'd to others Eyes,

Into his own Heart never pries,

Death to him's a strange Surprise.



A S O N G.

TALK, *Stretton*, no more of what's honest and [just;
 For Friendship is Int'rest, and Love is but Lust;
 To the Purse and no farther the one does extend,
 And after Enjoyment your Love's at an end.
 Then no longer maintain what your Actions deny,
 Your oft-broken Vows your Assertions, belye;
 When I once see your Words with your Actions agree,
 I'll believe you the Man that you now seem to be.
 That you once have deceiv'd me I do not complain,
 But 'tis my own Fault if you cheat me again;
 For none will the Fate of that Pilot deplore,
 Who wrecks on that Shelf where he stranded before.

A PROLOGUE design'd for TA-
 MERLANE, but never spoke.

Written by Dr. G---TH.

T O-day a mighty Hero comes to warm
 Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britains*, arm;
 To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;
 He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
 He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons persuade;
 He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
 Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
 Their Property is his Prerogative.
 His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
 And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.
 Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you possess,
 In Council greatest, and in Camps no less:
 Brave, but not Cruel; Wise without Deceit;
 Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazer*,

But

But you, disdaining to be too secure,
 Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power;
 With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute;
 Who give Supplies, are only Absolute.
Britain, for shame your factious Feuds decline,
 Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
 Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone
 Is born to nod upon a *Spanish* Throne.
 A Cause no less could on Great *Eugene* call,
 Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
 He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve;
 Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give,
 Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in spite
 Of Whig and Tory in this Cause unite,
 One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France*,
 There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
 Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
 (E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium's* Care)
 At worst, he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.

*On the Countess of D——r, Mistress
 to King J—— II. 1680.*

By the Earl of D——.

TELL me *Dormida*, why so gay,
 Why such Embroidery, Fringe, and Lace?
 Can any Dresses find a way
 To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
 And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
 And ogle in the Ring?
 Canst thou forget the Age and Pox?
 Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing?

III. So

III.
So have I seen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Repleat with many a hellish Spark,
As wise Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

The GOLDEN AGE Restor'd. A Poem
in Imitation of the fourth Pastoral of
Virgil; suppos'd to have been taken from
a Sibylline Prophecy.

----- Paulo Majora canamus.

SICILIAN Muse, begin a loftier Flight,
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you still pursue,
Make your Shades fit for able Statesmens View.

The time is come, by ancient Bards foretold,
Restoring the Saturnian Age of Gold;
The Vile, Degenerate, Whiggish Off-spring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven descends.

O learned Oxford, spare no sacred Pains
To nurse the glorious Breed, now thy own B---ley reigns.
And thou Great S---l, darling of this Land,
Do'st foremost in that fam'd Commission stand;
Whose deep Remarks the list'ning World admires,
By whose auspicious Care old Ra---gh expires,
Your mighty Genius no strict Rules can bind;
You punish Men for Crimes, which you want time to find.

Senates shall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
M---th and M---n here instruct the Youth,
There B---ks and Kim---ly maintain the sacred Truth.
P---is and H---lm here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide West-Saxon Realms extend their Fame;
There

There *B---ch* and *H---er* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Bishops in a human Way.

Now all our Factions, all our Fears shall cease,
And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
Malice shall die, and noxious Poisons fail,
H---y shall cease to trick, and *S---ur* cease to rail;
The Lambs shall with the Lions walk unhurt,
And *H---x* with *H---* meet civilly at Court.
Viceroy's, like Providence, with distant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear,
Pacifick Admirals, to save the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conquest, and shall Conquest meet:
Commanders shall be prais'd at *William's* Cost,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis lost.
Br---ton and *Bur---by* the Court shall grace,
And *H---* shall not disdain to share a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Mason* now
Revive and shine again in *F---* and *H---*.

But as they stronger grow and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles's* Reign;
Bold *Bel---fis* and Patriot *Da---nant* then,
One shall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
Troops shall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The Tool of Faction shall to Peace invite, [unite.]
And Foes to Union be employ'd the Kingdoms to

Yet still some Whigs among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles flourishing in barren Ground.
Som---rs maliciously employs his Care
To make the Lords the Legislature share.

Bu---t declares how French Dragooning rose,
And Bishops Persecuting Bills oppose:
'Till *Ro---t's* cool Temper shall be fir'd, [mir'd.]
And *N---th's* and *Not---m's* strong Reas'nings be ad-

But when due Time their Counsels shall mature,
And fresh Removes have made the Game secure;
When *Som---er* and *Dev---ire* give Place
To *Windham's* *B---*d, and to *R---d's* Grace;
Both Converts great; when Justice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,

Then

Then Passive Doctrines shall with Glory rise,
 Before them hated Moderation flies,
 And Antichristian Toleration dies,
 Gr---ile shall seize the long-expected Chair,
 Go---in to some Country-Seat repair;
 P---ke from all Employments be debar'd, [ward,
 And Mar---gh for ancient Crimes receive his just Re-
 France, that this happy Change so wisely has begun,
 Shall bless the great Design, and bid it smoothly run,
 Come on, young J---'s Friends, this is the Time,
 come on;
 Receive just Honours, and surround the Throne.
 Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
 H---s now rules the State, and R--- the Main.
 Gr---es is at hand the Members to reward,
 And Troops are trusted to your own Gr---rd.
 The faithful Clubs assemble at the Vine,
 And French Intrigues are broach'd o'er English Wine,
 Freely the S---te the Designs proclaims,
 Affronting W---m, and applauding J---es.
 Good antient Members with a solemn Face,
 Purpose that Safety give to Order place;
 And what they dare not openly dissuade,
 Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
 E'en F---ch and Mu---ve, whom the Court cares,
 Exalt its Praises, but its Power depress;
 And that Impartial Justice may be seen,
 Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
 Bishops who most advanc'd good J---'s Cause
 In Church and State, now reap deserv'd Applause:
 While those who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
 Are styl'd Unchristian by the Nation's Voice.
 Avow'dly now St. David's Cause thy own,
 And J---es's Votes for Simony atone.
 Archbishop K---n shall from Longleat be drawn,
 While firm Nonjurors from behind stand crowding
 for the Lawn.
 And thou, great W---th, to reward thy Charge,
 Shalt sail to Lambeth in his Grace's Barge.

See by base Rebels *Ja--es* the Just betray'd,
 See his three Realms by vile *U--rs* sway'd;
 Then see with Joy his lawful *H--* restor'd,
 And erring Nations own their injur'd *L--*.
 O would kind Heaven so long my Life maintain,
 Inspiring Raptures worthy such a Reign!
 Not *Thracian St. J--ns* should with me contend,
 Nor my sweet Lays harmonious *Ha--nd* mend:
 Not tho' young *Davenant St. J--ns* should protect,
 Or the shrewd Doctor *Ha--nd's* Lines correct.
 Nay should *Tr--am* in *St. Maws* compare his Songs
 to mine; [resign.
Tr--am, tho' *St. Maws* were Judge, his Laurel should
 Prepare, Auspicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
 Sir *G--* already has prepar'd the Fleet,
 Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
 In times of Danger still this Chief confin'd)
 Now send the Gout, the Hero to disgrace,
 Honest *G-- Ch--* may supply his Place.

A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

I.

CEASE, anxious World, your fruitless Pain,
 To grasp forbidden Store;
 Your study'd Labours shall prove vain,
 Your Alchymy unblest;
 Whilst Seeds of far more precious Ore
 Are ripen'd in my Breast:

II.

My Breast, the Forge of happier Love,
 Where my *Lucinda* lives;
 And the rich Stock does so improve,
 As she her Art employs,
 That ev'ry Smile and Touch she gives,
 Turns all to Golden Joys.

III. Since

III.

Since thence we can such Treasures raise,

Let's no Expence refuse;

In Love let's lay out all our Days;

How can we e'er be Poor,

When ev'ry Blessing that we use

Begets a thousand more?

A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

IN some kind Dream upon her, Slumber, steal,

And to *Lacinda*, all I beg, reveal;

Breathe gentlest Words into her Ears,

Words full of Love, but full of Fears

Such Words as may prevail, like Pray'rs

From a poor dying Martyr's Tongue,

By the sweet Voice of Pity sung.

Touch with the Voice the more enchanting Lute,

To make the Charms strike all Repulses mute;

These may insensibly impart

My tender Wishes to her Heart,

And by a Sympathetick Force,

So tune its Strings to Love's Discourse;

That when my Griefs compel a Groan,

Her Sighs may Eccho to my Moan.

A SONG by Mr. John How.

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,

Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?

Love's all our Torment, our Relief,

Our Fate depends alone on Love:

II. Were

II.

Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neara's Smiles would ease that State;
Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, could bless my Mind,
Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

III.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle does surpass;
No Flow'r so gay, that does not yield
To blooming Roses gaudy Dress.

IV.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
When Phœbus' Glories gild the Skies;
No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,
But yields to fair Neara's Eyes.

The Amorous Swains no Off'rings bring
To Cupid's Altar, as before;
To her they play, to her they sing,
And own in Love no other Pow'r.

If thou thy Empire wilt regain,
On thy Conqueror try thy Darts;
Touch with Pity for my Pain,
Neara's cold disdainful Heart.



Part of VIRGIL'S Fourth Georgick.

By Mr. CREECH.

Aristæus, having lost his Bees, goes by his Mother's Direction to Proteus, to know why the Gods had sent this Plague; Proteus tells him they sent it to revenge the Injury he had done Orpheus, in being the Cause of his Bride's Death, and so goes on with the Story of his Passion.

NOW scorching Sirius burnt the thirsty Moors,
 And Seas contracted left their naked Shores;
 The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring supply'd his Flood,
 And mid-day Rays boil'd up the Streams to Mud:
 When *Proteus* coming to his usual Cave,
 The Sea-Calf following spouts the brackish Wave:
 Spread o'er the Sand the scatter'd Monsters lay,
 He (like a Shepherd at the close of day,
 When Heifers seek their Stalls, and round a Rock
 The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
 Sits mid'st the Beach, and counts the scaly Flock.
 Scarce was he laid, scarce Sleep had seal'd his Eyes,
 When *Aristæus*, eager to surprise,
 Invades and binds him: Strait he starts and roars,
 And with shrill Noises fills the echoing Shoars:
 He flies to his old Arts, and strives to 'scape:
 By frequent Change, and varying of his Shape:
 All monstrous Forms put on, he would appear
 A Flame, a Flood, a Lion, or a Bear:
 When nought avail'd, he turn'd himself again;
 And thus spoke with the Accent of a Man:
 By whose Advice hast thou so rashly prest,
 Bold Youth, on me? And what do'st thou request?
 You know, great God, you know, the Swain reply'd,
 For who can cheat you? who his Wants can hide?
 But strive to change no more: I humbly come,
 And by the Gods commands, to know my Doom:

For what I'm punish'd, whence these Plagues arose,
 And by what means I may retrieve my Loss:
 This said, the angry God with fury took,
 His Eyes shot flame, and Horror chang'd his Look,
 He gnash'd his Teeth, and thus at last he spoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods pursue,
 Thou suffer'st what to thy great Crimes is due:
 At wretched *Orpheus'* suit these Plagues commence,
 Tho' (Fate being kind) too small for thy Offence:
 To Heaven's strict Justice he his Wrongs apply'd,
 And call'd down Vengeance for his perish'd Bride:
 She, while she fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
 By heedless Fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
 Ne'er saw the Snake glide o'er the grassie Ground,
 But e'er she knew the Foe, she felt the Wound:
 Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with Cries,
 In Groans the soften'd *Rhodope* replies;
 Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* streams lament,
 Forget their Fury, and in Grief consent:
 While he to doleful tunes his Strings does move,
 And strove to solace his uneasie Love:
 Thee, thee, dear Bride, on desert shoars alone
 He mourn'd at rising, and at setting Sun:
 His restless Love did natural Fears expel,
 He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
 He saw the Grove, where gloomy horrors spread,
 The Ghost and ghastly Tyrant of the dead;
 With those rough Pow'rs, that there severely reign,
 Unus'd to pity, when poor Men complain:

He strook his Harp, and strait a numerous Throng
 Of airy People fled to hear the Song,
 Thither vast Troops of wretched Lovers came,
 And shriek'd at the Remembrance of their Flame;
 With heavy Grief and gloomy Thoughts oppress'd,
 Meagre each Shape, and Wounds in every Breast;
 How deep, ah me! and wide must mine appear,
 If so much Beauty can be so severe!
 With these mixt Troops of Fathers, Husbands, Wives,
 As thick as swarms of Bees fly round their Hives
 At Evening close, or when a Tempest drives:

With

With Ghosts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
 And Sons whose dying Eyes their Mothers clos'd:
 Which now the dull unnavigable Flood,
 With black *Cocytus* horrid Weeds and Mud
 And *Styx*, in nine large Channels spread, confine:

The wondrous Numbers soft'ned all beneath,
 Hell, and the inmost flinty seats of Death:
 Snakes round the Furies Heads did upward rear,
 And seem'd to listen to the pleasing Air;
 While fiery *Styx* in midler Streams did rowl,
 And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel stood still, all Tortures ceas'd,
 And Hell amaz'd knew an unusual Rest.

All Dangers past, beyond the reach of fear,
 Restor'd *Eurydice* breath'd the upper Air;
 Following behind (for mov'd by his Complaint
 Hell added this Condition to the Grant)
 When fury soon the heedless Lover seiz'd,
 (To be forgiven, if Hell could be pleas'd)
 For near the Confines of *Ethereal* Air,
 Unmindful, and unable to forbear,
 He stop'd, look'd back, (what cannot Love persuade!)
 To take one view of the unhappy Maid:
 Here all his Pains were lost, one greedy Look
 Defeats his Hopes, and Hell's Conditions broke,
 Thrice *Styx* resounded, thrice *Avernus* shook:
 A fatal Messenger from *Pluto* flew,
 And snatch'd the Forfeit from a second View:

Backward she fell; Ah me! too greedy Youth,
 (She cry'd) what Fury now hath ruin'd both!
 Death summons me again, cold Fates surprise,
 And Icy Sleep spreads o'er my nodding Eyes:
 Wrapt up in Night I feel the *Stygian* Shore,
 And stretch my Arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!

This scarce pronounc'd, like Smoke dispers'd in Air,
 So vanish'd the twice-lost unhappy Fair;
 And left him catching at the flying Shade:
 He stood distracted, much he would have said,
 In vain; for *Charon* wou'd not wait him o'er,
 Once he had pass'd, and now must hope no more.

What

What should he do? Where should he seek Repose?
 Where fly the trouble of his second Loss?
 In what soft Numbers should the Wretch complain,
 And beg his dear *Eurydice* again!

She now grew cold in *Charon's* Boat beneath,
 And sadly sail'd to the known Seats of Death:
 But while nine circling Months in order turn'd,
 Beneath bleak Rocks (thus *Fame* reports) he mourn'd;
 By freezing *Strymon's* unfrequented Stream,
Eurydice, his lost *Eurydice*, his Theme;
 And while he sang this sad event of Love,
 He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
 With such soft Tunes, and such a doleful Song
 Sweet Nightingales bewail their ravish'd young,
 Which some hard-hearted Swain hath born away
 While Callow Birds, or kill'd the easie Prey;
 Restless they sit, renew their mournful strains,
 And with sad Passion fill their neighb'ring Plains.

No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
 He fled the heinous Thoughts of second Love;
 In vain the *Thracians* woo'd; Wit, Wealth, Esteem,
 Those great Enticers, lost their Force on him:
 Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
 Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows;
 Thro' Fields still white with Frost, or beat with Hail,
 Constant to Grief, and eager to bewail:
Eurydice, the Gods vain Gift, employs
 His Thoughts, and makes him Deaf to other Joys.

The slighted *Thracians* Heat this Scorn increast,
 They breath'd Revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus'* Feast,
 (For what so soon as Wine makes Fury burn?)
 And what can wound a Maid so deep as Scorn?)
 Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
 Scatter'd his Limbs; and drank his reeking Gore:
 His Head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along,
Eurydice fell from his dying Tongue.
 His parting Soul, when flying thro' the Wound,
 Cry'd, Ah *Eurydice*! the Floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the Banks resound,

The

The Fourteenth ODE of the Second
Book of HORACE.

I.
AH! Friend, the passing Years how fast they fly!
Nor can the strictest Piety
Defer incroaching Age,
Or Death's resistless Rage:

If you each Day
: A Hecatomb of Bulls shou'd slay,
The smoaking Host cou'd not subdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From Geryon's Head he snatch'd the triple Crown,
Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbled down.
The Prince, and Peasant of this World, must be
Thus wasted to Eternity.

II.
In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempestuous Sea,
In vain they take such care

To shield their Bodies from autumnal Air,
Dismal Cocytus they must ferry o'er,
Whose languid Stream moves dully by the Shore.

And in their Passage we shall see
Of tortur'd Ghosts the various Misery.

III.
Thy stately House, thy pleasing Wife
And Children, (Blessings dear as Life,)
Must all be left, nor shalt thou have,

Of all thy grateful Plants, one Tree,
Unless the dismal Cypress follow thee,

The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave,
But the imprison'd Burgundy

Thy jolly Heir shall straight set free.
Releas'd from Lock and Key, the sparkling Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken Pavement shine.

The First Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

Translated into *English*.

THYRSIS.

Goat-Herd, the Musick of yon' whistling Pine,
Tho' sweet, yet is not half so sweet as thine;
Thou, when the sound of thy shrill Pipe is heard,
Art next to our great Master Pan prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If Pan receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unquestion'd Due:
If he a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to you.
And Kids you know, until the swelling Teat
Yields Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

GOAT-HERD.

Sweeter thy Numbers, Shepherd, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream, which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently-rising Side
Pours the smooth Current of its easie Tide.
If a white Ewe the Muses Off'ring be,
A spotless Lamb shall be thy second Fee:
If their's a Lamb, the Ewe's reserv'd for thee.

THYRSIS.

And wilt thou, Goat-Herd, on yon rising Ground,
With Streams refresh'd, and spreading Mirtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one sweet charming Song rehearse?
I'll feed thy Flock, and listen to thy Verse.

GOAT-HERD.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
'Tis now high Noon, and Pan will hear the Sound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to rest:
And 'tis an angry God when at the best.
But, Thyrsis, you can Daphnis' Story tell,
And understand the rural Numbers well.
Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,

Where an old Seat stands rear'd upon the Green:
 Hard by *Priapus*, and the Nymphs are seen.
 There if thou sing one of thy noblest Lays,
 And thy loud Voice in such sweet Accents raise, }
 As when you baffled *Chrome*, and won the Bays,
 Thrice shalt thou milk my Goat; come, pr'ythee do;
 Two Pails she fills, although she suckles Two.
 Besides a brave large Goblet shall be thine;
 New made, new turn'd, and smelling wond'rous fine,
 Sweet wholsom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
 And two neat Handles grace the well-wrought sides,
 About the brim a creeping Ivy twines,
 Thro' whose brown Leaves the brighter *Crocus* shines,
 Within, a Woman's lovely Image stands:
 (A noble Piece! not wrought by mortal Hands!)
 Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
 A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
 By her two blooming Youths by turns complain, }
 Each striving who shall the blest Conquest gain:
 Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
 She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
 And now on That a careless Smile bestows:
 Whilst they their big-swol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
 And silently accuse the cruel Fair.
 Next on a Cliff a Fisher-man you'll view,
 Who his lov'd Sport does eagerly pursue.
 His gather'd Net just hov'ring o'er the Sea,
 He labours at the Cast on his half-bended Knee.
 You'd swear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
 So tight he is, so fitted for the Throw.
 His Neck enlarg'd with swelling Veins appears:
 Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
 Not far from hence a seeming Vineyard grows,
 The Vines all neatly set in graceful Rows, }
 Whose weighty Clusters bend the yielding Boughs.
 And a young Lad on a Tree's neighb'ring Root
 Sits idly by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
 By him, two Foxes unregarded steal:
 Each craftily designs a diff'rent Meal.

One tow'rd's the Vineyard casts a longing Eye;
 Looks to, and fro; and then creeps softly by:
 Whilst t'other couch'd in a close Ambuscade
 To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
 Resolves not first to quit the destin'd Prey,
 'Till he has sent the Younker Supperless away.
 Mean-while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
 He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flies.
 With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
 Surveys it, and applauds his own Designs:
 Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
 The Cup besides a Wood-bine does contain,
 Which round the Bottom wreaths its leafie Train,
 Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain!
 I know, you'll say your self, 'tis strangely fine!
 The Workman, and the Workmanship Divine!
 I bought it when I crost th' *Ætolian* Seas,
 The Price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk Cheefe;
 Unus'd it lyes, unsully'd, neat and trim:
 Nor have my Lips once touch'd the shining Brim.
 With this I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
 Would'st thou but sing those my beloved Strains.
 Nor envy I thy Skill: No——envious Death
 Too soon (alas!) will stop that charming Breath:
 Come on then, Sing, dear Shepherd, while you may!

THYRSIS.

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
 'Tis *Thyrsis* sings, *Thyrsis* on *Ætna* born:
 The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.
 Where were the Nymphs? Where, in that fatal Day,
 When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?
 Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* stray?
 (For sure ye were not by *Anapus*' side,
 Nor *Ætna*'s Top, nor *Acis*' Silver Tide.)

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.
 For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:
 They came, they saw; and with swoln Eyes return'd.
 Lions themselves did uncouth Sorrows bear,
 Their Savage Fierceness softning to a Tear.

Close by his Feet the Bulls and Heifers lay;
The Calves forgot their Feeding, and their Play;

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Swift *Hermes* first came down to his Relief:

Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this foolish Grief:

What Nymph, what Goddess steals thy Heart away?

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Next him the Shepherds, and the Goat-herds came:

All ask'd the Reason of so strange a Flame.

Priapus came too ----

He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,

Why all this Grief? Ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?

While the false Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,

Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,

Where-e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Ah! foolish and impatient of the Smart,

With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!

An * Herdsman thou wert thought; a Goat-herd sure
thou art.

The Goat-herd, when from some old craggy Rock

He views the sportful Pastimes of his Flock,

And sees 'em how they frisk, and how they play,

Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they:

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

And you too, when you see the Nymphs advance

Their nimble Feet in a well-order'd Dance,

And hear 'em how they talk, and see 'em how they
smile,

Are griev'd that you must stand neglected all the
[while.

All this, without an Answer, heard the Swain;

Still he went on, and nourish'd still the Pain.

He found his Love increase, and Life decay:

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:

Forc'd an insulting Smile, and thus she said.

You thought, fond Swain, that you could Love subdue:

But Love, it seems, at last has conquer'd you.

Βέτας μὲν ἐλέγδ' οὐδ' αἰπόλῳ ἀνδρὶ εἰσικας.

Strong

Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his Sway :

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

She spake ---- And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.

Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beside!

Ah! cruel Goddess! spare thy Taunts at last;

Nor urge a Death that's drawing on so fast.

Too well I know my fatal Hour is come,

My * Sun declining to its Western Home.

Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay :

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Hence, Cyprian Queen, to Ida's Tops repair,

Anchises, lov'd *Anchises* waits you there.

There spreading Oaks will cover you around :

Here humble Shrubs scarce peep above the Ground;

And busie Bees are humming all the Day :

The noise is great, 'twill spoil your am'rous Play.

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Adonis too! ---- the Boy is lovely fair!

He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;

And boldly chafes ev'ry Beast of Prey :

Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Lay.

Ye Panthers, Lions, and ye Wolves adieu!

Who now shall traverse the thick Woods with you?

No more shall you be chas'd, no more shall I pursue.

Hail *Arethusa*, lovely Fountain hail!

Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber's* flow'ry Vale!

Farewel! ---- The Gods forbid my longer Stay :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

Pan, Pan, where-e'er your wandring Footsteps move;

Whether on *Lyce's* airy Tropics you rove,

Or sporting in the vast *Menalian* Grove :

Haste, quickly haste; leave the high Tomb, that nods

O'er *Helick's* Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!

And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

Here take my waxen Pipe, well join'd, and fit;

An uselefs Pipe to me! and I to it!

* Ἡδὴ γὰρ ἐξελθὼς πάνθ' ἀλιότ' ἀμμι δίδυκεν.

For Love and Fate have summon'd me away :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

On Brambles now let Violets be born,

And op'ning Roses blush on ev'ry Thorn :

Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,

And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.

Since *Daphnis* dies, what can be strange, or new ?

Hounds now shall fly, and trembling Fawns pursue;

Screech-Owls shall sing, and Thrushes yield the Day :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

Thus *Daphnis* spake, and more he would have sung :

But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.

Fair *Venus* strove to raise her drooping Son :

In vain she strove, for his last Thread was spun.

Black *Strygian* Waves surround the darling Boy

Of every Nymph, and every Muse's Joy.

Lifeless he lies, and still as harden'd Clay,

Who was so Young, so Lovely, and so Gay :

Leave off, fond Muse, leave off the Rural Lay.

The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuse :

I'll milk her, and I'll offer to my Muse.

All hail, ye Muses, that inspire my Tongue !

A better Day shall have a better Song.

G O A T - H E R D.

May dropping Combs on those sweet Lips distil,
And thy lov'd Mouth with Attick Honey fill.

For much, much sweeter is thy tuneful Voice,

Than, when on sunny Days with chearful noise,

The Vocal Insects of the Spring rejoice.

Here, take the promis'd Cup : How bright the Look !

How fine the Smell ! sure from some fragrant Brook,

The bath of smiling Hours, it the gay tincture took !

Here * *Cissy*, hitherward, — Come, milk her now :

My Kids, forbear to leap : for if you do,

The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

* *Kisraida*, the Name of the Goat.

The R E A P E R S.

The Tenth Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

*Englisht by Mr. William Bowles, of King's
College in Cambridge.*

M I L O. B A T T U S.

M. **A**RE you grown lazy, or does some Disease,
Oh *Battus*, bind your Hands, and Sinews seize,
That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lag at ev'ry Turn?
What in the Heat and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter so?

B. *Milo*, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'st never yet an absent Friend bemoan?

M. Who, but such Fools as thou, the Absent mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

B. Did Love ne'er yet thy Senses waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

M. The Gods preserve me from that restless Care.
Oh Reapers all, the gilded Bait beware!

B. But I nine Days the Passion Love have felt,
With inward Fires consume, and slowly melt.

See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.

She who pip'd lately at *Hippocoon's* Feast,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Guest!

M. The Gods for some old Sins have sent this Evil,
And shame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil.

B. Beware; insulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one Day reach thy stubborn Heart.

M. Come, you're a Poet, sing some am'rous Song,
'Twill ease your Toil, and make the Day less long.

B. Oh Muse! assist my Song, and make it flow,
For you fresh Charms on all you sing bestow.

Bombycé (Oh my dearest) do not frown,
 They call thee Tawny, but I call thee Brown.
 Yet blush not, Dear : Black is the Violet,
 And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit;
 Yet both are sweet, and both for Garlands fit.
 Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids pursue,
 And *Battus*, sweet *Bombycé*, follows you.
 Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
 Had I rich *Cræsus*' Wealth and mighty Store,
 In *Venus*' Temple should our Statues stand;
 Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy Hand,
 I in a Dancer's Posture, gay, new shod,
 Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
 Thy Voice, *Bombycé*, is most soft and sweet,
 But who can praise enough thy Humour, and thy Silver Feet?

M. Battus deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
 What Verse is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
 How just the Rhymes, how equally they meet,
 The Numbers how harmonious, and how sweet!
 Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,
 'Twas by immortal *Lytierfes* penn'd.

Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres*! bless the Field,
 May the full Ears a plenteous Harvest yield.
 Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,
 See how they're blown, and scatter'd by the Wind:
 Haste, lest some jeering Passenger should say,
 Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.
 Reapers observe, and to the Southwest turn
 Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and swell the Corn.
 Threshers at Noon, and in the burning Heat,
 (Then the light Chaff flies out) should toil and sweat;
 But Reapers should with the sweet Wood-Lark rise,
 And sleep when *Phæbus* mounts the Southern Skies.
 Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!
 They suck in Drink for Air, and proudly swell.
 Oh niggard Bayliff! we could dine on Beans,
 And spare your windy Cabbage, and your Pains.

Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
 But thy sad Ditty, and thy Tale of Love

Keep

Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I advise,
When stretch'd and yawning in her Bed she lyes:

AITHΣ. *Or, the Twelfth Idyllium*
of THEOCRITUS.

SCARCE three whole Days, my lovely Youth, had past,
Since thou and I met here, and parted last,
And yet so sluggishly the Minutes flew,
I thought it Ages 'till we met anew.
Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
Already envious Time began to shed
A snowy White around my drooping Head.
As to Spring's Brav'ry rugged Winter yields;
The hoary Mountains to the smiling Fields;
As by the faithful Shepherd new-yea'd Lambs
Are much less valu'd than their fleecy Dams;
As to wild Plumbs the Damson is prefer'd;
As nimble Does out-strip the duller Herd;
As Maids seem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Than those who *Hymen's* Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excels the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove;
So much dost thou all other Youths excel:
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half so well;
Sweeter thy Face! more ravishing thy Charms!
No Guest so welcome to my longing Arms!
When first I view'd those much-lov'd Eyes of thine
At distance, and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th' expected Boy,
With all the transports of unruly Joy.
Not with such eager Haste, such fond Desires,
The Traveller, when scorch'd by Syrian Fires,
To some well-spreading Beach's Shade retires.
O! that some God would equal Flames impart!
And spread a mutual Warmth thro' either Heart!

Till Men should quote our Names for loving well;
 And Age to Age the pleasing Story tell.
 Two Men there were (cries some well-meaning Tongue)
 Whose Friendship equal on Love's Ballance hung:
 { *Espnitus* one, *Aites* t'other Name,
 Both surely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
 Of honest ancient Make and heav'nly Mould,
 Such as in good King *Saturn's* Days of Old
 Flourish'd, and stamp'd the Age's Name with Gold. }
 Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a Day,
 While we amidst th' *Elysian* Valleys stray, }
 Some welcome Ghost may this glad Message say,
 Your Loves, the copious Theme of ev'ry Tongue, }
 Ev'n now with lasting Praise are daily sung;
 Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young. }
 But Pray'rs are vain! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
 Whate'er I ask, can grant, or can deny.
 In the mean time thee my due Songs shall praise,
 Thee, the glad matter of my tuneful Lays: }
 Nor shall the well-meant Verse a tell-tale Blister raise. }
 Nay should you chide, I'll catch the pleasing Sound,
 Since the same Mouth that made, can heal the Wound.
 Ye *Megarensians*, who from *Nisa's* Shoar
 Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
 May all your Labours glad Success attend:
 You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
 Due Honours and becoming Reverence-pay:
 When rowling Years bring on the happy Day,
 Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth resort,
 With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport:
 And he, whose pointed Kiss is sweetest found,
 Returns with Laurels, and fresh Garlands crown'd.
 Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away!
 Happy, I grant: But O far happier they,
 Who, from the Seats of their much-envy'd Bliss,
 Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiss!
 Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
 That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
 He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
 To those which in the faithful Stone reside:

Whole

Whose Touch apply'd, the Artist can explore
The baser Metal from the shining Ore.

ΚΗΠΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ: *Or the Nine-
teenth Idyllium of Theocritus.*

CUPID, the sliest Rogue alive,
One Day was plundering of a Hive:
But as with too eager Haste
He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy;
Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy.
The Urchin when he felt the Smart
Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:
He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
The Rubbing still increas'd the Pain.
Straight to his Mother's Lap he hies,
With swelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes;
Cries she——What does my Cupid ail?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.
A little Bird they call a Bee,
With yellow Wings; see, Mother, see
How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the World just such another?
Just such another angry thing,
Like in Bulk, and like in Sting?
For when you aim a pois'nous Dart,
Against some poor unwary Heart,
How little is the Archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the Wound?

A S O N G.

I.

IN a dark silent shady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corinna's* Breast I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *& cetera*,

II.

A thousand Words and amorous Kisses
Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss;
And thus the hasty Moments slip away,
Lost in the Transport of *& cetera*.

III.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,
And the small Opposition she had made,
Yet hug'd me close, and with a Sigh did say,
Once more, my Dear, once more *& cetera*.

IV.

But O the Power to please this Nymph was past,
Too violent a Flame can never last;
So we remitted to another Day
The Prosecution of *& cetera*.



*The Complaint of ARIADNA. Out
of CATULLUS.*

By Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium of Peleus and Theris, describes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of Theseus and Ariadna, and on that Occasion makes a long Digression, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.

THERE on th' extreamest Beach, and farthest Sand
Deserted *Ariadna* seem'd to stand,
New wak'd, and raving with her Love she flew
To the dire Shoar, from whence she might pursue
With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
The winged Bark o'er the tempestuous Main;
For bury'd in fallacious Sleep she lay
While thro' the Waves false *Theseus* cut his way,
Regardless of her Fate who sav'd his Youth;
Winds bore away his Promise and his Truth.
Like some wild *Bacchanal* unmov'd she stood,
And with fix'd Eyes survey'd the raging Flood.
There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
Nor less the Tempests that distract her Soul;
Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
Rage in her Soul exprest, and wild Despair:
Her rising Breasts with Indignation swell,
And her loose Robes disdainfully repell.
The shining Ornaments that dress her Head,
When with the glorious Ravisher she fled,
Now at their Mistress' Feet neglected lay,
Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play;
But she nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
Her snowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet:

On

On *Theseus* her lost Senses all attend,
 And all the Passions of her Soul depend.
 Long did her weaker Sense contend in vain,
 She sunk at last beneath the mighty Pain :
 With various Ills beset, and stupid grown,
 She lost the Pow'r those Ills ev'n to bemoan :
 But when the first Assault and fierce Surprise
 Were past, and Grief had found a Passage at her Eyes,
 With cruel Hands her snowy Breast she wounds,
Theseus, in vain, through all the Shoar resounds.
 Now urg'd by Love she plunges in the Main,
 And now draws back her tender Feet again :
 Thrice she repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
 Thrice Fear and Cold her shiv'ring Limbs invade.
 Fainting at last she hung her beauteous Head,
 And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, she said,

Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
 My Parents, Friends, (for thou wast all to me)
 And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid?
 Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid }
 Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
 Betray'd to Mischiefs of which Death's the least,
 And plung'd in Ills too great to be express.
 Yet the Gods will, the Gods condemn'd by you,
 With Vengeance thy devoted Ship pursue,
 O'ertake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breast,
 And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infest,
 But tho' no Pity thy stern Breast could move,
 Nor angry Gods, nor ill-requited Love,
 Yet Sense of Honour sure should touch thy Heart,
 And Shame from low, unmanly Flight divert.
 With other Hopes my easie Faith you fed,
 A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed, }
 But all those Joys with thee, alas! are fled,
 Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
 They only with more Form and Pomp deceive :
 To compass their lewd Ends the Wretches swear,
 Of Oaths profuse, nor Gods nor Temples spare; }
 But when enjoy'd—— }
 Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.

But,

But, O ye Women! warn'd by me, be wise,
 Turn their false Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lies;
 Dissemble, fawn, weep, swear when you betray,
 Defeat the Gamesters at their own foul Play.
 Oh banisht Faith! But now from certain Death
 I snatcht the Wretch, and sav'd his perjur'd Breath,
 His Life with my own Brother's Blood I bought,
 And Love by such a cruel Service fought.
 By *Me* preserv'd, yet *Me* he does betray,
 And to wild Beasts expose an easie Prey!
 Nor thou of Royal Race, nor Human Stock
 Wast born, but nurs'd by Bears, and issu'd from a Rock;
 Too plain thou dost thy dire Extraction prove,
 Who Death for Life return'st, and Hate for Love,
 Yet he securely Sails! and I in vain
 Recal the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
 Unmov'd they stand; yet could they see and hear,
 More human would than cruel Man appear.

But I ---

Must the sad Pleasure of Compassion want,
 And die unheard, and lose my last Complaint,
 Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
 Hadst thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
 Dissembled Sweetness in thy Look does shine,
 But ah! th' inhuman Monsters lurk within.

What now remains; Or whom shall I implore
 In a wild Isle, on a deserted Shoar?

Shall I return, and beg my Father's Aid?
 My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
 And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled!

But, *Theseus*, *Ariadna's* Constant, Kind,
 Kind as the Seas, and Constant as the Wind.

See! wretched Maid, vast Seas around thee roar,

And angry Waves beat the resounding Shoar,

Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,

No Ship appears to bless thy longing Sight,

The dismal Isle no human Footstep bears,

But a sad Silence doubles all my Fears,

And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.

Ev'n

Ev'n fainting Nature scarce maintains the Strife
 Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
 Yet, ere I die, revenging Gods I'll call,
 And curse him first, and then contented fall.
 Ascend ye Furies then, ascend, and hear
 My last Complaints, and grant my dying Pray'r,
 Which Grief and Rage for ill-rewarded Love,
 And the deep Sense of his Injustice move:
 Oh suffer not my latest Words to fly
 Like common Air, and unregarded die!
 With Vengeance his dire Treachery pursue,
 For Vengeance, Goddesses, attends on you,
 Terror with you, Despair and Death appear,
 And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
 May his proud Ship by furious Billows tost,
 On Rocks, or some wild Shoar like this, be lost;
 There may he fall, or late returning see,
 (If so the Gods, and so the Fates decree)
 A mournful House, polluted by the Dead,
 And Furies ever wait on his * Incestuous Bed.
 Jove heard, and did the just Request approve,
 And nodding shook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant
 Lights above.

* *He carried away her Sister Phædra.*

The Twentieth Idyllium of THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

PROUD *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kifs,
 Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
 Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
 Lips such as these, and such a Mouth prophane?
 No: To prevent your rustick Freedom, know
 They're unacquainted yet with such as you:
 But your soft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fift,
 All charming, and all suing to be kist,

Your

Your matted Hair, and your smooth Chin invite,
 Conspire to make you lovely to the Sight,
 Oh how you look, how prettily you play,
 How soft your Words, and what fine things you say!
 Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gone,
 Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
 Vanish, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
 He smells of the rank Goats from which he came!

This said, with Indignation thrice she spit,
 Survey'd me with Disdain from Head to Feet;
 Then was fierce Rage, and conscious Beauty seen
 In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.
 She pray'd, as if she some Contagion fear'd,
 Cast a disdainful Smile, and disappear'd.
 My boiling Blood sprang with my Rage, and spread
 O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red;
 So Roses blush, when Night her kindly Dew has shed.
 I rage, I curse the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
 My graceful Person, and my comely Beard.

Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
 Has any God cast my old Form anew?
 How am I chang'd? For once a matchless Grace
 Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
 Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'ergrow,
 And my long Hair in untaught Curls did flow,
 My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white;
 My sparkling Eyes shot forth a radiant Light;
 In sweetest Words did my soft Language flow,
 As Honey sweet, and soft as falling Snow;
 When with loud Notes I the shrill Pipe inspir'd,
 The list'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
 Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
 They praise my Beauty, and my Flames approve.
 Such tho' I am, yet me, because a Swain,

(How nice these Town-bred Women are, how vain!) }

Gay *Eumica* rejected with Disdain.
 And she, it seems, has never heard, or read
 How *Bacchus*, now a God, a Flock once fed,
Venus her self did the Profession grace,
 By Love transform'd into a Country Lass:

The

The *Phrygian* Fields and Woods her Flames can tell,
 And how her much-bewail'd *Adonis* fell,
 How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon descend
 From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* Friend,
 And absent from the Sky whole Nights with him }
 did spend ?

To shining in her Orb prefer her Love,
 Stoop and desert her glorious Seat above ?
 And was not he a Shepherd ? Sure he was ;
 Yet did not she disdain his low Embrace.
 The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
 Their Majesty laid by, could Shepherds love :
 The *Phrygian* Groves, and conscious *Ida* know
 What She for *Alys*, He for *Ganymed* could do.

But prouder *Eunica* disdains alone
 What Gods, and greatest Goddesses have done ;
 Fairer it seems by much, and greater she,
 Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
 Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
 Worthy your Love, in Country, or in Town, }
 But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone !

To LESBIA. Out of CATULLUS.

LET's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
 The little time that Nature lends improve ;
 In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the Day,
 Nor care a Farthing what old Dotards say ;
 The Suns may rise again that once are set,
 Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat ;
 But when our Days once turn'd have lost their Light,
 We must sleep on one long eternal Night :
 A thousand Kisses, Dear, a hundred more,
 Another hundred, *Lesbia*, I am poor :
 Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
 Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm :

And

And when repeated thousands numerous grow
We'll kiss out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
And kiss a long Eternity away.

3

TO *LESBIA*.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her Bed;
True, this she swears by all the Pow'rs above,
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing Faith defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false; they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

The Seventh ODE of the Fourth Book
of HORACE.

By an unknown Hand.

Winter's dissolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
How Grass the Ground, how Leaves their
Branches grace,
That Earth which would not to the Plough-share yield,
Is softer now and easie to be till'd.
And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whisp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flowry Meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
The Seasons treading on each other's Heels,

The

The winged Hours that swiftly pass away,
 And spitefully consume the smiling Day,
 Tell us, that all things must with them decay.
 The Year rowls round us in a constant Ring,
 And sultry Summer wastes the milder Spring:
 Whose hot Meridian quickly overpast,
 Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haste
 Comes crown'd with Grapes, but suddenly is crost,
 Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Frost.
 The Moon renews its Orb to shine more bright;
 But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
 With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
 With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we shall be,
 And the brave Souls of vanish'd *Heroes* see.
 Who knows if Gods above, who all things sway,
 Will suffer thee to live another Day?
 Then please thy Genius, and betimes take care,
 To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.
 When among crouds of Ghosts thou shalt appear,
 And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,
 Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
 That thou canst plead, can the past Doom recal.
Diana, though a Goddess, cannot take
 Her chaste *Hippolytus* from *Lethe's* Lake.
Perithous bound in Fetters must remain,
Theseus no more can break his Adamantine Chain.

The Tenth ODE of the Second Book of
 HORACE.

Rectius vivas Licini, &c.

WE must all live, and we would all live well,
 But how to do it very few can tell;
 He sure doth best, who a true Mean can keep,
 Nor boldly fails too far into the Deep,
 Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
 And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.

Who

Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,
 " Who neither seeks for nor despises Gain,
 " Who neither sinks too low, nor aims too high,
 He shuns th' unwholsome Ills of Poverty;
 And is secure from Envy, which attends
 A sumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
 Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expose
 To the rude blasts of ev'ry Wind that blows:
 And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
 Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky;
 And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
 Serves only then t' increase their Fall the more.
 Who wisely governs and directs his Mind
 Never despairs, though Fortune be unkind;
 He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
 He bears it patiently, and hopes again.
 And if at last a kinder Fate conspires,
 To heap upon him more than he desires:
 He then suspects the kindness he enjoys,
 Takes it with thanks, but with such care employs,
 As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
 Would once resume what it bestow'd before.
 He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
 Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
 Fate shapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
 Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's Fears;
 And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
 That this shall that alternately succeed.
 Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wise;
 And bear its Ills without the least surprize.
 The more you are oppress'd, bear up the more,
 Weather the Tempest 'till its rage be o'er.
 But if too prosperous and too strong a gale,
 Should rather ruffle than just fill your Sail,
 Lessen it; and let it take but so much Wind,
 As is proportion'd to the course design'd;
 " For 'tis the greatest part of human Skill,
 " To use good Fortune, and to bear our ill.

The Eighteenth Epistle of the First
Book of HORACE.

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEAR Friend, for surely I may call him so,
Who doth so well the Laws of Friendship know;
I'm sure you mean the Kindness you profess,
And to be lov'd by you's a Happiness;
Not like him who with Eloquence and Pains,
The specious Title of a Friend obtains;
And the next day, to please some Man of Sense,
Breaks Jest at his deluded Friend's expence;
As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.
There is another Failing of the Mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind;
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which some have got of using all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of Freedom, and a virtuous Innocence;
Who, 'cause they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
Think they may push and jostle all they meet,
And blame whate'er they see, complain, and brawl,
And think their Virtues make amends for all;
They neither comb their Head, nor wash their Face,
But think their virtuous Nastiness a grace.
Whenas true Virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a Vice.
Others there are, who too obsequious grown,
Live more for others pleasure than their own;
Applauding whatsoe'er they hear or see,
By a too nauseous Civility:
And if a Man of Title or Estate,
Doth some strange Story, true or false, relate;
Obsequiously they cringe, and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall:

As School-Boys follow what the Masters say,
 Or like an Actor prompted in a Play,
 Some Men there are so full of their own Sense,
 They take the least Dispute for an Offence;
 And if some wiser Friend their heat restrains,
 And says the Subject is not worth the pains;
 Straight they reply, What I have said is true,
 And I'll defend it against him and you;
 And if he still dares say 'tis not, I'll die,
 Rather than not maintain he says a Lie.
 Now, would you see from whence these heats arise,
 And where th' important contradiction lies;
 'Tis but to know, if, when a Client's prest,
Sawyer or *Williams* pleads his Cause the best:
 Or if to *Windfor* he most minutes gains,
 Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Stains*;
 Who spends his Wealth in Pleasure, and at Play,
 And yet affects to be well-cloath'd and gay,
 And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
 Than to be thought necessitous and poor:
 Him his rich Kinsman is afraid to see,
 Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
 And rails at Vices, which have made him poor,
 Though he himself perhaps hath many more;
 Or tells him wisely, Cousin have a care,
 And your Expences with your Rents compare;
 Since you inherit but a small Estate,
 Your Pleasures, Cousin, must be moderate.
 I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
 Cousin, my Wealth supports my Vanity.
 But they, who've Wit, and not Estate enough,
 Must cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
 Therefore forbear t' affect Equality,
 Forget you've such a foolish Friend as me.
 There was a Courtier, who to punish those,
 Who, though below him, he believed his Foes;
 And more effectually to vent his Rage,
 Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
 For then the foolish Sparks courageous grown,
 Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town;

Must

Must go to Plays, and in the Boxes sit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
'Till at the last, their Coach and Horses spent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent,
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the same,
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim,
They must turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleasures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midst their dirty Mistresses and Wives,
Lead out the rest of their mistaken Lives.
Never be too inquisitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind,
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breast,
You run great risque of losing all the rest;
And if he should unimportun'd impart
His secret Thoughts, and trust you with his Heart,
Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride or Lust,
Ever invite you to betray the Trust.
First never praise your own Designs, and then
Ne'er lessen the Designs of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To set a Partridge, or to chase a Hare,
Beg he'd excuse you for this once, and say,
You must go home, and study all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleasures but his own,
Was forc'd to give his Brother's Friendship o'er,
Or to resolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He chose the safest and the wisest way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the same, and for the self-same End,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your serious Studies, that you may
Vup with an equal Pleasure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and esteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleasing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility:

Who see you love the Pleasures they admire,
 Will equally approve what you desire;
 Such Condescension will more Friendship gain,
 Than the best Rules which your wise Books contain.
 Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
 Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
 For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
 But all Mankind; who will expect the same.
 Shun all inquisitive and curious Men,
 For what they hear they will relate again;
 And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
 Hath a loose Tongue to utter all he hears;
 And Words, like th' moving Air of which they're fram'd,
 When once let loose, can never be reclaim'd.
 Where you've access to a rich pow'rful Man,
 Govern your Mind with all the care you can;
 And be not by your foolish Lust betray'd,
 To court his Cousin, or debauch his Maid:
 Lest with a little Portion, and the pride
 Of being to the Family ally'd,
 He gives you either; with which Bounty blest,
 You must quit all Pretensions to the rest;
 Or lest, incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
 You should abuse the Kindness you receiv'd;
 He coldly thwarts your impotent desire,
 'Till you at last chuse rather to retire,
 Than tempt his Anger any more; and so
 Lose a great Patron, and a Mistress too.
 Next have a care, what Men you recommend
 To th' Service or Esteem of your rich Friend;
 Lest for his Service or Esteem unfit,
 They load you with the Faults which they commit.
 But as the wisest Men with all their Skill
 May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendship ill;
 So when you see you've err'd, you must refuse
 To defend those whom their own Crimes accuse.
 But if through Envy of malicious Men
 They be accus'd, you must protect them then,
 And plead their Cause your self; for when you see
 Him you commend, attack'd with Infamy,

Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbour's House is set on Fire,
You must his Safety as your own conspire.
Such hidden Fires, though in the Suburbs cast,
Neglected, may consume the Town at last.
They who don't know the Dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich pow'rful Friend,
Love no Estate so much, and think they're blest,
When they make but a Leg amongst the rest;
But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours, and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, lest with their Time and Pain
They lose more Pleasure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Vessel's under Sail,
You make your best Advantage of the Gale;
Lest the Wind changes, and some stormy Rain
Should throw you back to your first Port again.
You must endeavour to dispose your Mind
To please all Humours of a different kind;
Whose Temper's serious, and their Humour sad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad:
They who are merry, and whose Humour's free,
Abhor a sad and serious Gravity;
They who are slow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendship of a quick and ready Wit;
The slothful hate the busie active Men,
And are detested by the same again.
They whose free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuse;
Though his untimely Virtue to excuse,
He swears that one such merry drinking Feast
Would make him Sick for a whole Week at least.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modest Men are thought obscure and low;
And they, who an affected Silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, sower and deep.
Amongst all other things, do not omit
To search the Writings of great Men of Wit,

And in the Conversation of the Wise,
In what true Happiness and Pleasure lyes;
Which are the safest Rules to live at ease,
And the best way to make all Fortunes please;
Lest through the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And fear of losing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unsatisfy'd misguided Mind,
To needy Wishes, and false Joys confin'd,
Puts its free boundless searching Thoughts in Chains,
And where it sought its Pleasure, finds its Pains,
If virtuous Thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be giv'n by Nature, or obtain'd by Art;
What lessens Care, the Mind's uneasie Pain,
And reconciles us to our selves again;
Which doth the truest Happiness create,
Unblemish'd Honour, or a great Estate;
Or a safe private Quiet, which betrays
It self to ease, and cheats away the Days.
When I am at-----where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Estate,
Where Nature's care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treasures, and its outward Pride;
What Thoughts d'ye think those easie Joys inspire?
What do you think I covet and desire?
'Tis, that I may but undisturb'd possess
The littl' I have, and, if Heaven pleases, less;
That I, to Nature and my self may give
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Books, in which I some new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refresh my Mind;
Some Horses, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleasures which the Seasons make;
An easie Plenty, which at least may spare
The frugal Pains of a Domestick Care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love such an idle Life, and me;
Then, Heav'n, give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind,

A S O N G.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

Freedom is a real Treasure,
 Love a Dream, all false and vain,
 Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,
 Sure and lasting is the Pain.

II.

A sincere and tender Passion
 Some ill Planet over-rules;
 Ah how blind is Inclination!
 Fate and Women dote on Fools.

Answer'd by Mr. WHARTON.

When Wits from Sighing turn to Railing,
 Ill Success pleads some Excuse;
 Always trying, ever failing,
 Will provoke the dullest Muse.

II.

Cupid a revengeful God is,
 Woe be to the Poet's Heart,
 Flannel Shirts and Whale-bone Bodice
 Are not proof against his Dart.

Another ANSWER.

WHY this talking still of Dying,
 Why this dismal Look and Groan.
 Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,
 Let these fruitless Arts alone.
 Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
 Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit,

Much

Much amiss you take your Measure,
This dull whining way to hit.

II.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
By th' effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point pursue.
Brisk and gay appear in Woing,
Pleasant be if you would please;
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate, increase.

The Eighth Satyr of the First Book of
HORACE.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was, at first, a piece of Fig-tree Wood,
And long an honest Joiner pond'ring stood,
Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Joint-stool;
Each Knob he weigh'd, on every Inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God;
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.

The Raskals from their pilfing Tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my Fist.
The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my Sight.

When any of the Rabble did de cease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in Peace.
Unnoisom here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
Loose *Nomeptanus* left his Riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

Nor in these Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
Could lye beneath a Dunghil of its own.

But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air :
Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly Sight.

While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poys'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrife;
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and human Bones.

I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling Ground,
A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either's Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
A cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore :
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.

Two Images they brought of Wax, and Woo
The Waxed was a little puling Fool,
A chidden Image, ready still to skip,
Whene'er the Woollen one but snapt his Whip.
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldame calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents his'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.

May every Crow and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they fly :
And never miss a Dab tho' ne'er so high.

May Villain *Julius*, and his rascal Crew,
Use me with just such Ceremony too.

But how much Time and Patience would it cost,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes;
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.

Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Fig-tree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for Revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd, like fifty Bladders, from behind.

Scar'd with the Noise they scudd away to Town,
While *Sagana's* false Hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of Breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her Set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their Labours crost,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

*An O D E. Sung before King
CHARLES II. on New-Years-Day.*

By Mr. J. ALLESTRY.

I.

ARISE, Great Monarch, see the joyful Day,
Drest in the Glories of the East,
Presumes to interrupt your sacred Rest.

Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty Tidings of a New-born Year.

II.

Blest be that Sun, who in Time's fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embassie design'd,
To Head the Golden Troops of Days to come,
Nor lagg'd ingloriously behind,

Ignobly in the last Years Throng to rise and set.
 In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
 Since to add Years is greater than to give a Day.

C H O R U S.

*Oh may the happy Days encrease,
 With Spoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
 'Till Time and Age shall swallow'd be,
 Lost in vast Eternity.*

*May Charles ne'er quit his sacred Throne,
 Himself succeed himself alone.
 And to lengthen out his Time,
 Take, God, from us and give to him.
 That so each World a Charles may know,
 Father above and Son below.*

III.

Hark, the Jocund Sphears renew
 Their chearful and melodious Song,
 While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
 The rich and painted Throng
 Of happy Days, in their fair Order march along.
 Move on, ye prosperous Hours, move on,
 Finish your Course so well begun;
 Let no ill Omen dare prophane
 Your beauteous and harmonious Train,
 Or Jealousies or foolish Fears disturb you as you run.

IV

See, mighty *Charles*, how all the Minutes press,
 Each longing which shall first appear;
 Since in this renowned Year,
 Not one but feels a secret Happiness,
 As big with new Events and some unheard Success:
 See how our Troubles vanish, see
 How the tumultuous Tribes agree,
 Propitious Winds bear all our Grievs away,
 And Peace clears up the troubled Day.
 Not a Wrinkle, not a Scar
 Of Faction or dishonest War,
 But Poms and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

A S O N G.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

SYLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green;
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without Aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close.
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

M 5

The

The Episode of the Death of CAMILLA.

Translated out of the Eleventh Book of
Virgil's Æneids.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

ON Death and Wounds *Camilla* looks with Joy,
Freed from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.
Now, thick as Hail, her fatal Darts she flings;
The two-edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings.
Her Shoulders bore *Diana's* Arms and Bow:
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a Foe,
Her Shafts, revers'd, did Death and Horror bear,
And found the Rash, who durst pursue the Fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her Side.
These above all *Camilla's* Breast did share;
For Faith in Peace, and Gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* Bands,
When first they dy'd with Blood *Thermodoon's* Sands.
Such Troops *Hippolyta* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female Shouts alarm'd the trembling Fields,
And glaring Beams shot bright from Maiden Shields.
Who, gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain?
What gasping Numbers strew'd upon the Plain?
Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found;
Whole Torrents gush'd out of his Mouth and Wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in Pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his Gore.
Then hapless *Pegasus*, and *Lyris* bleed:
The latter reining up his fainting Steed;
The first as to his Aid he stretch'd his Hand,
Both at an Instant, headlong, struck the Sand.
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel.

Of all her Quiver not a Shaft was lost,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghost.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battel an *Apulian* Courser bore;
His brawny Back wrapt in a Bullock's Skin,
Upon his Head a Wolf did fiercely grin,
Above the rest his mighty Shoulders show,
And he looks down upon the Troops below:
Him (and 'twas easie, while his Fellows fled)
She struck along, and thus she triumph'd while he bled.
Some Coward Game thou didst believe to chace,
But, Hunter, see a Woman stops thy Race.
Yet to requiring Ghosts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla's* Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her Lance,
(While Breast to Breast the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his Armour's Joints it rung,
While on his Arm his useles Target hung.

Then from *Orsilochns* in Circle runs,
And follows the Pursuer, while she shuns.
For still with Craft a narrow Ring she wheels,
And brings her self up to the Chaser's Heels.
Her Ax, regardless of his Prayers and Groans,
She crashest thro' his Armour and his Bones.
Redoubled Stroaks the vanquish'd Foe sustains,
His reeking Face bespatter'd with his Brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the Place:
Who stopping short, star'd wildly in her Face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* Fraud imparts,
While Fate allow'd that Fraud, he was of subtlest Arts;
Who, when he saw he cou'd not shun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin by his Slight;
And cries aloud, What Courage can you show,
By cunning Horsemanship to cheat a Foe?
Forego your Horse, and strive not to betray,
But dare to combat, a more equal Way:
'Tis thus we see who merits Glory best.
So bray'd, fierce Indignation fires her Breast;
Dismounted from her Horse, in open Field,
Now, first she draws her Sword, and lifts her Shield.
He,

He, thinking that his Cunning did succeed,
 Reins round his Horse, and urges all his Speed,
 His golden Rowels hidden in his Sides:
 When thus his useless Fraud the Maid derides:
 Poor Wretch, that swell'd with a deluding Pride,
 In vain thy Country's little Arts are try'd.
 No more the Coward shall behold his Sire;
 Then plies her Feet, quick as the nimble Fire,
 And up before his Horse's Head she strains;
 When seizing, with a furious Hand, his Reins,
 She wreaks her Fury on his spouting Veins.
 So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
 And in a Cloud with ease o'ertakes a Dove;
 His Pounces so the grappled Foe assail,
 And Blood and Feathers mingle in a Hail.

Now *Jove*, to whom Mankind is still in fight,
 With more than usual Care beholds the Fight.
 And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires
 The furious Deeds to which his Blood he fires.
 He spurs through Slaughter, and his falling Troops,
 And with his Voice lifts every Arm that droops.
 He shouts his Name in every Soldier's Ears:
 Reviling thus the Spirits which he cheers.

Ye sham'd, and ever-branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
 From whence this Terror, and your Souls so base?
 When tender *Virgins* triumph in the Field,
 Let every brawny Arm let fall his Shield,
 And break the Coward Sword he dare not wield,
 Not thus you fly the daring She by Night;
 Nor Goblets, that your drunken Throats invite.
 This is your Choice, when with lewd *Bacchanals*,
 Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it calls.
 Thus having said -----

He spurs, with headlong Rage, among his Foes,
 As if he only had his Life to lose.
 And meeting *Venulus*, his Arms he clasps;
 The Armour dints beneath the furious Grasps.
 High from his Horse the sprawling Foe he rears,
 And thwart his Courser's Neck the Prize he bears.

The *Trojans* shout, the *Latins* turn their Eyes;
While swift as Light'ning airy *Tarchon* flies.
Who breaks his Lance, and views his Armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly Wound;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the Horse,
And to defend his Throat opposes Force to Force.
As when an Eagle high his Course does take,
And in his griping Talons bears a Snake,
A thousand Folds the Serpent casts, and high
Setting his speckled Scales, goes whistling thro' the Sky,
The fearless Bird but deeper goars his Prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy Way.
So from the midst of all his Enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* snatch'd and bore his Prize.
The Troops that shrunk, with Emulation press
To reach his Danger now, to reach at his Success.

Then *Aruns*, doom'd in spite of all his Art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his Dart.
And, sily watching for his Time, would try
To join his Safety with his Treachery.
Where-e'er her Rage the bold *Camilla* sends,
There creeping *Aruns* silently attends.
When, tir'd with conquering, she retires from Fight,
He steals about his Horse, and keeps her in his Sight.
In all her Rounds from him she cannot part,
Who shakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart.

Chlorens, the Priest of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whose hanches case,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and Brass.
He, clad in foreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* Arrows from a *Lycian* Bow.
Gold was that Bow, and Gold his Helmet too:
Gay were his upper Robes, which loosely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o'er with something rare,
And as he fought he glister'd ev'ry where.

Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or else to shine her self in *Trojan* Gold,
Him the fierce Maid pursues thro' all her Foes;
Regardless of the Life she did expose:

Him

Him eyes alone, to other Dangers blind,
And manly Force employs, to please a Virgin's Mind.

His Dart now *Aruns*, from his Ambush, throws;
And thus to Heav'n he sends his Coward Vows.

Apollo, oh thou greatest Deity!

Patron of blest *Soractis*, and of me;

(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of Pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory shine;

And when we trample on the Fire, our Soles,
By thee preserv'd, condemn the glowing Coals;)

My mighty Patron, make me wipe away

The Shame of this dishonourable Day.

Nor Spoils nor Triumph from the Deed I claim,

But trust my future Actions with my Fame.

This raging Female Plague but overcome,

Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home.

Apollo heard, to half his Pray'r inclin'd:

The rest he mingles with the fleeting Wind.

He gives *Camilla's* Ruin to his Pray'r:

To see his Country, that was lost in Air.

As singing o'er the Field the Jav'lin flies,

Upon the Queen the Army turn their Eyes.

But she, intent upon her golden Prey,

Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hissing way,

'Till in her Side it takes its deadly rest;

And drinks the Virgin Purple of her Breast.

The trembling *Amazons* run to her Aid,

And in their Arms they catch the falling Maid.

More quick than they the frightned *Aruns* flies,

And feels a Terror mingled with his Joys.

He trusts no more his Safety to his Spear;

Ev'n her expiring Courage gives him Fear.

So runs the Wolf smear'd with some Shepherd's Blood,

And strives to gain the shelter of a Wood,

Before the Darts his panting Sides assail,

And claps between his Legs his shiv'ring Tail;

Conscious of the audacious bloody Deed:

As *Aruns* seeks his Troops stretch'd on his Speed,

Where in their Center, quaking, he attends,

And skulks behind the Targets of his Friends.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 255

She strives to draw the Dart, but wedg'd among
 Her Ribs, deep to the Wound the Weapon clung;
 Then fainting rouls in Death her closing Eyes,
 While from her Cheeks the chearful Beauty flies,
 To *Acca* thus she breathes her last of Breath:
Acca that shar'd with her in all, but Death:
 Ah Friend! you once have seen me draw the Bow,
 But Fate and Darkness hover round me now.
 Make haste to *Turnus*, bid him bring with speed
 His fresh Reserves, and to my Charge succeed,
 Cover the City, and repel the Foe.
 Thus having said, her Hands the Reins forego;
 Down from her Horse she sinks, then gasping lies
 In a cold Sweat, and by degrees she dies:
 Her drooping Neck declines upon her Breast,
 Her swimming Head with Slumber is oppress'd;
 The lingring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
 And murmur'ing with Disdain, the beauteous Body
 leaves.

To my H E A R T.

WHAT ail'st thou, oh thou trembling Thing,
 To Pant and Languish in my Breast,
 Like Birds that fain wou'd try the callow Wing,
 And leave the downy Nest?
 Why hast thou fill'd thy self with Thought,
 Strange, new, fantastick as the Air?
 Why to thy Peaceful Empire hast thou brought
 That restless Tyrant, Care?
 But oh! alas, I ask in vain;
 Thou answer'st nothing back again,
 But in soft Sighs *Amyntor's* Name.

Oh thou Betrayers of my Liberty,
 Thou fond Deceiver, what's the Youth to thee!
 What

256 *The SECOND PART of*

What has he done, what has he said,
That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?
He came and saw, but 'twas by such a Light
As scarce distinguish'd Day from Night;
Such as in thick-grown Shades is found,
When here and there a piercing Beam
Scatters faint spangled Sun-shine on the Ground,
And casts about a melancholy Gleam;
But so obscure, I cou'd not see
The charming Eyes that wounded thee;
But they, like Gems, by their own Light
Betray'd their Value through the Gloom of Night.

I felt thee heave at every Look,
And stop my Language as I spoke.
I felt my Blood fly upward to my Face,
While thou unguarded lay,
Yielding to every Word, to every Grace,
Fond to be made a Prey.
I left thee watching in my Eyes,
And list'ning in my Ear,
Discovering Weakness in thy Sighs,
Uneasie with thy Fear:
Suffering Imagination to deceive,
I found thee willing to believe,
And with the treacherous Shade conspire,
To let into thy self a dangerous Fire.

Ah foolish Wanderer, say, what would'st thou do,
If thou should'st find at second View,
That all thou fanciest now were true?
If thou should'st find by Day those Charms,
Which thus observ'd threaten undoing Harms;
If thou should'st find that awful Mein
Not the Effects of first Address,
Nor of my Conversation disesteem,
But noble native Sullenness;
If thou should'st find that soft good-natur'd Voice
(Unus'd to Insolence and Noise)

Still

Still thus adorn'd with Modesty,
And his Mind's Virtues with his Wit agree;
Tell me, thou forward lavish Fool,
What Reason cou'd thy Fate controul,
Or save the Ruin of thy Soul?

Cease then to languish for the coming Day,
That may direct his wand'ring Steps that way,
When I again shall the lov'd Form survey.

CATO's *Answer* to LABIENUS,
when he advis'd him to consult the
Oracle of Jupiter Ammon.

Being a Paraphrastical Translation of part of the
Ninth Book of Lucan; beginning at

— *Quid quari, Labiene, jubes, &c.*

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

WHAT should I ask my Friend, which best wou'd be,
To live enslav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate?
Or Virtue bow beneath the Blows of Fate?
If Fortune's Threats a steady Soul disdains?
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the Pains?
If it our Happiness at all import
Whether the foolish Scene be long or short?
If when we do but aim at noble Ends
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends?
If for bad Accidents, which thickest press
On Merit, we shou'd like a good Cause less;
Or be the fonder of it for Success?

}
}
}
All

All this is clear, wove in our Minds it sticks,
 Nor *Ammon*, nor his Priests, can deeper fix;
 Without the Clergy's venial Cant and Pains,
 God's never-frustrate Will holds ours in Chains,
 Nor can we act but what th' All-wise ordains:
 Who needs no Voice, nor perishing Words, to awe
 Our wild Desires, and give his Creatures Law.
 Whate'er to know, or needful was or fit,
 In the wise Frame of Human Souls 'tis writ;
 Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
 He, once for all, did at our Births declare.
 But never did he seek out Desert Lands,
 To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
 Or to a corner of the World withdrew,
 Head of a Sect, and partial to a few.
 Nature's vast Fabrick is his House alone,
 This Globe his Foot-stool, and high Heav'n his Throne,
 In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excels,
 In knowing Heads and honest Hearts he dwells.
 Why seek we then among these barren Sands,
 In narrow Shrines, and Temples built with Hands,
 Him, whose dread Presence does all Places fill?
 Or look but in our Reason for his Will?
 All we e'er saw is God! in all we find
 Apparent Prints of the Eternal Mind.
 Let doating Fools their Course by Prophets steer,
 And always of the future live in Fear;
 No Oracle, or Dream the Croud is told,
 Can make me more or less resolv'd and bold:
 But surer Death, which equally on all,
 Both on the Coward and the Brave must fall.
 This said, and turning with disdain about,
 He left scorn'd *Ammon* to the vulgar Rout.



A Letter to Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

By Mr. PRYOR.

S I R,

AS once a Twelve-Month to the Priest,
Whom some call Pope, some Antichrist,
The *Spanish* King presents a Genner,
To show his Love;---- That's all that's in it:
For if his Holiness wou'd thump
His rev'rend Bum 'gainst Horse's Rump,
He might be equipt from his own Stable,
With one more white, and eke more able.

Or as with Gondola's and Men, his
Good Excellence, the Duke of *Venice*,
(I wish for Rhime 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State he wisely maintains
Keeps Kindness up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
For else, in honest Truth, the Sea
Has much less need of Gold than he.

Or, not to Rove, and pump ones Fancy
For Popish Similes beyond Sea;
As Folks, from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent,
Present a Turkey, or an Hen,
To those might better spare them Ten;
Ev'n so, with all Submission, I
(For first Men instance, then apply;)
Send you each Year a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.

Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Respect, and not show Wit;
Nor look a-skew at what it saith:
There's no Petition in it---- Faith.

Here some wou'd scratch their Heads, and try
What they shou'd write, and how, and why:
But I conceive such Folks are quite in
Mistakes, in Theory of Writing.

If,

If once for Principle 'tis laid,
 That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
 I argue thus: The World agrees
 That he writes well who writes with Ease;
 Then he, by Sequel Logical,
 Writes best who never thinks at all.
 Verse comes from Heav'n, like inward Light,
 Meer Human Pains can ne'er come by't:
 The God, not we, the Poem makes;
 We only tell Folks what he speaks.
 Hence, when Anatomists discourse
 How like Brutes Organs are to ours,
 They grant, if higher Powers think fit;
 A Bear might soon be made a Wit:
 And that, for any thing in Nature,
 Pigs might squeak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.

Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted Vocal,
 But 'twas the God mean-while that spoke all:
 Rome oft has heard a Cross haranguing,
 With prompting Priest behind the Hanging;
 The Wooden Head resolv'd the Question,
 While you and *Pettys* helpt the Jest on.

Your crabbed Rogues that read *Lucretius*
 Are against Gods, you know, and teach us,
 The God makes not the Poet, but
 The *Thesis*, *vice-versa* put,
 Shou'd *Hebrew-wise* be understood,
 And means, *the Poet makes the God*.

Aegyptian Gard'ners thus are said, to
 Have set the Leeks they after pray'd to;
 And *Romish* Bakers praise the Deity,
 They chipp'd, while yet in its Panicity;
 That when you Poets swear and cry,
 The God inspires, I rave, I die;
 If inward Wind does truly swell you
 'T must be the Cholick in your Belly.

That Writing is but just like Dice,
 And lucky Mains make People wise;
 That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
 Shall well as *Dryden* form a Poem.

Or make a Speech correct and witty,
As you know who --- at the Committee.

So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge made all things at a venture.

But granting Matters shou'd be spoke
By Method, rather than by Luck,

This may confine their younger Styles,
Whom Dryden Pedagogues at Will's;

But never cou'd be meant to tie
Authentick Wits, like you, and I:

For as young Children, who are ty'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from sliding,

When Members knit, and Legs grow stronger,
Make use of such Machine no longer;

But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On Horse call'd *Hobby*, or without:

So when, at School, we first declaim,
Old *Busby* walks us in a Theme,

Whose Props support our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain;

But when our Souls their force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Estate,

In Verse or Prose we write or chat,
Not Sixpence matter upon what.

'Tis not how well an Author says,
But 'tis how much that gathers Praise.

T--- n, who is himself a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.

Thus each shou'd down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread to fill up Chinks.

Kind Sir, I shou'd be glad to see you,
I hope you're well, so God be wi' you,

Was all I thought at first to write;
But Things since then are alter'd quite:

Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high,
So God knows when my Clack will lie:

I must, Sir, prattle on as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half-hour.

So at pure Barn of loud *Non-Con*,
Where with my Granam I have gone,

When

When *Lobb* had sifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.

For your Religion first, of her
Your Friends do fav'ry things aver;
They say she's honest as your Claret,
Not sour'd with Cant, nor stum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the sole Retreat
Of Chaplains every Sunday Night;
Of Grace no doubt a certain sign,
When Lay-man herds with Man Divine.
For if their Fame he justly great,
Who wou'd no *Popish Nuncio* treat:
That his is greater we must grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Protestant.
One single Positive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a score.

In Politicks I hear you're stanch,
Directly bent against the *French*,
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden Shooe;
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The publick Welfare in your private:
And will for *England's* Glory try,
Turks, *Jews*, and *Jesuits* to defie,
And keep your Places 'till you die.

For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and you,
Let me just tell you how my Time is
Past in a Country Life. — *Imprimis*,
As soon as *Phœbus*' Rays inspect us,
First, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfast;
So on, 'till 'foresaid God does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat:
Thus of your Heroes, and brave Boys,
With whom old *Homer* makes such Noise,
The greatest Actions I can find,
Are that they did their Work, and din'd.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 263

The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilome con'd,
That treat of *China's* Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Galconda*,
Of High-way Elephants at *Ceylan*,
That rob in Clanns, like Men o' th' *Highland*;
Of Apes that storm or keep a Town,
As well, almost, as Count *Lauzune*;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other stranger Matters.
Which though they're Things I've no concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.

Criticks I read on other Men;
And Hypers upon them again;
From whose Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.

Then all your Wits that fear and sham,
Down from *Don Quixot* to *Tom. Tram*;
From whom I Jest and Punns purloin,
And sily put 'em off for mine:

Fond to be thought a Country Wit.
The rest --- when Fate and you think fit.

Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottled Ale, and neighbouring Vicar;
Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,

--- *Squire Shepherd's Health* --- With all my Heart.

Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,

'Till *Shadwell* from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires)

To bless the Wood with peaceful Lyrick;

Then hey for Praise and Panegyrick;

Justice restor'd, and Nations freed,

And Wreaths round *William's* glorious Head.

Burleigh, May 14.

1689.

SONG

SONG of BASSET.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

LET Equipage and Dress despair,
 Since *Basset* is come in,
 For nothing can oblige the Fair
 Like Money and Morine.

Is any Countess in distress,
 She flies not to the Beau,
 'Tis only *Cony* can redress
 Her Grief with a *Roulean*.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
 Poor Love is bought and sold:
 And that which should be a free Trade,
 Is now ingross'd by Gold.

Ev'n Sense is brought into disgrace,
 Where Company is met;
 Or silent stands, or leaves the Place,
 While all the Talk's *Basset*.

Why, Ladies, will you stake your Hearts,
 Where a plain Cheat is found?
 You first are rookt out of those Darts
 That gave your selves the Wound.

The Time, which should be kindly lent
 To Plays and witty Men,
 In waiting for a Knave is spent,
 Or wishing for a Ten.

Stand in defence of your own Charms,
 Throw down this Favorite,
 That threatens with his dazzling Arms
 Your Beauty and your Wit.

What Pity 'tis, those conquering Eyes,
Which all the World subdue,
Should, while the Lover gazing dies,
Be only on *Alpue*.

A PROLOGUE to SATYR.

TO that prodigious height of Vice we're grown,
Both in the Court, the Theatre, and Town,
That 'tis of late believ'd, nay fix'd a Rule,
Whoever is not vicious, is a Fool:
Hiss'd at by old and young, despis'd, oppress'd,
If he be not a Villain like the rest.
Virtue and Truth are lost: Search for good Men,
Among ten Thousand you will scarce find Ten.
Half Wits, conceited Coxcombs, Cowards, Braves,
Base Flatt'ers, and the endless fry of Knaves,
Fops, Fools, and Pimps, we ev'ry where may find;
And not to meet 'em is to shun Mankind.
The other Sex too, whom we all adore,
When search'd we still find rotten at the Core,
An old dry Bawd, or a young juicy Whore:
Their Love all false, their Virtue but a Name,
And nothing in 'em constant, but their Shame.
What Satyrist then that's honest can sit still,
And unconcern'd see such a Tide of Ill
With an impetuous Force o'erflow the Age,
And not strive to restrain it with his Rage;
On Sin's vast Army seize, Wing, Rear, and Van,
And, like impartial Death, not spare a Man?
For where, alas! where is that mighty He,
That is from Pride, Deceit, and Envy free,
Or rather is not tainted with all three?
Mankind is criminal, their Acts, their Thoughts,
'Tis Charity to tell 'em of their Faults,
And show their Failings in a faithful Glass:
For who wou't mend, who sees himself an Ass?

And this Design 'tis that employs my Muse,
 That for her daily Theam she's proud to chuse;
 A Theam that she'll have daily need to use.
 Let other Poets flatter, fawn, and write,
 To get some Guineas and a Dinner by't:
 Such mercenary Wretches, should they starve,
 They meet a kinder Fate than they deserve.
 But she cou'd ne'er cringe to a Lord for Meat,
 Or praise a prosperous Villain, tho' he's great:
 Quite contrary her Practice shall appear,
 Unbrib'd, impartial, pointed, and severe:
 That way my Nature leads, compos'd of Gall,
 I must write sharply, or not write at all.

Tho' THYRSIS wings the Air in tow'ring Flights,
 And to a wonder Panegyrick writes,
 Tho' he is still exalted and sublime,
 Scarce to be match'd by past or present Time;
 Tho' smooth and lofty all his Lines appear,
 The Thoughts all noble, the Expression clear,
 With Judgment, Wit, and Fancy, shining ev'ry where;
 Yet what Instruction can from hence accrue?
 'Tis Flatt'ry all; too fulsome to be true.
 Urge not, for 'tis to vindicate the Wrong,
 It causes Emulation in the Young,
 A Thirst to Fame, while some high Act they read,
 That prompts 'em to the same Romantick Deed.
 As if some pow'rful Magick lay in Rhimes,
 That made 'em braver than at other times.
 'Tis false and fond; Hero's may huff and fight;
 But who can merit so as he can write?
 To say a Glow-worm is the Morning Star,
 And that it may with ease be seen as far,
 Were most ridiculous; so far from Truth,
 It justly wou'd deserve a sharp Reproof.
 That Slave is more to blame, whose hireling Pen
 Calls Knaves and Coxcombs wise deserving Men;
 Says the rank Bawds are all with Sweetness grac'd,
 Courtiers all just, and all Court-Strumpets chaste.
 If to be prais'd does give a Man pretence
 To Glory, Learning, Honesty and Sense,
 Cromwell had much to say in his Defence;

Who, tho' a Tyrant, which all Ills comprize,
 Has been extoll'd and lifted to the Skies.
 Whilst Living, such was the Applause he gave;
 Counted High, Princely, Pious, Just, and Brave;
 And with Eriomulins waited to his Grave.
 Who then wou'd give this for a Poet's Praise,
 Which rightly understood does but debase,
 And blast the Reputation it wou'd raise?
 Hence 'tis, and 'tis a Punishment that's fit,
 They are contemn'd and scorn'd by Men of Wit.
 'Tis true some Sots may nibble at their Praise,
 And think it great to stand i'th' Front of Plays;
 Tho' most to that Stupidity are grown,
 They wave their Patron's Praise to write their own:
 And yet they never fail of their Rewards;
 And faith in that I cannot blame the Bards
 If Coxcombs will be Coxcombs, let 'em rue;
 If they love Flatt'ry let 'em pay for't too.
 'Tis one sure Method to convince the Elves,
 They spare my Pains, and Satyrize themselves.
 In short, nought helps like Satyr to amend,
 While in huge Volumes Motley Priests contend,
 And let their vain Disputes ne'er have an end:
 They plunge us in those Snares we else shou'd shun;
 Like Tinkers, make ten Holes in mending one.
 Our dearest Friends too, tho' they know our Faults,
 For Pity or for Shame conceal their Thoughts;
 While we, who see our Failings not forbid,
 Loosely run on in the vain Paths we did.
 'Tis Satyr then that is our truest Friend;
 For none, before they know their Faults, can mend:
 That tells us boldly of our foulest Crimes,
 Reproves ill Manners, and reforms the Times.
 How am I then to blame, when all I write
 Is honest Rage, not Prejudice or Spite?
 Truth is my Aim, with Truth I shall impeach;
 And I'll spare none that comes within its reach.
 On then, my Muse, the World before thee lyes,
 And lash the Knaves and Fools that I despise.

The FORSAKEN MISTRESS:

A Dialogue between PHYLLIS *and*
STREPHON.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

PHYLLIS.

TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my Embraces fly?
 Does my Love thy Love destroy?
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
 (Though I break my Heart) Disdain;
 But lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
 Let mine, at least, thy Pity move:
 Ah! while I scorn vouchsafe to woo,
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

STREPHON.

Ah! *Phyllis*, that you would contrive
 A way to keep my Love alive;
 But all your other Charms must fail,
 When Kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you, I grieve,
 My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
 For I can never hope to find,
 Shou'd all the Nymphs I court, be kind,
 One Beauty able to renew
 Those Pleasures I enjoy'd in you;
 When Love and Youth did both conspire
 To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
 That Heart which merits your Disdain;
 But second Love has still allay,
 The Joys grow aged, and decay.

Then

Then blame me not for losing more
Than Love and Beauty can restore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The NATURE of WOMEN;

*A Translation of Part of the Fourth Eclogue
of Mantuan.*

A S A T Y R.

Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum.

YE sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra* be by,
While you, *Polymnia*, prompt my Memory;
And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue,
Lest Woman should complain I do her Wrong.
WOMAN, that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Just or Good delight.
In vain would Man prescribe Laws to the Fool,
Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule;
Who ne'er considers what is wrong or right,
But all she does is pure Design and Spite.
When she shou'd Run, she's aptest to sit still,
Ready to Fly to contradict your Will:
Her Temper so extravagant we find,
She hates, or is most troublesomly kind.
Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil;
And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil.
Can smile or weep, be foolish or seem wise,
Or any thing, so she may tyrannize.
What she will now, anon she will not do;
Had rather cross her self, than not cross you.
She has a prattling, vain, and double Tongue,
Inconstant, roving, and loves nothing long:

Imperious, bloody, so made up of Passion,
 She is the very Firebrand of a Nation:
 Covetous, wicked, and not fit to trust:
 And covetous to spend it on her Lust,
 Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
 The heavy Yoke and Burden of Mankind.
 Where-e'er she comes, she Strife with her does bring;
 Her Life is but one entire Gossipping;
 At which with endless Talking drunk she grows,
 And round about her Lies and Slanders throws.
 When she is young, she whores her self for Sport,
 And when she's old, she bawds for her Support;
 And in her Bawding no Exception makes,
 But a good Price for her own Daughter takes:
 Who well instructed in her Mother's Tricks,
 Make her but Mistress of a Coach and Six,
 Of the demurest Saint she'll turn a Bitch,
 Deny you nothing, to be Great and Rich.
 With Charms and Charms, the Devil himself employ,
 Rather than not, what she desires, enjoy.
 She is a Snare, a Shambles, and a Stews;
 Her Meat and Sauce she does for Leachery chuse;
 And does in Laziness delight the more,
 Because by that she is provok'd to whore.
 Her Beauty and her Tongue serve both one end,
 First to insnare, and then betray her Friend.
 She may defer the Punishment she gives,
 But ne'er forget an Injury she receives.
 Ungrateful, treach'rous, enviously inclin'd:
 Wild Beasts are tam'd, Floods easier far confin'd,
 Than is her stubborn and rebellious Mind. }
 Sh' exclaims, reproaches one Friend to another,
 And spares not her own Father or her Mother.
 Delights in all the Mischiefs she can do;
 Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too.
 False to her Promises and her best Friends,
 Oblig'd by nothing but her own base Ends.
 Deludes, defames you with her subtle Tricks,
 'Till something on your Reputation sticks.

These are her Virtues; and her only Fears
 Are that she shall not set you by the Ears:
 'Tis to that purpose her false Tongue's employ'd;
 If whisp'ring will not do't, she talks aloud:
 Will spare no Pains to speak in your Dispraise,
 And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raise;
 Hide Mischiefs where they are, find 'em where's none,
 And as Time serves, alter her Looks and Tone.
 Would'st thou on Quick-sand for thy Safety walk?
 Converse with Woman, and believe her Talk.
 Would'st thou a Serpent in thy Bosom bear?
 Then hug the Sorceress, entertain her there.
 If all her Arts and Industry shou'd fail
 To ruin thee, her Malice wou'd prevail.
 If possible, thy Senses she'll surprise,
 And even cuckold thee before thy Eyes;
 And yet with Modesty the Fact would paint;
 Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint. [true,
 When't serves her turn, she'll make things false seem
 And Truths for Falshoods will impose on you;
 And by the Serpent taught, when *Adam* fell,
 Has learnt t' out-do the blackest Arts of Hell.
 These sad Examplies which I here produce
 Serve to confirm they will no Crimes refuse;
 And that such Deeds as Cruelty wou'd shun,
 Have by their Hands, or for their Sakes, been done.
 Tempted by Bracelets which King *Tullus* wore,
 (Besides an itching which she had to whore)
Tarpeia once the Capitol did sell
 To the proud Foe, by whose own Sword she fell, }
 And for her Treason was rewarded well.
Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
 'Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* fomented lasting War:
 For twice five Years the deadly Feud had burn'd,
 When conquer'd *Troy* was into Ashes turn'd.
Semiramis, whose Hands in Blood were cloy'd,
 With murdering all the Men she had enjoy'd,
 To set her pretty Luxuries off the more,
 For *Ninus* burn'd, who stabb'd th' incestuous Whore.

The cruel *Bellides* at Night did slay
 Th' unhappy Bridegrooms in their Bosoms lay.
 But here a Miracle I may declare,
 The only Mercy of the Sex we hear,
 One of the Fifty did her Husband spare.
 Such are their Mercies which we are to trust;
 So dangerous is a Woman's Hate and Lust.
Rebecca did with Venson *Isaac* treat,
 (Women seem kindest when they mean to cheat)
 And so the poor dim-sighted Man deceiv'd,
 And *Esau* of the Blessing she bereav'd.
 Our Mother *Eve*, to please her liquorish Taste,
 Did out of Paradise old *Adam* cast:
 And they'll all help to damn us at the last.

Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,
 And by the Rural Gods of ev'ry Grove,
 As you desire your tender Flocks, shou'd thrive,
 Or you your selves in Peace and Safety live,
 That these loose Cattle from your Herds you drive.
Thestylis, *Phyllis*, and inconstant *Chloris*,
Neera, *Galatea*, and *Lycoris*;
 Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
 No more the Subject of your Verse and Song,
 On whose Injustice you in vain exclaim'd:
 What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd?
 I now grown old, by long Experience wise,
 Can set things past, to come before your Eyes,
 And from their Cheats can pluck off the Disguise.
 If lesser Birds the Eagle's Talons shun,
 If Stags those Gins by which they are undone,
 If Sheep their Enemy the Wolf avoid,
 And Deer the Hounds by which they are destroy'd;
 Shepherds, why do you not with Horror fly
 From Woman, your more mortal Enemy?
 In her the *Crocodile* you may discern;
 Of her the *Hyena* may Subtlety learn.
 When she intreats you gently with her Eyes,
 And to make surer of you, fawns and cries,
 Perdition lurks beneath the fair Disguise.

With

With these Decoys deluded Man she takes,
 And to her boundless Will a Vassal makes.
 No Resolution, Virtue, Strength or Power
 Trust, to secure thee from a dangerous Whore.
 Although in *Perseus*' Armour thou wert clad,
 Didst thou come near her, I shou'd think thee mad;
 She has more Charms than e'er *Medusa* had:
 And dangles on her Breast no Lock of Hair,
 But what's more fatal than those Serpents were.
 Some have kill'd Monsters, others Giants slain,
 Some Cities sack'd, and some bestrid the Main,
 And pointed Hills have levell'd with the Plain;
 Yet all these Heroes have, as Stories tell,
 To Woman's Pride and Lust a Trophy fell.
 Wise *David*, and his yet much wiser Son,
 And mighty *Samson* who such Fame had won,
 Were all by these base Prostitutes undone.
 A Woman's Lust is harder far subdu'd,
 Than stubborn Fires by boisterous Winds made rude.
 The Sword, the Plague, the Rocks and angry Seas,
 Are to our Lives more merciful than these.
 For they, whose Looks by Nature kill before,
 With Art do strive to make 'em kill the more:
 Their Heads are shaded, not a Hair awry,
 And tempting Curles upon their Foreheads lye;
 Whilst glitt'ring Jewels set in Gold do grace,
 And gave a Lustre to their painted Face:
 As brighter Beams upon some River play,
 And gilds its Surface on a Sun-shine Day.
 When in this Order, this Exactness dress'd,
 They then consult what Look becomes 'em best;
 And round about their Dressing Room they stalk,
 To see what Gate becomes 'em as they walk.
 If they are courted, they to Corners fly,
 As if they were made up of Modesty,
 But 'tis to give you Opportunity;
 Where they still hope, although they bid you go,
 You have more Manners than to leave 'em so:
 And with inviting and lascivious Eyes,
 They grant you faster than their Tongue denies.

Thus North-west Winds, as Naturalists rehearse,
Attract those Clouds which they again disperse.
So have we often seen such flatter'ing Weather,
When Rain and Sun-shine both contend together.
Let me advise, I say, b' Experience taught,
How to preserve thee ere thou yet art caught.
They conquer both by Kindness and Disdain;
Know how to lessen, how increase the Pain.
As subtle Surgeons with their Patients deal,
Now apply Caustick, and now Balm to heal:
Study to make themselves, tho' foul, look fair;
In Bed or up, 'tis their continual Care.
See 'em undrest, the Spectacles will fright,
And poison you like Basilisks at sight.
Pomatus, Washes, Paints, Perfumes they use,
And never think they can be too profuse.
False Skins, false Shapes, false colour'd Locks they wear,
False Smiles, and Looks more false than is their Hair.
Thus they, like Actors 'till the Play is done,
Have nothing on that they can call their own.
Consult their Glasses how to move their Lips,
To thrust their Breech out, and to shake their Hips;
Then look again, and turn their Eyes aside,
Practise to laugh, to fawn, and to deride.
What means their naked Breasts, that open way
For wand'ring Thoughts to enter at and stray,
But to inflame our Hearts into Desire,
And kindle in our Bloods a wanton Fire?
These are the Dangers which all Youth do run;
These are the Rocks and Gulphs I'd have 'em shun.
Thus much we do in learned *Umbel* find,
What in his Days he thought of Womankind:
That they were vicious then, we must allow,
But we all know they're much less vicious now.



Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE to the
Earl of MIDDLETON.

SINCE Love and Verse, as well as Wine,
Are brisker where the Sun does shine,
'Tis something to lose two Degrees,
Now Age it self begins to freeze:
Yet this I patiently cou'd bear,
If the rough *Danube's* Beauties were
But only two degrees less fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle *Thames*,
Who warm me hither with their Beams:
Such Power they have, they can dispence
Five hundred Miles their Influence.
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Though no Temptation's in the Meat.
How would the ogling Sparks despise
The darling Damsel of my Eyes;
Should they behold her at a Play,
As she's trick'd-up on Holy-day:
When the whole Family combine
For publick Pride to make her shine?
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
Are on this Day comb'd out and plaited:
A Diamond Bodkin in each Tress,
The Badges of her Nobleness.
For ev'ry Stone, as well as she,
Can boast an ancient Pedigree.
These form'd the Jewel erst did grace
The Cap of the first *Grave* o'th' Race,
Preferr'd by *Grassin Marian*
T' adorn the Handle of her Fan,
And as by old Record appears,
Worn since in *Renigunda's* Years,
Now sparkling in the Frokin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air
Can with her starry Head compare.

Such

Such Ropes of Pearl her Arms incumber,
 She scarce can deal the Cards at *Ombre*.
 So many Rings each Finger freight,
 They tremble with the mighty weight.
 The like in *England* ne'er was seen,
 Since *Holben* drew *Hal* and his Queen.
 But after these fantastick Flights,
 The Lustre's meaner than the Lights.
 The Thing that bears this glitt'ring Pomp
 Is but a tawdry ill-bred Rômp,
 Whose brawny Limbs and martial Face
 Proclaim her of the *Gothick* Race,
 More than the mangled Pageantry
 Of all the Father's Heraldry.
 But there's another sort of Creatures,
 Whose ruddy Look and Grotesque Features
 Are so much out of Nature's way,
 You'd think 'em stamp'd on other Clay;
 No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*.
 'Mongst these behold a City Madam,
 With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
 A dapper Cloak and rev'rend Ruff:
 No Farce so pleasant as this Maukin,
 And the soft Sound of *High-Dutch* talking.
 Here unattended by the Graces,
 The Queen of Love in a sad Case is.
 Nature, her active Minister,
 Neglects Affairs, and will not stir;
 Thinks it not worth the while to please,
 But when she does it for her Ease.
 Ev'n I, her most devout Adorer,
 With wandring Thoughts appear before her.
 And when I'm making an Oblation,
 Am fain to spur Imagination
 With some sham *London* Inclination.
 The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,
 The Arrow flies at *English* Game.
 Kindness, that can Indifference warm,
 And blow that *Calm* into a Storm,

Has in the very tenderest Hour
Over my Gentleness a Power.
True to my Country-women's Charms,
When kiss'd and press'd in foreign Arms.

*A Letter from Mr. DRYDEN to
Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.*

TO you who live in chill Degree,
As Map informs, of Fifty three,
And do not much for Cold atone,
By bringing thither Fifty one;
Methinks all Climes shou'd be alike,
From Tropick e'en to Pole Artique;
Since you have such a Constitution
As no where suffers Diminution,
You can be old in grave Debate,
And young in Love-affairs of State:
And both to Wives and Husbands show
The Vigour of a Plenipo——.
Like mighty Missioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium.
A Work of wondrous Merit sure,
So far to go, so much t'indure:
And all to Preach to German Dame,
Where Sound of Cupid never came.
Less had you done, had you been sent
As far as Drake or Pinto went,
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line a,
Or e'en for Oranges to China.
That had indeed been Charity;
Where Love-sick Ladies helpless lye,
Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry.
But you have made your Zeal appear
Within the Circle of the Bear.
What Region of the Earth's so dull,
That is not of your Labours full?

Trig-

Triptolemus, so sung the Nine,
 Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine,
 But spite of all these Fable-Makers,
 He never sow'd on *Almain Acres*:
 No, that was left by Fate's Decree,
 To be perform'd and sung by thee.
 Thou break'st thro' Forms with as much ease
 As the *French King* thro' Articles.
 In grand Affairs thy Days are spent,
 In waging weighty Complement,
 With such as Monarchs represent.
 They who such vast Fatigues attend,
 Want some soft Minutes to unbend,
 To show the World that now and then
 Great Ministers are mortal Men.
 Then *Rhenish* Rummers walk the Round,
 In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd,
 Besides three Holy miter'd Hectors,
 And the whole College of Electors.
 No Health of Potentate is sunk
 That pays to make his Envoy drunk.
 These *Dutch Delights* I mention'd last,
 Suit not I know your *English Taste*:
 For Wine to leave a Whore or Play
 Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
 Nor need this Title give Offence,
 For here you were your Excellence,
 For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
 His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
 Now if you rope in form, and treat,
 'Tis the four Sauce to the sweet Meat.
 The Fine you pay for being great.
 Nay here's a harder Impolition,
 Which is indeed the Court's Petition,
 That setting worldly Pomp aside,
 Which Poet has at Font deny'd,
 You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way
 To write a Trifle call'd a Play.
 This truly is a Degradation,
 But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation
 Next to your wise Negotiation.

If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high Degree; your Friends will say }
The Duke St. Agnon made a Play.
If Gallick Wit convince you scarce,
His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce.
And you, whose Comick Wit is Terse all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearfal.
Then finish what you have began;
But scribble faster if you can;
For yet no George, to our discerning,
Has writ without a ten Years Warning.

*Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE's second
Letter to the Lord MIDDLETON.*

FROM hunting Whores, and haunting Play,
And minding nothing else all Day, }
And all the Night too, you will say;
To make grave Legs in formal Fetters,
Converse with Fools, and write dull Letters;
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And sleep away my precious Time,
In such a sneaking idle Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,
And in a troublesome Disguise,
The Wife seems honest, Husband wise,
For Pleasure here has the same Fate
Which does attend Affairs of State,
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Even in Love, the softer Sex;
Who an Essential will neglect,
Rather than lose the least Respect.
In regular Approach we storm,
And never visit but in form;
That is, sending to know before
At what a Clock she'll play the Whore.
The Nymphs are constant, Gallants private,
One scarce can guess what 'tis they drive at.

This

This seems to me a scurvy Fashion,
 Who have been bred in a free Nation,
 With Liberty of Speech and Passion,
 Yet I cannot forbear to spark it,
 And make the best of a bad Marker.
 Meeting with one by chance Kind-hearted,
 Who no Preliminaries started,
 I enter'd beyond Expectation
 Into a close Negotiation:
 Of which hereafter a Relation.
 Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
 I still was pleas'd with what she gave;
 And with a firm and cheerful Mind
 I steer my Course with ev'ry Wind,
 To all the Ports she has design'd.

On the Death of Mr. OLDHAM.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak,
 Unmindful of himself, *Menalcas* lean'd;
 He sought not now in Heat the Shade of Trees,
 But shunn'd the flowing River's pleasing Bank.
 His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass,
 Nor feed his Sheep together on the Plain,
 Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
 In this lamenting State young *Corydon*
 (His Friend and dear Companion of his Hour)
 Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

C O R Y D O N.

Thee have I sought in ev'ry shady Grove,
 By purling Streams, and in each private Place
 Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love.
 Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
 By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent?
 What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind,
 And why wilt thou have Woes unknown to me?
 But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend;
 Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

ME.

MENALCAS.

Young *Astrophell* is dead, Dear *Astrophell*,
 He that cou'd tune so well his charming Pipe;
 To hear whose Lays, Nymphs left their crystal Spring,
 The Fawns and Dryades forsook the Woods,
 And hearing, all were ravish'd — swiftest Streams
 With-held their Course to hear the Heav'nly Sound,
 And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on;
 The following Waves forcing their way to hear.
 Oft the fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,
 Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
 Left the Pursuit, rather than lose the Sound
 Of his alluring Pipe. The harmless Lamb
 Forgot his Nature, and forsook his Fear,
 Stood by the Wolf, and listen'd to the Sound.
 He cou'd command a general Peace, and Nature
 wou'd obey.

This Youth, this Youth is dead! The same Disease
 That carry'd sweet *Orinda* from the World
 Seiz'd upon *Astrophell*. — Oh let these Tears
 Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
 And let my Speech give way a-while to Tears.

CORYDON.

Weep on, *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
 The Tears of all Mankind; general the Loss,
 And general be the Grief. Except by Fame,
 I knew him not; but surely this is he
 Who sung learn'd * *Colin's* and great † *Ægon's* Praise;
 Dead ere he liv'd; yet have new Life from him.
 Did he not mourn lamented ‡ *Bion's* Death,
 In Verses equal to what *Bion* wrote?

MENALCAS.

Yes this was he, (oh that I say he was!)
 He that cou'd sing the Shepherds Deeds so well,
 Whether to praise the good he turn'd his Pen,
 Or lash'd th' egregious Follies of the bad,
 In both he did excel, —
 His happy Genius bad him take the Pen,
 And dictated more fast than he cou'd write:

* *Spencer*. † *Johnson*. ‡ *Rochester*.

Some..

Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own;
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd useful be,
And sweat'd not to be correctly dull.

C O R T D O N.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer Thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous Fraught
Of youthful Vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!
Equal to mighty * *Pan's* Immortal Verse;
He that now rules with undisputed Sway,
Guide of our Pens, crown'd with eternal Bays,

M E N A L C A S.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn his Death, the Loss of such a Friend:
But for himself he dy'd in the best Hour,
And carry'd with him ev'ry Man's Applause.
Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting Hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have seen the World
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face;
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths wou'd for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Verse,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my Dear *Astrophell*: He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him. What's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

C O R T D O N.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Astrophell* in Tears.
Thy Sheep, return'd from straying, round thee gaze,
And wonder at thy Mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled Mind with easing Sleep;
To-morrow's chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

* *Dryden.*

On the Prince's going to *England* with an
Army to restore the Government, 1688.

*Hunc saltem everso Juvenem succurrere saclo
Ne prohibete* — Virg. Georg. Lib. 1.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

ONce more a FATHER and a SON fall out:
The World involving in their high Dispute;
Remotest *India's* Fate on theirs depends,
And *Europe* trembling, the Event attends.
Their Motions ruling every other State,
As on the Sun the lesser Planets wait.
Power warms the Father, Liberty the Son,
A Prize well worth th' uncommon Venture run.
Him a false Pride to govern unrestrain'd,
And by mad Means, bad Ends to be attain'd;
All Bars of Property drives headlong through,
Millions oppressing to enrich a few.
Him Justice urges, and a noble Aim
To equal his Progenitors in Fame,
And make his Life as glorious as his Name.
For Law and Reason's Power he does engage,
Against the Reign of Appetite and Rage.
There, all the License of unbounded Might;
Here, conscious Honour, and deep Sense of Right,
Immortal Enmity to Arms incite.
Greatness the one, Glory the other fires;
This only can deserve, what That desires.
This strives for all that e'er to Men was dear,
And He for what they most abhor and fear.
Cesar and *Pompey's* Cause by *Cato* thought
So ill adjudg'd, to a new Tryal's brought,
Again at last *Pharsalia* must be fought.
Ye fatal Sisters! now to Right be Friends,
And make Mankind for *Pompey's* Fate amends.
In *Orange's* Great Line, 'tis no new thing
To free a Nation and uncrown a King.

CHEVY.

C H E V Y - C H A S E,

By Order of the Bishop of London.

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
 Our Lives and Safeties all,
 A woful Hunting once theré did
 In *Chevy-Chase* befall.

II.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
 Earl *Piercy* took his way;
 The Child may rue that is unborn
 The Hunting of that Day.

III.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
 A Vow to God did make,
 His Pleasure in the *Scottish Woods*
 Three Summers Days to take;

IV.

The chiefeft Harts in *Chevy-Chase*
 To kill and bear away.
 These Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
 In *Scotland*, where he lay.

V.

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
 He would prevent his Sport:
 The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
 Did to the Woods resort.

VI.

With Fifteen hundred Bow-men bold,
 All chosen Men of Might,
 Who knew full well in time of need
 To aim their Shafts aright.

VII.

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
 To chase the fallow Deer;
 On *Monday* they began to hunt,
 When Day-light did appear.

VIII. And

LUCUS CHEVINUS,

Jussu Episcopi Londinensis.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit,
Venatus, olim flebilis,
Chevino Luco sit.

II.

Cane, feras ut abigar,
Percaus abiit,
Vel emërno elugeat,
Quod hodie accidit.

III.

Comes ille Northumbriæ,
Votum vovit Deo,
Lusus, in sylvis Scotiæ
Habere triduo;

IV.

E primis Cervis Cheviæ,
Casos abripere.
Duglasium, ha notitia,
Adibant properè.

V.

Qui ore tenus delegat,
Se Ludum perdere,
At Persæus non basitat
Ad sylvas tendere.

VI.

Quingenis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellica,
Qui nôrunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

VII.

Curritur à Venatico,
Damas propellere,
Die Luna diluculo,
Ad rem accingunt se.

VIII. Gen.

VIII.

And long before High-noon, they had
 An hundred fat Bucks slain:
 Then haying din'd, the Drovers went
 To rouse them up again.

IX.

The Bow-men muster'd on the Hills,
 Well able to endure;
 Their Back-sides all with special Care
 That Day were guarded sure.

X.

The Hounds ran swiftly through the Woods,
 The nimble Deer to take;
 And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
 An Eccho shrill did make.

XI.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
 To view the tender Deer:
 Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised
 This Day to meet me here.

XII.

But if I thought he would not come,
 No longer would I stay.
 With that a brave young Gentleman
 Thus to the Earl did say:

XIII.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
 His Men in Armour bright,
 Full twenty hundred *Scotish* Spears,
 All marching in our Sight.

XIV.

All Men of pleasant *Tividale*,
 Fast by the River *Tweed*.
 Then cease your Sport, Earl *Piercy* said,
 And take your Bows with speed.

XV.

And now with me, my Country-men,
 Your Courage forth advance;
 For never was there Champion yet
 In *Scotland* or in *France*,

XVI. That

VIII.

*Centumque Cervi sunt casti,
Ante Meridiem,
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleti,
Ad venationem.*

IX.

*De monte sagittarii
Apti militia,
Prodiérunt Armarii,
Hodie à Tergore.*

X.

*Per sylvas celerant Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul montes, & valles
Latrata resonant.*

XI.

*Fodinam Comes adiit,
Ferinam visere,
Duglas minatus est (inquit)
Hic mecum affore.*

XII.

*Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur.
Quo dicto, Tyro Elegans,
Illum alloquitur.*

XIII.

*En! En Duglasius eminus!
Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum militibus,
Visui obviis.*

XIV.

*Cunctis de valle Tivia,
Ad Ripas Tufis,
Ludos (ait) intermittite,
Arcubus habitis.*

XV.

*Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates,
Tollatur animus;
Haud præsto fuit Athletes,
Gallus vel Scoticus,*

XVI. Mib

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XVI.

That ever did on Horse-back come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

XVII.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the Company,
Whose Armour shone like Gold.

XVIII.

Shew me, he said, whose Men you be
That hunt so boldly here,
That without my Consent do chase
And kill my fallow Deer.

XIX.

The Man that first did Answer make
Was noble *Piercy*, he,
Who said, We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose Men we be.

XX.

Yet we will spend our dearest Blood,
The chiefest Harts to slay.
Then *Douglas* swore a solemn Oath,
And thus in rage did say;

XXI.

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

XXII.

But trust me, *Piercy*, Pity 'twere,
And great Offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless Men,
For they have done no Ill.

XXIII.

Let thou and I the Battel try,
And set our Men aside:
Accurst he be, Lord *Piercy* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

XXIV. Then

XVI.

Mihi, Equestris Obvius
Quin postulante re,
Eocum vellem Cominus,
Vi, hasti-ludere.

XVII.

Equisessor Duglasius,
Audax ille Baro,
Præfuit aliis omnibus,
Aurato Clypeo.

XVIII.

Cujates (ait) ostendite,
Hic ausi pellerè,
Ac, me invito, impetè
Feras Occidere.

XIX.

Qui primus verbum edidit,
Percæus nomine,
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit
Vobis ostendere.

XX.

At sanguinem absumentus,
Cervos destruere.
Juravit, tunc Duglasius,
Dixitque temere;

XXI.

E nobis pereat unus,
Antequam devincat :
Tu Comes es, bene notus,
Egoque tui par.

XXII.

At (si qua fides) est scelus,
(Miserum!) perdere
Ulos, de his insontribus,
Immunes scelere.

XXIII.

Nosmet pugnemus c. minus,
Viris absentibus :
Depereat (inquit) Percæus,
Huic adversarius.

XXIV.

Then stept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
 Who said, he would not have it told
 To *Henry* our King, for shame,

XXV.

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on:
 You be two Earls, said *Witherington*,
 And I a Squire alone.

XXVI.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have pow'r to stand;
 While I have pow'r to wield my Sword,
 I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

XXVII.

Our *English* Archers bent their Bows,
 Their Hearts were good and true;
 At the first flight of Arrows sent
 Full threescore *Scots* they slew.

XXVIII.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
 Earl *Douglas* had the bent;
 A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
 The Spears to Shivers sent.

XXIX.

They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found,
 And many a gallant Gentleman
 Lay gasping on the Ground.

XXX.

O Christ! it was great Grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear,
 The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.

XXXI.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
 Like Captains of great might;
 Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
 And made a cruel Fight.

XXXII. They

XXIV.

Tunc Armiger exiluit,
Witherington nomine,
Regem (ait) scire noluit
Hoc, praedecore,

XXV.

Quod Dux pugnauerat pede,
Me stante obiter:
Vos duo estis Comites,
Ego (ait) Armiger.

XXVI.

Obnixè omne faciam
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare macheram,
A me pugnabitur.

XXVII.

Angligena tendunt Arcus,
Quam Cordatissimi,
Decies sex à missilibus,
Caduntur Scotici.

XXVIII.

Adversus foras sectantes,
Misit Duglasius
Torvum ducem, Dimicantes,
Tractis hastilibus.

XXIX.

Incincti sunt celeriter,
Parum Pigritia,
Multusque jacet belliger
Inanis anima.

XXX.

Pol! Dolor erat visere,
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique,
Perfusus sanguine.

XXXI.

Comites tandem coibant,
Multo magnanimè,
Instar Leonum feribant,
Truci Certamine.

XXXII.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With Swords of temper'd Steel,
 Until the Blood, like drops of Rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

XXXIII.

Yield thee, Lord *Piercy*, *Douglas* said,
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By *James* our *Scottish* King.

XXXIV.

Thy Ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee,
 Thou art the most courageous Knight
 That ever I did see.

XXXV.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,
 Thy Proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any *Scot*
 That ever yet was born.

XXXVI.

With that there came an Arrow keen
 Out of an *English* Bow,
 Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
 A deep and deadly Blow.

XXXVII.

Who never spoke more Words than these;
 Fight on my merry Men all;
 For why my Life is at an end,
 Lord *Piercy* sees my fall.

XXXVIII.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Piercy* took
 The dead Man by the Hand,
 And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
 Wou'd I had lost my Land.

XXXIX.

O Christ! my very Heart doth bleed
 With Sorrow for thy sake;
 For sure a more renowned Knight
 Such mischance ne'er did take.

XXXII.

*Pugnârunt vel in sudore
Districtis ensibus,
Ac maduerunt Cruore
Æquè ac imbris.*

XXXIII.

*Ut dedas (ait) Duglasius)
Te ducam subito,
Ubi eris prapositus
A Rege Jacobo.*

XXXIV.

*Proh gratis redimam captum,
Et celebrabo te,
Equitem quàm magnificum
Et sine compare.*

XXXV.

*Cui Percæus ait, minime!
Quod offers, respuo;
Nollem unquam me dedere
Viventi Scotico!*

XXXVI.

*Tunc est emissus calamus,
Ab arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus est Duglasius,
Heu! tenuis corculo.*

XXXVII.

*Qui verba hæc emurmurat,
Viri contendite!
Quod mi mors mea propinquat,
Spectante Comite.*

XXXVIII.

*Tum Percæus Exanimi
Manum it prendere,
Dicens, causa Duglasii,
Se terras perdere.*

XXXIX.

*Vel cor (ait) fundit sanguinem,
Præ tui gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem equitem
Cognovit noxia.*

XL.

A Knight amongst the *Scots* there was
Which saw Earl *Douglas* die,
And in his Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*.

XLI.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who with a Spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely through the Fight,

XLII.

And past the *English* Archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy's* Body then
He thrust his hateful Spear.

XLIII.

With such a vehement Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other side
A large Cloth-yard and more.

XLIV.

So thus did both these Nobles die,
Whose Courage none cou'd stain.
An *English* Archer then perceiv'd
The Noble Earl was slain:

XLV.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a trusty Tree;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he;

XLVI.

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
So right his Shaft he set,
The grey Goose-wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

XLVII.

This Fight did last from break of Day,
'Till setting of the Sun;
For when they rung the evening Bell
The Battle scarce was done.

XLVIII. With

XL.

*Miles discernens Scoticus,
Duglasium emori,
In Percæum mortem ejus
Devovit ulcisci.*

XLI.

*Hugo de monte Gomeri,
Hasta cum splendida,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina.*

XLII.

*Prateriens sagittarios
Anglos impavide,
Percæios Ventriculos
Foravit Cuspide.*

XLIII.

*Tanta cum violentiâ
Fodit Corpuscula,
Plus tres pedes per ilia
Transivit hastula.*

XLIV.

*Sic ceciderunt Comites
Quàm invictissimi.
Quàm sagittario subdit res
Percæum occidi:*

XLV.

*Arcum intensum dexterâ,
Factum insigniter,
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ,
Implevit fortiter.*

XLVI.

*Hugonem Gomeri versus
Sic telum statuit,
Vel Anserinus calamus
In corde maduit.*

XLVII.

*Ad vesperam ab Aurorâ,
Duravit pralium,
Octavâ scilicet horâ,
Vix est prateritum.*

XLVIII.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was slain
 Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
 Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
 Sir *James* that bold Baron.

XLIX.

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
 Both Knights of good account,
 Good Sir *Ralph Raby* there was slain,
 Whose Prowess did surmount.

L.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful Dumps;
 For when his Legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his Stumps.

LI.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was slain
 Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
 Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
 One Foot would never fly.

LII.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
 His Sister's Son was he;
 Sir *David Lamb*, so well esteem'd,
 Yet saved could not be.

LIII.

And the Lord *Markwel* in like wise
 Did with Earl *Douglas* die:
 Of twenty hundred *Scotish* Spears,
 Scarce fifty five did fly.

LIV.

Of fifteen hundred *English* Men,
 Went home but fifty three;
 The rest were slain in *Chevy-Chase*,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

LV.

Next Day did many Widows come,
 Their Husbands to bewail,
 They washt their Wounds in brinish Tears,
 But all would not prevail.

LVI. Their

XLVIII.

Cum Perceus est peremptus,
Dominus Ogerton,
Johannes Ratcliffe, Robertus,
Et Jacobus Baron.

XLIX.

Jacobus, & Georgius,
Equestris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby Dominus,
Periit magnanimis.

L.

Pro With'rington sit gemitus,
Ac si in tristibus,
Qui pugnavit de Genibus,
Truncatis Cruribus.

LI.

Perierunt cum Duglasio,
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel à Campo
Nunquam discessurus.

LII.

De Ratcliff Murrel Carolus,
Nepos à Sorore;
David Lamb bene habitus
Exangui Corpore.

LIII.

At etiam Markwell Dominus
Deditus est neci,
Vix è duobus millibus,
Fugerunt Sexdeni.

LIV.

E r'er quingenis Anglicis,
Vix tot abièrè,
In Luco casis cæteris
Sub fagi tegmine.

LV.

A plurimis cras viduis
Lugetur miserè,
Vulnera lota lacrymis,
Nec pravaluere.

LVI.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
 They bore with them away;
 They kist them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in Clay.

LVII.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
 Where *Scotland's* King did reign,
 That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly
 Was with an Arrow slain.

LVIII.

O heavy News! King *James* did say,
Scotland can witness be,
 I have not any Captain more,
 Of such account as he.

LIX.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came
 Within as short a Space,
 That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
 Was slain in *Chevy-Chase*.

LX.

Now God be with him, said our King,
 Sith 'twill no better be,
 I trust I have within my Realm
 Five hundred good as he.

LXI.

Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say,
 But I will Vengeance take,
 And be revenged on them all,
 For brave Earl *Piercy's* Sake.

LXII.

This Vow full well the King perform'd,
 After on *Humble-Down*,
 In one Day fifty Knights were slain,
 With Lords of great Renown.

LXIII.

And of the rest of small account
 Did many hundreds die:
 Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chase*,
 Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

LXIV. God

LVI.

*Cruentata Corpuscula,
Secum abstulere,
Millies dederunt Oscula,
Defunctis funere.*

LVII.

*Fertur apud Edinburghum,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglasium subito casum
Fuisse jaculo.*

LVIII.

*O Lamentabile! dixis,
Scotia sis testis,
Haud alius Dux superfuit,
Æqualis ordinis.*

LIX.

*Henrico tradidit Fama,
Pari intervallo:
Perceium de Northumbriâ
Occisum in Luco.*

LX.

*Quum Rex edixit, valeat,
Rebus sic stantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundas
Quingenis talibus.*

LXI.

*Ac sentient me ulciscentem
Scoti & Scotin,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percei Gratia.*

LXII.

*Quod est à Rege prastitum,
Casis in montibus,
Quinques denis Militum,
Nec non Baronibus.*

LXIII.

*Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi,
Venatum sic finierunt
Percei Domini.*

LXIV. Sit

LXIV.

God save the King, and blefs the Land
 In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
 And grant henceforth that foul Debate
 'Twixt Noble-Men may cease.

A S O N G.

ALL Joy to Mortals! Joy and Mirth
 Eternal Io's sing,
 The Gods of Love descend to Earth
 Their Darts have lost the Sting.
 The Youth shall now complain no more
 Of *Silvia's* needless Scorn,
 But she shall Love, if he Adore;
 And melt when he shall burn.

II.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
 But leave the jilting Road;
 And *Daphne* now no more shall fly
 The wounded panting God!
 But all shall be serene and fair,
 No sad Complaints of Love
 Shall fill the gentle whispering Air;
 No Ecchoing Sighs the Grove.

III.

Beneath the Shades young *Strephon* lyes,
 Of all his Wilt posselt,
 Gazing on *Silvia's* charming Eyes,
 Whose Soul is there confest.
 All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
 With Looks that know no Art;
 And tho' she yield with trembling Fears,
 She yields with all her Heart.

LXIV.

*Sit Rex & Grex beatulus
Pace, & Copia,
Ac absit à magnatibus,
Malevolentia.*

S O N G.

AS wretched, vain, and indiscreet
Those Matches I deplore,
Whose Bartering Friends in Counsel meet,
To huddle in a Wedding Sheet
Some miserable Pair that never met before.

Poor Love of no Account must be,
Tho' ne'er so fixt and true,
No Merit but in Gold they see,
So Portion and Estate agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

Curst may all covetous Husbands be
That Wed with such Design,
And Curst they are! For while they ply
Their Wealth, some Lover by the By
Reaps the true Bliss, and digs the richer Mine.



REMEDY

REMEDY of LOVE.

By Mr. EVELYN.

WOULD you be quite cur'd of Love?

From your Mistress's Sight remove.

To the open Fields repair;

Cool'd with Absence, and with Air,

You will soon be eas'd of Care.

Seek out in another Place,

Something fit for your Embrace;

Perhaps in a less charming Face

You may find a pleasing Grace,

Wit, or Motion, Drefs, or Art,

Thousand things that may divert

The Torments of your throbbing Heart.

If in this no Ease you find,

But constant Love still plagues your Mind,

To your former Flame return,

See if still her Eyes do burn

With equal Force; you'll find, perchance,

Less Warmth in ev'ry am'rous Glance:

Seeing oft what we desire

Makes us less and less admire,

And will in time put out the Fire.

Visit her betimes each Morn,

Stand by her when she does adorn

Her Head, perhaps some borrow'd Hair,

Some ill-contriv'd, affected Snare,

Lewd Song on Table found, or Pray'r

Nonsensical, may let you see,

That what you thought Divinity

Is but a Piece of Puppetry.

If still thy Passion does remain,

And unseen Charms thy Heart inchain,

If she break thy Sleep by Night,

Fly again the Witch's Sight;

Opium take, that may invite

MISCELLANY POEMS. 1303

The gentle God to calm thy Soul;
Peaceful Slumbers Love controul;
Have a care of purling Brooks;
Of silent Groves, and awful Shade,
They but to thy Torment add,
Loves does there with ease invade;
No Musick hear, no dying Looks
Behold, read no Romantick Books;
Books and Musick turn the Head,
Fools only Sing, and Madmen Read:
They with false Notions fill the Brain,
Are only fit to entertain
Women, and Fops that are more vain,
Love and Folly still are found
In those, to make the deepest Wound,
Who think their Passions to allay,
By giving of them leave to sway
A-while; but they like Winter Torrents grow,
And all our Limits overflow.
Never trust thy self alone,
Frequent good Company and Wine,
In gen'rous Wines thy Passion drown,
That will make thee all divine.
Better 'tis to drink to death,
Than sigh and whine away our Breath,
In Friends and Bottles we may find
More Joys than in Womankind.
A far Enjoyment Women pall,
Intolerable Plagues they're all,
Vain, foolish, fond, proud, whimsical,
Dissembling, hypocritical.
Wines by keeping them improve,
And real Friends more firmly love.
If one Vintage proves severe,
We're doubly recompenc'd next Year.
If our dearest Friends we lose,
Others may succeed to those.
Women only, of all things,
Have nothing to assuage their Stings?

Curs'd is the Man that does pursue
 The short-liv'd Pleasures of their Charms;
 There is no Hell but in their Arms:
 For ever damned, damning Sex, adieu.

*An ODE written by Mr. Abraham
 Cowley, for Her Majesty, Queen
 to King CHARLES I.*

COME Poetry, and with thee bring along
 A rich and painted Throng
 Of noblest Words into my Song;
 Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
 Soft, and smooth, and thick as Snow,
 And turn the Numbers 'till they prove
 Smooth as the smoothest Speare above,
 And like a Speare harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, mean Song, the Fortune know
 That thou art destin'd to;
 Or what thy Stars intend to do.
 Among a thousand Songs, but few can be
 Born to the Honour promis'd thee;
 Urania's Self shall thee rehearse,
 And a just Blessing to thee give;
 Thou in her sweet and tuneful Breath shalt live.

III.

Her pleasing Tongue with thee shall freely play,
 Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
 And dance upon that rosie way;
 What Prince alive, that would not envy thee!
 And think thee higher far than he!
 And how wilt thou thy Author Crown,
 When fair Urania shall be known
 To sing my Words, when she but speaks her own.

On

On V I R T U E.

By Mr. EVELYN.

FAIR Virtue, should I follow thee
I shou'd be naked, and alone,
For thou art not in Company,
And scarce art to be found in one.

Thy Rules are too severe, and cold,
To be embrac'd by vig'rous Youth;
And Fraud and Av'rice arm the Old
Against thy Justice and thy Truth.

He who, by Light of Reason led,
Instructs himself in thy rough School,
Shall all his Life-time beg his Bread,
And when he dies, be thought a Fool.

Though in himself he's satisfy'd
With a calm Mind and chearful Heart,
The World will call his Virtue Pride,
His holy Life, Design and Art.

The Reign of Vice is absolute,
While good Men vainly strive to rise;
They may declaim, they may dispute,
But shall continue poor, and wise.

Honours and Wealth are made by Fate
To wait on fawning Impudence,
To give insipid Coxcombs weight,
And to supply the want of Sense.

Mighty Pompey, whose great Soul
Design'd the Liberty of Rome;
In vain did Caesar's Arms controul,
And at Pharfalia was o'ercome.

His

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His Virtue, constant in Distress,
In *Ptolemy* no Pity bred,
Who barely guided by Success,
Secur'd his Peace with his Friend's Head.

Brutus, whom the Gods ordain'd
To do what *Pompey* would have done,
The gen'rous Motion entertain'd,
And stab'd the Tyrant on his Throne.

This god-like *Brutus*, whose delight
Was Virtue, which he had ador'd,
Haunted by Spectres over Night,
Fell the next Day on his own Sword.

If, when his Hope of Vict'ry lost,
This noble *Roman* could exclaim,
Oh Virtue, whom I counted most,
I find she's but an empty Name!

In a degen'rate Age like this,
We with more Reason may conclude,
That Fortune will attend on Vice,
Mis'ry on those who dare be good.

The COMPLAINT.

A SONG to a Scotch Tune.

By Mr. *THO. OTWAY*.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind,

For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
 I ask relief from smart,
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals rich in Worldly Store,
 May offer heaps of Gold,
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Bliss contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.
 Ah, *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive
 To act a Healer's part,
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive;
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, pensive Bed,
 I lay me down to rest,
 In hope to calm my raging Head,
 And cool my burning Breast,
 Her Cruelty all Ease denies,
 With some sad Dream I start,
 All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
 And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, through the Path I rove
 That leads me where she dwells,
 Where to the senseless Waves my Love
 Its mournful Story tells;
 With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
 'Till Morning bids depart;
 Then vent ten thousand Sighs and more:
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But,

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But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told,
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part;
And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

A S O N G.

NO more will I my Passion hide,
Tho' too presuming it appear;
When long Despair a Heart has try'd,
What other torment can it fear?
Unlov'd of her I would not live,
Nor die 'till she the Sentence give.

Why shou'd the Fair offended be;
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dress:
If where so much divine I see,
My open Vows the Saint confess?
Awak'd by wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I despise.

The W I S H.

I.
AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down
Are scorch'd and shrivel'd by the Sun;
Or Lillies which the Virgins crop
Contract their Beauty, die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I strait am with a Lightning strook;
But if I gaze awhile and stay,
I melt insensibly away.

II. But

II.

But then, as soft and gentle Showers
Renew old Life in dying Flowers;
Or Dew shed on the Womb of Earth
Does give the Early Blossoms birth:
So if *Dorinda* sheds a Tear
New strength and motion does appear;
But if she balmy Kisses gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore, my Dear, since Life and Death
Depend at once upon your Breath;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kisses heal and do revive;
Kill and destroy me as you please,
For only then my Mind's at ease,
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often Die and Live.

P R O L O G U E,

By Major ASTON.

Gentle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but despise us while we but complain:
Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong side,
A weak resistance still provokes their Pride;
And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide.
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Insult in every corner: Want of Sense,
Confirm'd with an outlandish Impudence,
Among the rude Disturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and false Wit;
To boast their Lewdness here young Scourers meet,
And all the vile Companions of a Street,
Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
Who beat the Bawd last Night, who bilk'd the Whore:
They

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They snarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing:
 A Play-houſe is become a mear Bear-garden;
 Where every one with Insolence enjoys
 His Liberty and Property of Noiſe.
 Should true Senſe, with revengeful Fire, come down,
 Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to ſave the Town:
 Each Pariſh is infected: to be clear
 We muſt loſe more than when the Plague was here:
 While every little Thing perks up ſo ſoon,
 That at Fourteen it hectors up and down [Town,
 With the beſt Cheats and the worſt Whores i'th
 Swears at a Play, who ſhould be whipt at School,
 The Foplings muſt in time grow up to rule,
 The Faſhion muſt prevail to be a Fool.
 Some powerful Muſe, inſpir'd for our defence,
 Ariſe, and ſave a little common Senſe:
 In ſuch a Cauſe, let thy keen Satyr bite,
 Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:
 Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
 And ſingle out the Beaſt and hunt him down;
 Hang up his mangl'd Carcaſs on the Stage,
 To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On the Death of Mr. WALLER.

TH'O' ne'er ſo Baſe, or never ſo Sublime,
 All Human things muſt be the Spoil of Time:
 Poet and Heroe with the reſt muſt go;
 Their Fame may mount, their Duſt muſt lie as low.
 Thus mighty *Waller* is, at laſt, expir'd,
 With *Cowley*, from a vicious Age retir'd,
 As much Lamented, and as much Admir'd.
 Long we enjoy'd him, on his tuneful Tongue
 All Ears and Hearts with the ſame Rapture hung,
 As his on lovely *Chloris* while ſhe Sung!
 His Style does ſo much Strength and Sweetneſs bear,
 Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!

Various

MISCELLANY POEMS. 311

Various his Subjects, yet they jointly warm,
All Spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm:
Correct throughout, so exquisitely penn'd,
What he had finish'd nothing else could mend.

Now, in soft Notes, like dying Swans, he'd Sing,
Now tow'r aloft, like Eagles on the Wing;
Speak of adventurous Deeds in such a Strain,
As all but *Milton* would attempt in vain;
And only there, where his rap't Muse does tell
How in th' *Aetherial War* th' Apostate Angels fell.

His Labours, thus, peculiar Glory claim,
As writ with something more than Mortal Flame:
Wit, Judgment, Fancy, and a Heat Divine,
Throughout each part, throughout the whole does shine:
Th' Expression clear, the Thought sublime, and high,
No flutt'ring, but with even wing he glides along the
Sky.

Here the two bold contending Fleets are found,
The mighty Rivals of the watery Round;
In Smoak and Flame involv'd, they could not Fight
With so much Force and Fire as he does Write.
Here *Galatea* mourns; in such sad Strains
Poor *Philomel* her wretched Fate complains.
Here *Fletcher* and Immortal *Johnson* shine,
Deathless, preserv'd in his Immortal Line.
But where, O mighty Bard, where is that He,
Surviving now, to do the same for Thee?
At such a Theam my conscious Muse retires,
Unable to attempt thy Praise, she silently admires.

Whether for Peaceful *Charles*, or Warlike *James*,
His Lyre was Strung, the Muses dearest Theams:
Whether of Love's Success, when in the Eyes
Of the kind Nymph the conscious Glances rise,
When, blushing, she breaths short, and with con-
straint denies;

Whether he paint the Lover's restless Care,
Or *Sacharissa*, the disdainful Fair;
Relentless *Sacharissa*, Deaf to Love,
The only She his Verse could never move;

But

But sure she stopt her Ears, and shut her Eyes,
 He could not else have miss'd the Heav'nly Prize.)
 All this is manag'd with that Strength of Wit,
 So happily, so smoothly, courtly writ,
 As nothing but himself could e'er have done,
 And we no more must hope now he (great King of
 Verse) is gone.

Nor did Old Age damp the Poetick Flame,
 Loaded with Four-score Years, 'twas still the same.
 Some we may see, who in their Youth have writ
 Good Sense, at fifty take their leave of Wit,
 Chimera's and incongruous Fables feign,
 Tedious, Insipid, Impudent, and Vain:
 But he knew no Decay; the sacred Fire,
 Bright to the last, did with himself expire.

Such was the Man, whose Loss we now deplore,
 Such was the Man, but we should call him more.
 Immortal in himself, we need not strive
 To keep his sacred Memory alive.
 Just, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Gen'rous, Kind,
 The *English* he has to the height refin'd, }
 And the best Standard of it leaves (his Legacy) be- }

PROLOGUE, to the *University of*
Oxon, spoken by Mr. Hart, at the
Acting of the Silent Woman.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only [knew,
 (Athenian Judges,) you this day renew.
 Here too, are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
 And here Poetick Prizes lost or won.
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with Olives sit,
 And strike a sacred Horrour from the Pit.

MISCELLANY POEMS. 313

A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
 Where even the Best are but by Mercy free: [sec. }
 A Day which none but *Johnson* durst have with'd to }
 Here they who long have known the useful Stage,
 Come to be taught themselves to teach the Age.
 As your Commissioners our Poets go,
 To cultivate the Virtue which you sow:
 In your *Lycaum* first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to Human-kind.
 But as *Embassadors*, when long from home,
 For new Instructions to their Princes come;
 So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught:
 Follies and Faults elsewhere by them are shown,
 But by your Manners they correct their own.
 Th' illiterate Writer, *Emperick* like, applies
 To Minds diseas'd, unsafe, chance Remedies:
 The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge first began,
 Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;
 Sees Virtue, Vice, and Passions in their Cause,
 And Fame from Science, not from Fortune, draws.
 So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
 An Art, in *London* only is a Trade.
 There haughty Dunces, whose unlearned Pen
 Could ne'er spell Grammar, would be reading Men.
 Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
 So many huddled Atoms make a Play;
 And if they hit in Order by some Chance,
 They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
 To such a Fame let mere Town-Wits aspire,
 And their gay Nonsense their own Cits admire.
 Our Poet, could he find Forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a *Plaudis* there.
 He owns no Crown from those *Pratorian* Bands,
 But knows that Right is in the Senate's Hands.
 Not impudent enough to hope your Praise,
 Low at the Muses Feet his Wreath he lays,
 And where he took it up, resigns his Bays. }
 Kings make their Poets whom themselves think fit,
 But 'tis your Suffrage makes authentick Wit.

EPILOGUE, *spoken by the same.**Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*

NO poor Dutch Peasant, wing'd with all his Fear,
Flies with more haste, when the French Arms
draw near,

Than we with our Poetick Train come down
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To visit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A French Troop first swept all things in its way,
But those hot *Monsieurs* were too quick to stay;
Yet, to our Cost in that short time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' Italian Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Instead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to see two Hobby-horses fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.

For Love you heard how amorous Asses bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.

Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new-born Monster shewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to strike the Stage quite dumb,
Those wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.

Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,
And shortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be laid:

Art Magick is for Poetry profess'd,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obscener Beast

To which *Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,
Upon our English Stage are worship'd now.

Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to Renown
Macbeth, and *Simon Magus* of the Town.

Fletcher's despis'd, your *Johnson* out of Fashion,
And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.

In this low Ebb our Wares to you are shown,
By you those Staple Authors Worth is known,
For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their Scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and say their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE to the University of
Oxford, 1674. Spoken by Mr. Hart.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts assign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind:
When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To seek repose in the cool Shades of Wit,
And from the sweet Retreat, with Joy survey
What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here, free your selves from Envy, Care and Strife,
You view the various Turns of human Life:
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
As in Mechanick Operations wrought;
And Man, the little World, before you set,
As once the Sphere of Chrystal shew'd the Great:
Blest sure are you above all Mortal Kind,
If to your Fortunes you can suit your Mind.
Content to see, and shun, those Ills we show,
And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their Wit.
That *Shakespear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnson's* Claim
May be renew'd from those who gave them Fame.
None of our living Poets dare appear;
For Muses so severe are worshipt here,

That conscious of their Faults they shun the Eye,
 And as Prophane, from sacred Places fly,
 Rather than see th'offended God, and die.
 We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
 Such Faults as made, are by the Makers shown.
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast,
 The greatest Judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop, when they would please our Pit,
 Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
 Disdaining that, which yet they know, will take,
 Hating themselves, what their Applause must make:
 But when to Praise from you they would aspire
 Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.
 So far your Knowledge all their Pow'r transcends,
 As what *should* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE *spoken at Oxford,*
by Mrs. MARSHALL.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

OF T has our Poet wish'd, this happy Seat
 Might prove his fading Muse's last Retreat:
 I wonder'd at his Wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet, and content of Mind;
 Which noiseful Towns, and Courts can never know,
 And only in the shades like Laurels grow.
 Youth, ere it sees the World, here studies Rest,
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share, which hourly you possess,
 Teaching ev'n you, (while the next World we show,)
 Your Peace to value more, and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy Memory shall ever last,
 For Patronage from him whose care presides
 O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:

Bathurst,

Bathurst, a name the learn'd with reverence know;
 And scarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe:
 Whose Age enjoys but what his Youth deserv'd,
 To rule those *Muses* whom before he serv'd,
 His Learning, and untainted Manners too
 We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
 Such antient Hospitality there rests
 In yours, as dwelt in the first *Grecian* Breasts,
 Whose kindness was Religion to their Guests.
 Such Modesty did to our Sex appear,
 As had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
 Since each of you was our Protector here.
 Converse so chaste, and so strict Virtue shown,
 As might *Apollo* with the *Muses* own,
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford.

D ifcord, and Plots, which have undone our Age,
 With the same ruin, have o'erwhelm'd the Stage.
 Our House has suffer'd in the common Woe,
 We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
 Our Brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
 And of our Sisters, all the kinder-hearted,
 To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
 With Bonny Blewcap there they ast all Night
 For *Scotch* half Crown, in *English* Three-pence hight.
 One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falstaff's* lean,
 There with her single Person fills the Scene.
 Another, with long Use and Age decay'd,
 Div'd here old Woman, and rose there a Maid.
 Our Trusty Door-keepers of former time,
 There strut and swagger in Heroick Rhime:
 Tack but a Copper-lace to Druggot Suit,
 And there's a Heroe made without dispute.

And that which was a Capon's Tail before,
 Becomes a Plume for *Indian* Emperor.
 But all his Subjects, to express the Care
 Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
 Lac'd Linnen there would be a dangerous thing,
 It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring;
 The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be chosen King.
 But why shou'd I these Renegades describe,
 When you your selves have seen a lewder Tribe?
Teague has been here, and to this learned Pit,
 With *Irish* Action slander'd *English* Wit,
 You have beheld such barb'rous *Mac's* appear,
 As merited a second Massacre:
 Such as like *Cain* were brandt with disgrace,
 And had their Country stamp't upon their Face.
 When Stroulers durst presume to pick your Purse,
 We humbly thought our broken Troop not worse,
 How ill soe'er our Action may deserve,
Oxford's a Place, where Wit can never starve.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TH O' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,
 Of all who want it, we admire it most,
 We love the Praises of a learned Pit,
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
 We speak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
 Like those who touch upon the Golden Shore:
 Betwixt our Judges can distinction make,
 Discern how much, and why, our Poems take:
 Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sense, rejoice,
 Whether th' Applause be only Sound or Voice.
 When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
 Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:

We

We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raise,
 And, for their Ignorance condemn their Praise.
 Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
 Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes grossly, but this nicer Pit
 Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:
 The ready Finger lays on every Blot,
 Knows what shou'd justly please, and what shou'd not.
 Nature her self lyes open to your view,
 You judge by her, what draught of her is true,
 Where Out-lines False, and Colours seem too faint,
 Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets Paint.
 But by the sacred Genius of this Place,
 By every Muse, by each Domestick Grace,
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
 As Nations su'd to be made free of *Rome*.
 Not in the suffragating Tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial Band.
 If his Ambition may those Hopes pursue,
 Who with Religion loves your Arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer Name shall be,
 Than his own Mother University.
Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,
 He chuses *Athens* in his riper Age,

The PROLOGUE at Oxford, 1680.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

T*Hespis*, the first Professor of our Art,
 At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart.
 To prove this true, if *Latin* be no Trespas,
Dicitur & Plaustris, vexisse Poemata Thespis.
 But *Æschylus*, says *Horace* in some Page,
 Was the first Mountebank that trod the Stage:

Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Sport,
 Of tossing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*;
 But 'tis the Talent of our *English* Nation,
 Still to be plotting some new Reformation:
 And few Years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter shall here erect his Throne,
 Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
 And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
 Then all your Heathen Wits shall go to pot,
 For disbelieving of a Popish-plot:
 Your Poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
 And worst the Author of the *Oxford Bells*:
 Nor should we scape the Sentence, to depart,
 Ev'n in our first Original, a Cart.
 No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
 To maul us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*:
 Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be suppress'd,
 Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beast:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down,
 As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;
 And *Aristotle's* for destruction ripe,
 Some say he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
 Which by some little help of Derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inspiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

TO say this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now.
 Yet, Gentlemen, your Ancestors had wit;
 When few Men censur'd, and when fewer writ,
 And *Johnson* (of those few the best) chose this
 As the best Model of his Master-piece:
 Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
 That Alchymist by this Astrologer;

Here

Here he was fashion'd, and we may suppose
 He lik'd the fashion well, who wore the Cloaths.
 But *Ben* made nobly his, what he did Mould,
 What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold :
 Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
 Yet Rules that well, which he unjustly Gains.
 But this our Age such Authors does afford,
 As make whole Plays, and yet scarce write one word :
 Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all ;
 And what's their Plunder, their Possession call.
 Who, like bold Padders, scorn by Night to prey,
 But rob by Sun-shine, in the Face of Day.
 Nay scarce the common Ceremony use,
 Of Stand Sir, and deliver up your Muse ;
 But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
 Mount *Pegasus* before the Owner's Face.
 Faith, if you have such Country *Toms* abroad,
 'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
 Yet it were modest, could it but be said
 They strip the Living, but these rob the Dead :
 Dare with the Mummies of the Muses play,
 And make Love to them the *Egyptian* way :
 Or as a Rhiming Author would have said,
 Join the Dead Living, to the Living Dead.
 Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part,
 They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
 And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand,
 Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
 They make the Benefits of others studying,
 Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*,
 Whose dish to challenge no Man has the Courage,
 'Tis all his own when once h'has spit i'th' Porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
 You are in fault for what they do amiss :
 For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
 Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,
 They shou'd refund, but that can never be.
 For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,
 These Men write that which no Man else would steal.

Prologue to AVIRAGUS Reviv'd:

Spoken by Mr. HART.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN,

WITH sickly Actors and an old House too,
 We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new,
 And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Cloaths bare worn,
 Can neither raise old Plays, nor new adorn.
 If all these Ills could not undo us quite,
 A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
 Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
 To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.
 Or see some serious Piece, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable Plume,
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,
 Send Lacquies early to preserve your Place.
 We dare not on your Privilege intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em? they are *French*.
 Therefore some go with Courtesie exceeding,
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their Breeding.
 Each Lady striving to out-laugh the rest;
 To make it seem they understood the Jest:
 Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
 To reach us *English* where to clap the Play:
 Civil *Isad*: Our Hospitable Land
 Bears all the Charge, for them to understand:
 Mean time we languish, and neglected lye,
 Like Wives, while you keep better Company;
 And wish for our own sakes, without a Satyr,
 You'd less good Breeding, or had more good Nature.



*Prologue spoken the first Day of the
King's House Acting after the Fire.**Writ by Mr. DRYDEN.*

SO shipwreckt Passengers escape to Land,
 So look they, when on the bare Beach they stand
 Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
 Expecting Famine on a Desert Shore.
 From that hard Climate we must wait for Bread,
 Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
 Our Stage does human Chance present to view,
 But ne'er before was seen so sadly true:
 You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to see,
 Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.
 Your own Provisions furnish out our Feasts,
 While you the Founders make your selves the Guests.
 Of all Mankind beside Fate had some Care,
 But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
 'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair.
 You cherish'd it, and now its Fall you mourn,
 Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their scorn,
 Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
 Which spar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.
 But as our new-built City rises higher,
 So from old Theatres may new aspire,
 Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
 Our great Metropolis does far surpass
 Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
 Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
 And, like a King, shou'd in a Palace dwell.
 But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
 Talk high, and entertain you in a Shed:
 Your Presence here (for which we humbly sue)
 Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when
they Acted at the old Theatre in
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WEre none of you, Gallants, e'er driven so hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in some By-street
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Case, we can't appoint our House,
The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvous:
But hither to this trusty Nook remove,
The worse the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Pastime, many a dear sweet hug
Is stol'n in Garrets on the humble Rug.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midst may sit.
And so the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches stride:
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For those that make the most triumphant show,
All that keep Coaches must not sit below. }
There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have something to admire:
We who look up, can your Addresses mark;
And see the Creatures coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the Lovers, Braves, and Wits,
The gaudy House with Scenes, will serve for Cits.



A PRO-

*A PROLOGUE Spoken at the opening
of the New House, March 26, 1674.**Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*

A Plain-built House, after so long a stay,
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
 When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find
 A bare Convenience only is design'd.
 You who each Day can Theatres behold,
 Like *Nero's* Palace, shining all with Gold,
 Our mean ungilded Stage will scorn, we fear,
 And for the homely Room, disdain the Chear.
 Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
 And a plain Suit (since we can make but one)
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gawdry known.
 They who are by your Favours wealthy made,
 With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade:
 We, broken Bankers, half destroy'd by Fire,
 With our small Stock to humble Roofs retire;
 Pity our Loss, while you their Pomp admire.
 For Fame and Honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live.
 Unable to support their vast Expence,
 Who build, and treat with such Magnificence;
 That like th' ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
 They give the Law to our provincial Stage.
 Great Neighbours enviously promote Excess,
 While they impose their Splendor on the less.
 But only Fools, and they of vast Estate,
 Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
 The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.
 Yet if some Pride with Want may be allow'd,
 We in our Plainness may be justly proud:
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so,
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no show:
That

That sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
 And, like his Stamp, makes basest Metals pass.
 'Twere Folly now a stately Pile to raise,
 To build a Play-house while you throw down Plays.
 Whilst Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
 And for the Pencil you the Pen disdain.
 While Troops of famish'd *Frenchmen* hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose Alms they live:
 Old *English* Authors vanish, and give place
 To these new Conquerors of the *Norman* Race;
 More tamely than your Fathers you submit,
 You're now grown Vassals to 'em in your Wit:
 Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance
 The Mighty Merits of their Men of *France*,
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the Cadence:
 Well, please your selves; but sure 'tis understood,
 That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England* good:
 I wou'd not prophesie our House's Fate:
 But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
 'Tis to be fear'd —————
 That as a Fire the former House o'erthrew,
 Machines and Tempests will destroy the New.

EPilogue, by the same Author.

Though what our Prologue said was sadly true,
 Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
 A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you,
 A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
 Though she's no Lady, you may think her such,
 A strong Imagination may do much.
 But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
 Criticks in plume and white Villancy Wig,
 Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
 And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)
 Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you roul,
 Yet you, like him, have neither Heat nor Soul;

So

So may your Hats your Foretops never press,
 Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your Dress;
 So may you slowly to old Age advance,
 And have th' Excuse of Youth for Ignorance.
 So may Fop-corner full of Noise remain,
 And drive far off the dull attentive Train;
 So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
 And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love;
 So may not *France* your warlike Hands recal,
 But leave you by each other's Swords to fall:
 As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
 When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk,
 But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,
 And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
 Our House relieves the Ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights;
 The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
 Where Bears in Furs dare scarcely look abroad,
 The Audience from worn Plays and Tustian Stuff
 Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff.
 Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their Wits are here.
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play,
 For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w^e have not the way }
 To please, we'll find you abler Men who may. }
 If they shou'd fail, for last Recruits we breed
 A Troop of frisking Monsi^{ers} to succeed : }
 (You know the *French* sure Cards at time of need.) }

AN EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
 Our youthful Poet shou'd not need to fear:
 To his green Years your Censures you would suit,
 Not blast the Blossom, but expect the Fruit.

The

The Sex that best does Pleasure understand,
 Will always chuse to err on t'other hand.
 They check not him that's aukward in delight.
 But clap the young Rogue's Cheek, and set him right.
 Thus hearten'd well and flesh'd upon his Prey,
 The Youth may prove a Man another Day.
 Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their first young flight,
 Did no *Volpone*, nor no *Arbaces* write.
 But hopp'd about, and short Excursions made
 From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid.
 And each was guilty of some *sighted Maid*.
Shakespear's own *Muse* her *Pericles* first bore,
 The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*.
 'Tis miracle to see a first good Play,
 All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.
 A slender Poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his Brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some Pox is curst,
 But no Man can be *Falstaff* fat at first.
 Then damn not, but indulge his stew'd Essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praise,
 That he may get more bulk before he dies:
 He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
 Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

An Epilogue for the King's House.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning Men,
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked, change their Sense,
 For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
 Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.

Not

Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
 Of the three last ungiving Parliaments,
 So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* could Divine,
 He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine, }
 And chang'd his Vision for the Muses Nine.
 The *Comet*, that they say portends a Dearth,
 Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-house* Earth:
 Pent there since our last Fire, and *Lilly* says,
 Foreshews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.
 'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
 For then the Printer's Press would suffer more,
 Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom spit,
 They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.
 Confess the truth, which of you has not laid [Looking
 Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid? above.
 Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd spite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
 Such are the Authors who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
 Yet these are Pearls to your *Lamponing* Rhimes,
 Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times.
 Scandal, the Glory of the *English* Nation,
 Is worn to Raggs, and scribbled out of Fashion.
 Such harmless Thrusts, as if, like Fencers wife,
 They had agreed their Play before their Prize:
 Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,
 'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.
 Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
 Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
 Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,
 The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.



Pro-

Prologue to the Princess of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

Ladies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
 I long to whisper something in your Ear:
 A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex.
 There's Treason in the Play against our Sex.
 A Man that's false to Love, that vows and cheats,
 And kisses every living thing he meets!
 A Rogue in Mode, I dare not speak too broad,
 One that does something to the very Bawd.
 Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beast,
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest;
 None of 'em stick at mark: They all deceive,
 Some *Jew* has chang'd the Tex, I half believe,
 There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
 To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths, and tear:
 Now tho' we lye, we're too well-bred to swear.
 So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
 But Men are dipt for Soul and Body too.
 And when found out, excuse themselves, Pox cant 'em,
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
 I'm not Book learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
 I'm sure I never heard that Scritch-Owl hollow'd
 In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd Villains e'er be saved?
Achitophel's not half so false to *David*.
 With Vows and soft Expressions to allure,
 They stand, like Foremen of a Shop, demure:
 No sooner out of sight, but they are gadding,
 And for the next new Face ride out a padding.
 Yet, by their Favour, when they have been kissing,
 We can perceive the ready Mony missing:
 Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our Parts,
 To trump their Diamonds, as they trump our Hearts.

*Epilogue to the Princess of CLEVES.**Written by Mr. DRYDEN.*

A Qualm of Conscience brings me back again,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd Men!
 We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
 By growling, squaling, and a hideous Noise.
 I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
 Never was Man worse thought on for high-flying.
 The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,
 And Squandring shows, at least, a noble Heart.
 I've heard of Men, who in some lewd Lampoon,
 Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.
 That Accusation straight this Question brings,
 What is the Man that does such naughty things?
 The Spaniel Lover, like a sneaking Fop,
 Lies at our Feet: He's scarce worth taking up.
 'Tis true, such Heroes in a Play go far,
 But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.
 When Men such vile, such feint Petitions make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to take;
 Since Modesty's the Virtue of our Kind,
 Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd,
 When Men usurp it from the Female Nation,
 'Tis but a Work of Supererogation.—
 We shou'd a Princess in the Play, 'Tis true,
 Who gave her *Cesar* more than all his due,
 Told her own Faults; but I shou'd much abhor,
 To chuse a Husband for my Confessor.
 You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
 For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
 Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
 Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.
 True *Presbyterian*-Wives the means wou'd try,
 But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

The

*The FABLE of the POT and KETTLE,
as it was told by Colonel Titus the Night
before he Kiss'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Slily bespoke the lighter Vessel's Aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said,
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The Strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with United Forces we can stem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendship understood,
And made this Answer; Tho' I wish for Ease
And Safety, this Alliance does not please;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Or you to me, I equally am lost;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned Side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your End,
To perish by the Rigor of my Friend.

CYNISCA: Or, the Fourteenth Idyl-
lium of Theocritus imitated.

By W. Bowles, Fellow of Kings-Coll. Cambr.

THYONICUS. ÆSCHINES.

O H, how does my dear *Æschines*! Oh how!
Some Care, my Friend, sits heavy on thy Brow!

ÆSCHINES.

Cynisca, Friend, has shewn the Fiend confest,
And Peace and Joy are banish'd from my Breast.

THYONICUS.

Hence this wild Look, and this distracted Air,
Staring your Eyes, your Face o'ergrown with Hair.
Just such a *Rosie-Crucian* here arriv'd,
Some new Enthusiast sure, or Flood reviv'd;
With such a Mien he came, with such a Grace,
So long his Beard, so dry, so pale his Face:

ÆSCHINES.

You, Sir, are merry; but alas! I find
No Cure, no Ease, to my distemper'd Mind.
I rave, am by a thousand Furies tost,
And call in vain my Reason in my Passion lost.

THYONICUS.

I always knew you jealous and severe;
But does *Cynisca's* Falshood plain appear?

ÆSCHINES.

'Twas my ill Fate, or Chance, some Friends to treat
With richest Wines, the Board was crown'd with
choicest Meat;

But fair *Cynisca* most adorn'd the Feast,
In all the Charms of Art and Nature drest.

Cynisca all our ravish'd Senses fed,
We gaz'd, and we ador'd the lovely Maid:

With Wine and Beauty all our Hearts were fir'd,
And fair *Cynisca* still new Joys inspir'd,

Now

334 *The SECOND PART of*

Now Healths we drank, and as the Glasses came,
 (Such was the Law) each did his Mistress name;
 Charming *Cynisca* too at last was prest
 To name the Lover in her Favour blest.
 A Woman, sure, she hop'd might be excus'd!
 The more they urg'd her, she the more refus'd,
 Refus'd, oh Friend, and I her Lover by!
 Guess if my Rage, with Wine inflam'd, grew high,
 Silent she sat, and with her Eyes deny'd;
Lycus is handsom, tall, and young, they cry'd!
 When *Lycus'* Name but touch'd her guilty Soul,
 How down her Cheeks the liquid Globes did roul!
 Confus'd her Look, while Shame and Guilt apace
 Shifted the whole Complexion of her Face.
 Gods! with what Rage was my rack'd Soul surpriz'd!
 My Curse, my Ruin, am I then despis'd?
 Ingrateful and inhuman thou! begone,
 Go, hng the Man whose Absence you bemoan:
 No more will I, deluded by your Charms,
 Cherish an absent Mistress in my Arms.
 Swiftly, as Swallows to their Nest, she fled,
 When unfetch'd Young lye gaping, and un-fed,
 Swiftly she fled, with my Embraces cloy'd;
Lycus she long had lov'd, and long enjoy'd.
 A publick Jest, and known to all alas!
 (The Cuckold last perceives his own Disgrace.)
 Yet once a Friend accus'd the guilty Maid,
 And to my Ears th'unheard-of News convey'd:
 For I, a much abus'd, deluded Sor,
 The Matter ne'er examin'd, or forgot.
 Now, undisturb'd, unrival'd *Lycus* reigns,
 Enjoys his Conquest, and derides my Pains.
 Two Months are past, since unregarded I
 In a deserted Bed, and hopeless lye.
 Long with the mighty Pain oppress, I strove;
 But ah! what Remedy for injur'd Love!
 In vain I struggle with the fierce Disease,
 The fatal Poison does my Vitals seize.
 Yet *Damon* did from Travel find Relief,
 And Absence soon remov'd the raging Grief.

In Fires like mine successless *Damon* burn'd,
 Disceas'd he parted, and he found return'd,
 I too th' uncertain Remedy will try,
 And to less cruel Seas and Rocks will fly.

THYRONICUS.

For *Flanders* then, since you're resolv'd, prepare;
Flanders, the Scene of Glory and of War!
 Or, if a better Choice and nobler Fire
 Does greater Arms, and greater Thoughts inspire,
Hungarian Rebels, and unchristian Foes,
 ('Tis a vast Field of Honour, Friend,) oppose.
 By God-like *Poland* born, and *Lorrain*, soon
 The Cross shall triumph o'er the waning Moon.
 There you the cruel Ravage may admire;
 And *Austria*, desolate by Barb'rous Fire,
 May curse the dire Effects of Civil Rage;
 Oh in what Ills Religion can engage!
 There sure with Horror your diverted Mind
 Some Truce may with this smaller Passion find.

ÆSCHINES.

Cynisca, oh unkind! farewell, I go,
 By thee condemn'd to distant Countries; know,
 I go, where Honour, and where Dangers call,
 From a less barb'rous Foe to tempt a nobler Fall.

Written May 23, 1684.



PROTEUS: Being the Fourth
Eclogue of Sannazarius.

Inscribed to Ferdinand of Arragon Duke of Calabria, Son of Frederick King of Naples.

By W. Bowles, Fellow of King's-College, Cambr.

NOW first with bolder Sails I tempt the Main,
Parthenope deserves a loftier Strain;
 To fair *Parthenope*, O Nymphs, we must,
 And our dear Country's Honour, now be just.
 O then ye Nymphs, who in these Floods delight,
 Indulge one Labour, and direct my Flight.
 But thou, great Hope of thy illustrious Line,
 Thy Country's Pride, sprung from a Race divine,
 Whether o'er *Pyrenean* Frosts thou go,
 And Mountains cover'd with eternal Snow,
 And the wild Tempests of the warring Sky
 Prefer to the best Plains of *Italy*;
 Or envious *Iber* does our Hopes oppose,
 Return, and happy make thy People's Vows:
 Tho' *Arragon*, thy *Arragon*, with-hold,
 And *Tagus* rowling o'er a Bed of Gold
 With all his Liquid Wealth would buy thy Stay,
 Return, and our wish'd Happiness no more delay!
 For, if the God that fills my Breast, foreknow,
Parthenope shall to thy Scepter bow;
Parthenope, usurp'd by foreign Sway,
 Shall with new Joy her rightful Prince obey.
 Oh! may swift Time the happy Period bring,
 And I loud *Poems* to thy Triumph sing!
 Mean-while a lower Muse indulgent view,
 Which I, the first, with bold Design and new,
 Leaving th' *Arcadian* Fields, and vocal Plain,
 In triumph bring down to thy subject Main;

And

And on the neighb'ring Rocks and sounding Shore,
A newer Scene present, and untry'd Seas explore.

What Port, what Sea, so distant can be found,
Which *Proteus* has not bless'd with heav'nly Sound?
Him *Prasidamus* and *Melanthius* knew,
For all the God appear'd to mortal View;
On great *Minerva's* Rock the God appear'd,
And charm'd with Verse Divine his monstrous Herd,
While *Phæbus* sunk with the declining Day,
And all around delighted Dolphins play.
For lo! he sung —

How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to Celestial Thrones aspir'd.
Typhæus first, with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, and Heav'n it self alarm'd.
Now *Prochyde* among the Stars he threw,
And from their Bases torn huge Islands flew,
And shook th' Ætherial Orbs: The Pow'rs above
Then first knew Fear; not so Almighty *Jove*:
He with red Lightning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire.
All Nature with the dreadful Rout resounds,
They fled, and bath'd in *Baian* Springs their burning
Wounds.

On the scorch'd Earth the Footsteps still remain,
And sulph'rous Springs a fiery Taste retain.

He sung *Alcides*, and his noble Toil,
His glorious Triumph, and his wond'rous * Pile,
Which does the Fury of the Waves sustain,
Confine the *Lucrine*, and repel the Main.
Next the *Cumaan* Cave and Grove relates,
Where anxious Mortals throng'd to learn their Fates:
The raving † Virgin, and her fatal Page,
Her more than mortal Sounds, and sacred Rage;
And that sad Vale, unvisited by Day,
Where bury'd in eternal Night ‡ *Cimmerians* lay.

* The Herculean Way rais'd by Hercules in his Return from
pain. † *Sibyl*, ‡ Plac'd by some near *Naples*.

But thee, § *Paussilypus*, he gently blames,
 And sweetly mourns thy inauspicious Flames,
 Concern'd for lovely *Nefis*, ah too late!
 Oh stay, rash Man! why dost thou urge her Fate?
 She, wretched Maid, thy loath'd Embrace to shun,
 Does to steep Rocks and Waves less cruel run:
 Not the dire Prospect can retard her Flight,
 Or gaping Monsters from beneath affright.
 Oh stay! and reach no more with greedy Hands,
 See! to a Rock transform'd thy *Nefis* stands.
 She, who so swift, with the first Dawn of Day
 Rang'd o'er the Woods, and chas'd the flying Prey:
 See! her wing'd Feet their wonted Speed refuse,
 And her stiff Joints their nimble Motion lose.
 Oh *Panope*, and all the Nymphs below,
 To so much Beauty just Compassion show!
 If Pity can affect your happy State,
 O visit *Nefis*, and lament her Fate!

He sung how once the beauteous * *Syren* sway'd,
 And mighty Kingdoms the fair Nymph obey'd;
 Describes the lofty Tomb, which all adore:
 Then tells, how loosing from their Native Shore,
 By all the Gods conducted, and their Fate,
 † *Eubeans* founded that auspicious State.
 Then sung the rising Walls and Tow'rs, whose height
 Is lost in Clouds, and tires the fainting Sight.
 What mighty Piles from the capacious Bay,
 And hidden Pipes th' obedient Springs convey:
 And that proud *Pharos*, whose auspicious Light
 Informs glad Sailers, and directs their Sight.
 And how beneath the gentle *Sarno* flows,
 In Verse as smooth as that, and high as those.
 He told, and sweetly rais'd his Voice divine,
 How ‡ *Melissus*, lov'd by all the Nine,
 Immortal *Virgil* saw; the God-like Shade
 Bequeath'd that Pipe, which so divinely play'd.

§ *Paussilypus* and *Nefis* are the Names of two Promontories near Naples. * *Parthenope*. † A Colony of *Eubeans* from *Chalcis*, built *Cume* and *Naples*. ‡ *Pontanus* a *Neapolitan* Poet.

Lycoris flying from her Lover's Arms,
And *Daphne's* Fate, and young *Alexis's* Charms.
Led by the Muse *, he mounts the starry Skies,
And all the shining Orbs above describes.
Why shou'd I speak of *Syrens*, or relate
Their treach'rous Songs, and the pleas'd Sailer's Fate?
Or, how in mournful Strains he did recount
The dire Eruptions of the burning † Mount,
When with swift Ruin, and a dreadful Sound,
Vasts Floods of liquid Fire o'erwhelm'd the Country
round.

Last Battels, and their various Chance, he sings,
The great Events of War, and Fate of Kings;
And thee, ‡ whom *Italy* bewails, the best,
By Fortune's Rage, and angry Gods oppress,
Stript of thy Kingdoms, and compell'd to fly,
And on uncertain Hope and *Gallick* Faith relye.
Oh Treachery of human Pow'r! forlorn,
And last by Death condemn'd to a precarious Urn.

How vain is Man! and in what depth of Night
The dark Decrees of Fate are hid from mortal Sight!
Cou'dst thou, who potent Kingdoms didst command,
Not find a Tomb but in a foreign Land!
Yet mourn not, happy Shade, thy cruel Fate;
The Loss is light of that superfluous State.
Nature provides for all a common Grave,
The last Retreat of the distress'd and brave,

Thus he
From the first Ages and Heroick Times,
Deduc'd in order his mysterious Rhimes.
Charm'd by his Song, the Billows ceas'd to roar,
And loud Applauses rung along the Shoar:
Till the pale Moon advanc'd her beauteous Head,
And all the Gods sunk to their watry Bed.

* His Poem call'd *Urania*. † *Vesuvius*. ‡ *Frederick King of Naples*. See *Guicciardine*.

A S O N G.

By Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

YE happy Swains, whose Hearts are free
 From Love's Imperial Chain,
 Take warning and be taught by me,
 T' avoid th'enchanted Pain.
 Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
 Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,
 To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,
 To human Quiet Love.

II.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,
 The Snake's beneath the Flow'r;
 Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
 That tasted Quiet more?
 How faithless is the Lover's Joy!
 How constant is their Care!
 The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
 The Cruel with Despair.

A S O N G.

By Mr. J. H.

IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
 Enchanting Humour, powerful Wit,
 Beauty from Affectation free,
 And for eternal Empire fit.
 Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
 The Women envy, Men adore;
 But did she less the Triumph prize,
 She would deserve the Conquest more.

II. The

II.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
 She begs, what none else wou'd deny her,
 Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
 The Hope she gives prevents Desire;
 Catches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
 Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
 The common Prey so deads the Dart,
 It scarce can pierce a noble Game.

III.

I cou'd lye Ages at her Feet,
 Adore her, careless of my Pain,
 With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
 Despair, Love on, and not complain.
 My Passion, from all Change secure,
 No Favours raise, no Frown controuls,
 I any Torment can endure,
 But hoping with a Crowd of Fools.

SAPPHO's ODE from *Longinus*.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
 Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
 With thy bright Rays his Senses chears,
 And drinks with ever-thirsty Ears.
 The charming Musick of thy Tongue,
 Does ever hear, and ever long;
 That sees with more than human Grace,
 Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

II.

But when with kinder Beams you shine,
 And so appear much more Divine,
 My feeble Sense and dazl'd Sight
 No more support the glorious Light,
 And the fierce Torrent of Delight,

Q 3

Oh!

Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
My ravish'd Soul then flies away,
Then Faintness does my Limbs surprize,
And Darkness swims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in Silence flow,
Then wand'ring Fires run through my Blood,
And Cold binds up the stupid Flood;
All pale and breathless then I lye,
I sigh, I tremble, and I die.

*The Thirteenth ODE of the Fourth
Book of HORACE.*

I.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my Pray'r,
Lyce the Proud, the Charming, and the Fair,
Lyce is old! tho' wanton still, and gay,
You laugh, and sing, and play.
Now Beauty fails, with Wine you'd raise Desire,
And with your trembling Voice wou'd fan our dying Fire.

II.

In vain! for Love long since forsook
Thy snowy Hair, thy falling Teeth, and with'ring Look;
He Chia's blooming Face
Adorns with ev'ry Grace,
Her Wit, her Eyes, her ev'ry Glance are Darts,
That with resistless Force invade our Hearts.

III.

Not all your Art, nor all your Dress,
(Tho' grown to a ridiculous excess,
Tho' you, by Lovers Spoils made fine,
In richest Silks and Jewels shine,
And with their borrow'd Light
Surprize the dazl'd Sight,)

Can your fled Youth recall, recall one Day
Which flying Time on his swift Wings has born away.

IV.

Ah! where are all thy Beauties fled!
Where all the Charms that so adorn'd the tender Maid!
Ah! where the nameless Graces that were seen
In all thy Motions, and thy Mien!
What now, oh! what is of that Lyce left,
By which I once was of my Sense and of my Soul bereft!

V.

Of her, who with my *Cynara* strove,
And shar'd my doubtful Love!
Yet Fate, and the last unrelenting Hour,
Seiz'd her gay Youth, and pluck'd the springing Flow'r,
But angry Heav'n has reserv'd thee,
That you with Rage might see,
With Rage might see your Beauties fading Glory fly,
And your short Youth, and tyrannous Pow'r before
you die.

VI.

That your insulting Lovers might return
Pride for your Pride, and with retorted Scorn
Glut their Revênge, and satiate all their Pain;
With cruel Pleasure, and with sharp Disdain,
Might laugh, to see that Fire which once so burn'd,
Shot such resistless Flames, to Ashes turn'd.

The G R O V E.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

AH happy Grove! dark and secure Retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's Eternal Seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaste Retirements of a Maid!
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;

All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elyzium* should be mine.
Fond Men by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchasing Riches, with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our selves refuse,
Opprest with Blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wish for more;
How happy is the harmless Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature scorns superfluous Aid!
Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul preserve the native White;
Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few Wishes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best;
Whilst on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lye,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impose,
But one whom Love has for this Lover chose,
Under some fav'rite Myrtle's shady Boughs,
They speak their Passions in repeated Vows,
And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns!
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,
And whilst they live, their Flames can never die.



PROLOGUE to his ROYAL HIGH-
NESS, upon his first Appearance at the
Duke's Theatre, since his Return from
Scotland, 1682.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I N those cold Regions which no Summers chear,
Where brooding Darkness covers half the Year,
To hollow Caves the shiv'ring Natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in Tracks of Snow:
But when the tedious Twilight wears away,
And Stars grow paler at th' approach of Day,
The longing Crowds to frozen Mountains run;
Happy who first can see the glimm'ring Sun!
The surly salvage Off-spring disappear,
And curse the bright Successor of the Year.
Yet, though rough Bears in Covert seek Defence,
White Foxes stay, with seeming Innocence:
That crafty Kind with Day-light can dispence.
Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's Race,
That Loyal Subjects scarce can find a Place:
Thus modest Truth is cast behind the Crowd:
Truth speaks too low; Hypocrisie too lowd.
Let 'em be first, to flatter in Success;
Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call,
To make their solemn Shew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
And made as good a Courtier as the best.
The Friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
Came Cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet, late Repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can Forgive, if Rebels can but sue:
A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is exprest;
The Father yearns in the true Prince's Breast.

We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no Grace can mend;
 But most are Babes, that know not they offend.
 The Crowd, to restless Motion still enclin'd,
 Are Clouds, that tack according to the Wind.
 Driv'n by their Chiefs they Storms of Hailstones pour:
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent Show'r.
 O welcome, to this much-offending Land,
 The Prince that brings Forgiveness in his Hand!
 Thus Angels on glad Messages appear:
 Their first Salute commands us not to fear:
 Thus Heav'n, that cou'd constrain us to obey,
 (With Rev'rence if we might presume to say,)
 Seems to relax the Rights of sov'reign Sway:
 Permits to Man the Choice of Good and Ill,
 And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.

The SALISBURY GHOST.

A Brewer of Salisbury having Buried his first Wife,
 upon the Marriage of a Second was over-persuaded to
 wrong the Children of the Former, by converting the
 Settlements upon her Issue to the Advantage of the
 latter. This the first Wife takes ill, and gets leave
 of Satan to Walk, as they call it, for the Relief of
 her injur'd Children. Her Applications to her Hus-
 band were fruitless, as one that at the same time
 had lying by his Side a Mother-in-Law, that is to
 say, a Devil that was able to deal with a Devil.
 Thereupon she goes to an honest Godly Maiden Gentle-
 woman in the City, and frights her into the Sollici-
 tation of her Cause. The Virgin takes to her Assis-
 tance a Minister or two of her Acquaintance, by
 whose Advice, you may be sure, she prov'd so suc-
 cessful in her Negotiation, that all Differences be-
 tween the Husband and his Conjugal Ghost were
 reconcil'd, and the Apparition departed in Peace.

Which

MISCELLANY POEMS. 347

*Which being an Accident so remarkable, was thought
to be a proper Subject for the ensuing BALLAD.*

I'LL tell you a Story, if it be true,
But look you to that, I am sure it is new,
And only in Salisbury known to a few.

Which no Body can deny.

Some Sages have written, as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monstrous kind
To Friends and Relations left behind.

Which, &c.

That this is no Tale I shall you tell,
A Lady there died, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as some expound well.

Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a Sound of much Woe.

Which, &c.

It was an a Lady that wept, and her weeping
Made Satan go from list'ning to peeping.
Quoth he, What Slave hath this Lady in keeping?

Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, if of Woman you came,
Pity my Case, and I'll tell you the same,
Quoth the Devil, Be quick in your Story, fair Dame.

Which, &c.

Quoth she, I left two Children behind,
To whom the Father is very unkind;
If I cou'd but appear, I shou'd change his Mind.

Which, &c.

Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are these all your Wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All which he knew well, for they were no Saints.

Which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweethearts she had,
How many were good, and how many were bad;
The Devil began to think her stark mad.

Which, &c.

And

348 *The SECOND PART of*

And so she went on with the Cause of the Squabble.
Beelzebub scratch'd, and was in great Trouble,
 For he thought it would prove a two Hours Babble.

Which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
 She caught him fast by the Lilly black Fist;
 Nay then, quoth the Devil, e'en do what you list.

Which, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
 And came with a Vengeance, to give her her due,
 Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt blue.

Which, &c.

Quoth she, Will you give my Children their Land?
 Her Husband sweat, you must understand,
 For he did not think her so near at hand.

Which, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of Grace,
 Quoth he, You Jade, come again in this Place,
 And *Faustus's* Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.

Which, &c.

When she could not prevail by Means so foul,
 She sought other Ways his Mind to controul,
 So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul.

Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
 Most gracious Madam, what would you have done?
 I'll do it, although you'd have me a Nun.

Which, &c.

Then go to my Husband, and bid him do right
 Unto my two Children, or else by this Light
 I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.

Which, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reasons,
 I'll sit on his Bed, and read him such Lessons,
 As never were heard at Mr. *Mompesson's*.

Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
 And told the Spirit's Husband every Word,
 At which he replied, I care not a T—

Which, &c.

For when she was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er she could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.

Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth she, consider my Plight,
I am not able to keep outright
Three waking Ministers every Night.

Which, &c.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty so sad,
Compassion straight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.

Which, &c.

When the Land as I said was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoice,
And away went the Spirit with a tuneable Voice.

Which no Body can deny.

*The Beginning of a PASTORAL on
the Death of His Late MAJESTY.*

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

WHAT Horror's this that dwells upon the Plain,
And thus disturbs the Shepherd's peaceful Reign?
A dismal Sound breaks through the yielding Air,
Forewarning us some dreadful Storm is near.
The bleating Flocks in wild Confusion stray,
The early Larks forsake their wand'ring way,
And cease to welcome in the new-born Day.
Each Nymph, possess'd with a distracted Fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd Hair,
Diseases with their strong Convulsions reign;
And Deities, not known before to Pain,
Are now with Apoplectick Seizures slain:
Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increase our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her silver Tears.

Ye

Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
 To weep and mourn let us together stay;
 O'er all the Universe let it be spread,
 That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.
 The Royal Pan, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
 He, who to leave his Flock, did dying weep,
 Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal Sleep.

Begin, *Dametas*, let thy Numbers fly
 Aloft, where the safe Milky Way does lye;
Mopsus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing,
 Shall join with you, and hither waft our King.
 Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain,
 And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
 The Royal Pan, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
 He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
 Is gone! is gone! ne'er to return from Death's
 eternal Sleep.

Of NATURE'S CHANGES.

From Lucretius, Lib. V.

By Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

SINCE *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
 And active *Fire*, mixt Nature's Parts appear;
 These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought;
 Why of the World may not the like be thought?
 Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
 What in each Part, that in the Whole is true:
 And therefore when you see, Spring up and fall,
 Nature's great Parts, conclude the like of all:
 Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
 In Time they both began, in time shall end.

But

MISCELLANY POEMS. 351

But *Memmius*, not t'assume what some deny ;
The Proof, on plain Experience shall rely :
I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone ;
Rise in new Shapes, continue long in none.

Then first of *Earth* ; conclude that all must fail,
Which dispring Parts fermenting, can exhale :
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence ;
And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air.
Some parts dissolve and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes ;
Which new Existence gives to other Shapes :
Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their Growth, in part, to *Earth* :
Then since from this, their Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave, does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.
The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth's* Supply, with Waters to abound ;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round. }
Lest these, increasing, should at last prevail ;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds assail :
Vast Shoals of Atoms thence away they bear,
And raising them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted from the pow'rful Sun,
More does in subterranean Channels run :
In *Earth* it first, excessive Saltnefs spends ;
Then to our Springs and Rivers heads ascends :
These in the fruitful Valleys turn and wind,
And still to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air* ; which in its vast extent,
In Changes infinite, each Hour, is spent :
For *Air's* wide Ocean still requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluvioms, should it not restore
The perish'd Shapes, *Time's* Ruines to repair,
Long since had all things been dissolv'd to *Air*.
From

From others Loss, its Being it receives ;
 To these again its changing Substance leaves :
 So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows ;
 And one Part perishing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
 Instead of vanish'd Light, new Light displays.
 The Brightness of the flying Minute past,
 Is now obscur'd, and to new forms does haste.
 From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw near,
 And banish'd Sun-shine strait does disappear,
 The Earth's o'ershadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
 And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
 Vision would cease (so soon would Light expire)
 Without Recruits of bright Etherial Fire.
 In our inferiour and sulphureous Light,
 Of Lamps and Tapers chasing Shades of Night,
 Continu'd Fuel feeds the trembling Flame
 Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the same
 Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it strange
 That they are not secure from final Change.
 When what so late did smile, this instant dies,
 And new-born Light still shines to mortal Eyes.
 Thus we observe hard Rocks in time decay'd ;
 The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
 And stately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid,
 Do Gods their Images from Age secure ?
 Or force their Temples always to endure ?
 Thus when you see old Rocks from Mountains fall,
 By this conclude their sure Original ;
 For were they from Eternity so plac'd,
 No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waste.
 Next raise your Eyes to Earth-surrounding Sphears,
 From which (say some) springs all that now appears,
 To which at last their vanish'd Parts ascend ;
 These as they're form'd, to Dissolution tend :
 For all things must in such Proportion cease,
 As they to other Beings give Increase.

But then if no Beginning do's appear,
 Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were ;

Before

Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
Why did not far more antient Poets sing
What Revolutions elder times did bring?
Such Men, such Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?
No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this seems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science else, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did steer:
No such harmonious Musick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages past
Was brought to Light, retarded for the last.
And these Discoveries ordain'd by Fate
To foreign Climes, I with the first translate.

But still if no Beginning you believe,
And say, 'tis easier for us to conceive
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Human Race devour:
Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increase,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time must cease.
For which such dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then escap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cause increas'd, and 'twill not fail,
As did the less, o'er all things to prevail.
What shews we cannot endless Life enjoy,
But sense of Ills which others did destroy?

If you the World's Duration would extend
To all Eternity, you must defend,
Its solid Substance is so firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:
(Minuteest Atoms, 'tis confess'd, are so,
But not the compound which from these did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you must prove,
And what no forcing Agent can remove:
Or else you must all ambient Space deny,
To which it may dissolv'd and ruin'd fly:

(Thus,

(Thus, Universal claims Eternal's Place,
 Because it ne'er can pass t'External Space)
 But neither is this various Globe so fix'd,
 (For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
 Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
 From threatening Pow'r of Penetration free ;
 And Pow'rs unknown, from boundless ambient space,
 This present State of Nature may deface :
 With dreadful Hurricanes they may invade,
 And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made ;
 Or by some other means, beyond the reach
 Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
 Nor wants there space beyond the Spheres of Heav'n,
 To which the ruin'd Parts may then be driv'n :
 Whene'er these Elements their Mansions leave,
 That vast Abyss lyes open to receive.
 From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
 What Magick Charms have always so protected,
 That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
 The whole Eternal Ages should defie ?
 Then since the World's great Parts at once engage,
 And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
 We may foresee their Strife so long depending,
 At last in general Subversion ending,
 Rivers and Seas consum'd, fierce Fires may burn,
 'Till all their Ashes meet in Earth's great Urn.
 Even now they strive the Victory to gain ;
 But still the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
 And swell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
 To drown the rest, and sole in Triumph ride.
 This to prevent, the swift exhausting Wind,
 And radiant Sun 'gainst liquid Force are join'd.
 Thus equal in Appearance, long they mov'd,
 Each other's Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd.
 At last the Fire, 'tis said, did win the Field :
 And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.
 Long since when *Phaeton*, led by vain Desire,
 To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aspire,
 'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.

 }
 With

With head-strong force the winged Horses flew;
 O'er Earth, and Heav'n the burning Planet drew.
 What then had been the Fate of all things here,
 If angry *Jove* the daring Charioteer
 Had not dismounted, by swift Lightning's stroke,
 And so at once the flaming Progress broke?
 Thus *Phaeton* slain was falling to the Ground,
 And furious Horses dragg'd the Chariot round,
 When great *Apollo* reassum'd the Chair;
 Restor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air;
 With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
 And to this Hour in annual Course proceeds.
 Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
 To waking Men, like wandring Dreams they sound;
 But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
 True Fires did then from East to West advance.
 Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
 That if some stronger Agent not restrains,
 The Fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
 Will ne'er be quench'd 'till all in Ruins lye.
 The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
 In Ages past, to such proportion swell,
 That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd;
 The Ocean then had Sov'rain right enjoy'd;
 But that some greater Being soon arose,
 From infinite Space, to overcome th'invading Foes.
 Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd
 Show'rs,
 And falling Floods proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.



ELEGY

ELEGY XI. LIB. V. De Trist.

OVID complains of his three Years
Banishment.

CONdemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
 Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native Soil,
 Thrice has the frozen *Ister* stood, and thrice
 The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o'er with Ice.
 Ten tedious Years of Siege the *Trojans* bore,
 But count my Sorrow, I have suffer'd more :
 For me alone old *Cronus* stops his Glass,
 For Years like Ages slowly seem to pass :
 Long Days diminish not my nightly Care,
 Both Night and Day their equal Portion share.
 The Course of Nature sure is chang'd with me,
 And all is endless, as my Misery.
 Do Time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
 Or are the Fates, that spin my Thread, asleep ?
 In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
 How good the Name ! but oh how bad the Place !
 The People round about us threaten War,
 Who live by Spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are :
 No living Thing can here Protection have,
 Nay scarce the dead are quiet in their Grave,
 For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
 That swiftly snatch unseen the Limbs away.
 Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring Foe,
 Which oftentimes we gather as we goe.
 He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
 Must arm himself as if he went to War.
 The Shepherd puts his *Helmet* on, to keep,
 Not from the Wolves, but Enemies, his Sheep :
 While mournfully he tunes his rural Mute,
 One Foe the Shepherd and his Sheep pursues.
 The Castle, which the safest place shou'd be,
 Within, from cruel tumults is not free.

Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Gracians* fight.
In one abode amongst a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they please they thrust me out:
My hatred to these Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beasts whose Skins they wear.
Ev'n those who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themselves up in Rugs and *Persian* Frize;
They easily each other understand,
But I alas am forc'd to speak by hand!
Ev'n to these Men (if I may call 'em so)
Who neither what is right or reason know,
I a Barbarian am; hard fate to see
When I speak Latin, how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falsly add to my Disgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Besides the cruel Sword, 'gainst Nature's Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a Cause.
The Market-place by lawless Arms possess'd,
Has Slaughter-houses both for Man and Beast.
Now, O ye Fates, 'tis time to stop my Breath,
And shorten my Misfortunes by my Death.
How hard my Sentence is to live among
A Cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly Throng;
But to leave you, my Friends, a harder Doom,
Though banish'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come! }
To be forbid the City, I confess,
That were but just, my Crime deserves no less.
A Place so distant from my native Air,
Is more than I deserve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn! The Fate I here attend
Is a less Grief than *Cesar* to offend!



Upon

*Upon the late Ingenious Translation of
PERE SIMON'S Critical History.*

By H. D. Esq;

OF all Heaven's Judgments, that was sure the worst,
When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curst :
Man, to whose race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
Nature's lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
Whose pow'rful Voice the subject World obey'd,
And Gods were pleas'd with the Discourse he made,
He who before did ev'ry Form excel,
Beneath the most ignoble Creature fell :
Ev'ry vile Beast thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the Sense invites, declare his Love !
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the Race ;
And one short Language serves for ev'ry place :
But, such a Price did that Presumption cost,
That half our Lives in trifling Words are lost.
Nor can their utmost Force and Power, express
The Soul's Ideas in their native Dress.
Knowledge, that godlike Orn'ment of the Mind,
To the small spot where it is born's confin'd.
But he, brave Youth, the toilsom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd Pen mysterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues descend ;
And Heav'n's Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.
And 'twas but just that all th' astonish'd throng
Shou'd understand the *Galileans* Tongue.
God's sacred Law was for all *Israel* made ;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe display'd,
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine Commands :
But scarce they were so much in pieces broke,
When *Moses*' Wrath the People did provoke,
As has the sacred Cowl been torn and rent,
T' explain what the All-wise Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come ;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the joyful Doom.

From

From the worst Slavery at last we're freed,
 And shall no more with Stripes from Error, bleed;
 The learned *Simon* has th' hard Task subdu'd;
 And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be blest'd where was receiv'd the Law,
 That ought to keep the Rebel World in awe;
 And blest'd be he that taught us to invoke
 God's awful Name, as God to *Moses* spoke.
 Nor does he merit less, who cou'd so well
 From foreign Language his great Dictates tell:
 In our cold Clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
 No virtual Power mov'd the Prolifick Seed,
 'Till his kind genial Heat preserv'd it warm;
 And to Perfection wrought the noble Form.
 Never did yet arrive so vast a Store
 Of solid Learning on the *British* Shore:
 T' export it thence has been the greatest Trade;
 But he, at last, a full Return has made.
 Raise up, ye tuneful Bards, your Voices raise,
 And crown his Head with never-dying Praise:
 And all ye *Nimrod's* mighty Sons rejoice,
 While ev'ry Workman knows the Builder's Voice.
 In *Shinar's* Plain the lofty Tow'r may rise,
 'Till its vast Head sustain the bending Skies:
 In its own Nature Truth is so Divine,
 No sacred Pow'rs oppose this great Design;
 So dark a Veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
 The wisest Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
 Blind Zeal and mad Enthusiasts shew'd the way,
 While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes astray;
 Thro' the dark Maze without a Clue, they ran;
 And, at Best, ended where they first began:
 But now at last we're brought so near her Throne,
 At the next step the glorious Crown's our own.



HORTI ARLINGTONIANI. Ad
Clarissimum Dominum, Henricum, Co-
mitem *Arlingtoniæ*, &c.

M Agnifcos propter saltus, & avita Jacobi
Mœnio, qua faciunt commercia duplicis aula,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen commune tuetur,
Surgunt costilibus succincta palatia muris:
Qua posita ad Zephyrum, radiis sol igneus aureis,
Illustrat moriente die, nascente salutatur.
Eximiam interea molem mirantur euntes,
Vulgusque, Procereſque: caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum fastigia lubrica damnat;
Fœlicemque vocat Dominum, cui tempora vita
Labuntur variis aula inconcussa procellis.
Et quamvis procul haud absint, tum plebis iniqua
Improbæ garrulitas, tum clamor & ambitus aula,
Circumsuſa quies, & pax incognita Magnis
Hic placide regnant; & verum simplice cultu,
Propositique tenax virtus, & pectus honestum.
Namque ubi prima diem surgens Aurora reducit,
Et matutina sudant sub roribus herba,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine versat,
Crebra putres sonitu nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles persultant pabula Dama,
Atque piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aquosa cubilia linquens
Fertur Anas, madidis irrorans æthora pennis.

Vos O Pierides molli testudine Muse,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quem mille pererrant
Formosa Veneres, pharetrâque Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Alcinoi floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant, quanquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sœdera cantu.

Areaque in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
Ordinibus raris palorum obducta, tuentum

Latif-

Latificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens :

Nempe hac per spatia flores transmittit iniqua

Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.

Non illic viola, neque candida lilia desunt :

Parva loquor : quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi.

Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis

Latior Hesperius educit germen in arvis.

Qualia saepe inter moriens floreta Cupido

Conjugis aeterno jacuit devinctus amore;

Te solam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche

Arsit, & heu propriis fixit praecordia telis !

Nec sine nomine erunt myrteta, nec aurea Poma ;

Qua quoniam calido nascuntur plurima coelo

Et brumas indocta pati nimbosque ruentes,

Nec fas hic teneras ramorum effundere fœtus :

Protinus hybernis clauduntur ab aethere tectis,

Spirantesque premunt animas, ne poma caduca

Vel glacies ledat, teneras vel frigora myrtos :

Tum vero, aestate in mediâ, stabula alta relinquunt,

Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas,

Inque novos soles audent se credere, molles

Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.

Nec Te praterream, tenebris qua dives opacis

Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris :

Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,

Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,

Ah nimis infœlix per fila sequentia virgo !

Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes ;

Nec reperire viam curant, ubi lumina vesper

Deficiente die accendit ; sed longius ipsam

Hic secum placide cupiunt consumere noctem : !

Dum super arboreos modulans Luscinia ramos,

Dulce melos iterat, tenerosque invitat amores.

Quinetiam extremo surgit conterminus horto

Mons fœlix, albis quem circum Gessamis ornat

Floribus, ac letas dat prateruntibus umbras.

Hunc super ascendit turbâ comitante virum Rex

Augustus, Proceresque caput supereminet omnes ;

Atque pedem properans graditur, vestigia volvens

Grandia, nec sera meminit decedere nocti.

*Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et sincera quies operum, rerumque nitescit
Incorruptus honos, & nescia fallere vita.*

*Nec non hic solus placidi super ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente serenâ
Munera Dadalea natura; animusque recedit
In loca sacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Despicere unde queas miseros, passimque videre
Mortales, vita subeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter se niti prestante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas sumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnasque aliorum
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.
Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ sine parte doloris,
Prospicis ex alto viridantes gramine saltus:
Undique confluxam hinc turbam, lautisque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit soleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes:
Inde lacus lustras, puroque canalialia rivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen nictat ad aulam.*

*Inter Purpureos, Regi gratissime, Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præsidium! O magnos jamdudum exute labores!
Sapius hic tecum placido spatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, sed non inglorius annos;
Et vitam studiis florentem nobilis Oti!
Dum timor omnis abest, curæque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel struere insidias canis. Tibi libera transis
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hospes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,
Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec misere insomnes cogunt disperdere noctes!
At secura quies, anima divina voluptas,
Mitiaque emeritam solantur fata senectam.
Unica Regali connubio filia stirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris prælata puellis.
Qua poscis meliora Deos? qua pondere vasto
Corruit usta domus, flamma secura minacis
Ecce stat, è tantis major meliorque ruinis!*

MISCELLANY POEMS. 363

*Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Venus; circum divini colla Mariti
Fusa super, roseoque arridens suaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur: Nostros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus, sevis olim consumpta favillis:
En hujus (si fata sinant) celebrabitur Hares
Herois divina, & me dignissima cura!
Pallas & hoc poscit; (proprio favet illa Ministro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac similes assurgit ad artes.
Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine lato
Stare diu, longosque domum superesse per annos.*

S O N G.

GO tell *Amynta*, gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Words will more prevail than mine.
To Souls oppress'd and dumb with Grief,
The Gods ordain this kind Relief;
That Musick shou'd in Sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not say.

II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains so fast encrease,
That soon they will be past Redress;
But ah! the Wretch that speechless lyes,
Attends but Death to close his Eyes.



On the KING'S-HOUSE now Building at WINCHESTER.

AS soon as mild *Augustus* cou'd assuage
 A bloody Civil War's licentious Rage,
 He made the Blessing that He gave increase,
 By teaching *Rome* the softer Arts of Peace.
 The Sacred Temples wanting due Repair,
 Had first their Wounds heal'd with a pious Care;
 Nor ceas'd his Labour, 'till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
 In Glory all the Subject World beside.
 Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Isle,
 With Building hid his Regal Cares beguile.
London almost consum'd, but to a Name,
 He rescues from the fierce devouring Flame;
 Its hostile Rage the burning Town enjoy'd,
 For he restor'd as fast as that destroy'd:
 'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
 The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
 Of *Windſor* Castle (his belov'd Retreat
 From this vast City troublesomely great,)
 'Twas *Denham* * only with Success cou'd write,
 The Nation's Glory, and the King's Delight.
 On *Wincheſter* my Muse her Song bestows,
 She that small Tribute to her Country owes.
 To *Wincheſter* let *Charles* be ever kind,
 The youngest Labour of his fertile Mind.
 Here ancient Kings the *British* Scepter sway'd,
 And all Kings since have always been obey'd.
 Rebellion here cou'd ne'er erect a Throne,
 For *Charles* that Blessing was reserv'd alone.
 Let not the stately Fabrick you decree,
 An Immature, abortive Palace be,
 But may it grow the Mistress of your Heart,
 And the full Heir of *Wren's* stupendous Art.

* In his *Coopers Hill*.

The happy Spot on which its Sovereign dwells,
 With a just Pride above the City swells,
 That like a loyal Subject chose to lye
 Beneath his Feet with humble Modesty.
 Fast by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
 And pays due Homage to the best of Kings.
 Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create,
 He's situated Head of Church, and State.
 The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
 (Luxurious Toil of former Piety)
 Has vanquish'd envious Time's devouring Rage,
 And, like Religion, stronger grows by Age.
 It stems the Torrent of the flowing Years,
 Yet gay as Youth the sacred Pile appears.
 Of its great Rise we no Records have known,
 It has out-liv'd all Mem'ry but its own.
 The Monumental Marbles us assure,
 It gave the *Danish* Monarchs Sepulture.
 Here Death himself inthrones the crowned Head,
 For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
 But now my Muse, nay rather all the Nine,
 In a full Chorus of Applauses join,
 Of your great *Wickam*,
Wickam whose Name can mighty Thoughts infuse,
 But naught can ease the Travail of my Muse,
 Press'd with her Load, her feeble Strength decays,
 And she's deliver'd of abortive Praise.
 Here he for Youth erects a Nursery *
 The great Coheirefs of his Piety; [trace,
 Where they through various Tongues coy Knowledge
 This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
 From which they start, and all along the Way
 They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray, }
 And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
 Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
 And turn Apostates to their Education.
 When with these Objects *Charles* has fill'd his Sight,
 Still fresh provoke his seeing Appetite.

* The Coll. near Winchester, and New Coll. in Oxon.

A healthy Conuntry opening to his View,
 The chearful Pleasures of his Eyes renew.
 On neighbouring Plains the Coursers wing'd with speed
 Contend for Plate, the glorious Victor's Meed.
 Over the Course they rather fly than run,
 In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.
 Then fresh Delights they for their Prince prepare,
 And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Coursers of the Air,)
 The trembling Bird with fatal Haste pursue,
 And seize the Quarry in their Master's view.
 'Till like my Muse, tir'd with the Game they've found,
 They stoop for Ease, and pitch upon the Ground.

*To a L A D Y, (whom he never saw,
 nor had any Description of) to prove
 he Loves her.*

By a Person of Quality.

BRightest of Virgins! whose high Race and Name
 Bespeaks you worthy of the noblest Flame,
 Arms you with Power Divine, that can dispense
 Its Influence beyond the reach of Sense;
 Making us frame of you, as Heaven above,
 Idea's of our Ignorance and Love.
 Disdain not, fairest, such Devotions then
 As the best Worshipers offer to Heav'n.
 Nor think 'em feign'd, since things above do grow
 (Conceal'd and distant) more admir'd below.
 Absence creates Esteem, and makes that Fire
 (Which the Sun's near Approaches quench) aspire,
 While those who do enjoy perpetual Rays,
 Curse those bright Beams that crown our Halcyon Days.
 Know then, my Passion Real is and Great,
 Not such as from dull Sense derives its heat,

But

But Sympathy ; that Royal Law that binds
 In a close Union Things of different Kinds,
 That secret Charm of Nature which inspires
 The whole Creation with harmonious Fires,
 Heads *Cupid's* Arrows, guides his roving Bow,
 Extends its Empire o'er all things below.

Since then you know I love, how much, and how,
 If of my Passion you still disallow,
 Know then the Lot is cast, the Gods approve
 The Fates Decree, and have pronounc'd, I Love.

SONG *by the same Hand.*

SOME Brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phyllis*,
 Some cry up their *Celia's* and bright *Amaryllis* :
 Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
 And Goddesses frame from the Wash-Bowl and Tub ;
 But away with these Fictions, and counteseit Folly,
 There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my
 I cannot describe nor her Beauty nor Wit ; [Dolly.
 Like *Manna*, to each she's the relishing Bit ;
 She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh Pleasure does hoist up your Sail.
 Nay had you a Surfeit took of all others,
 One Look of my *Doll* strait your Stomach recovers.
 But when I consider her Humour and Feature,
 I'm apt to suspect she's inclin'd to the Creature.
 What contrary Winds in my Breast then arise, [prise ?
 What Hopes, and what Fear, and what Doubt do sur-
 What Storms do I feel of Trouble and Care,
 While my Wishes themselves at variance are ?
 For sometimes I wish her more Cruel, less Fair,
 But then I should either not Love, or Despair :
 I'd have her to Love too, not Amorous be,
 I'd have her be coy, but kinder to me.
 But should she in me this Humour discover,
 She'd quickly discard her Impertinent Lover.

A S O N G.

BENEATH a cool Shade, where some here have been,
 Convenient for Lovers, most pleasant and green;
Alexis and *Chloris* lay pressing soft Flowers,
 With Kissing and Loving they past the dull Hours.
 She close in his Arms with her Head on his Breast,
 And fainting with Pleasure; you guess at the rest:
 She blusht and she sigh'd with a Joy beyond measure,
 All ravisht with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.

But while thus in Transports extended they lay,
 A handsom young Shepherd was passing that way!
 She saw him, and cry'd ---- Oh *Alexis*, betray'd!
 Oh what have you done ---- you have ruin'd a Maid;
 But the Shepherd being modest discreetly past by,
 And left 'em again at their leisure to die.
 And often they languish'd with Joy beyond measure,
 All ravisht with Billing, and dying with Pleasure.

On the Death of MELANTHA.

WEEP, all you Virgins, meet o'er this sad Hearse,
 And you, great Goddess of Immortal Verse,
 Come here a while and Mourn:
 Weave not with rosie Crowns your Hair,
 Let Tears be all the Gems you wear,
 And shed them plentifully on this Urn.
 For 'tis *Melantha*, 'tis that lovely Fair,
 That lyeth beneath this weeping Marble here.

But wou'd you know, why she has took her flight
 Into the Bosom of eternal Night,
 Before her Beauties scarce had shew'd their Light,
 Hark, and lament her Fate;

As

As the young God of Love one Day
 Sate on a Rock at play,
 And wantonly let fly his Darts
 Among the Nymphs and Shepherds Hearts,
Melantha by unhappy chance came by.
 Love jesting cry'd, I'll make her prove
 The Godhead, she contemn'd, of Love.
 In scorn she bad him strike, and did his shaft defie.
 While the Boy slightly threw a Dart
 To wound, but not destroy, her Heart.
 But greedy Death, fond of this beauteous Prey,
 Caught the swift Arrow as it flew;
 And added to't his own Strength too,
 Which made so deep a Wound, that, as she lay,
 In silent Sighs she breath'd her Soul away—
 Then all the little Gods begun to weep,
 Oh let your Sighs with theirs due measure keep:
 For fair *Melantha* she is dead,
 Her Beauteous Soul to Death's dark Empire's fled.
Flora, the Bounteous Goddess of the Plains,
 Who in fresh Groves, and sweetest Meadows reigns,
 Hearing the fair *Melantha* dead,
 Brought all her Odorous Wealth, to spread
 Over the Grave where she was laid.
 Then straight the Infant Spring began to fade,
 And all the Fields where she did keep,
 And fold her bleating Flocks of Sheep,
 Their influence lost, with her fair Eyes, decay'd;
 For fair *Melantha*, by whose cruel Pride
 So many sad despairing Swains had dy'd,
 Felt Love at last, but Death she rather chose
 Than own she lov'd, or the hid flame disclose.

Speak, Muses, for you hold immortal State
 With Gods, and know the Mysteries of Fate,
 You all, whatever's past or present, see,
 And read th' unwritten Pages o'er
 Of Time's great Chronicle, before
 Evenst, and Time, had writ what Fate resolv'd shou'd be:

Tell me, what Beauty is, whose force controuls
 Reason and Power, and over Mankind rules;
 Kings stoop to Beauty, and the Crowns they wear
 Shine not with so much Lustre, as the Fair.
 Beauty a larger Empire do's command
 Than the great Monarch of the Seas and Land.
 She can the coldest Anchorits inflame,
 Cool Tyrants rage, and stroke their Passions tame.
 She can call Youth to her forsaken seat
 In wither'd Veins, and give new Life and Heat.
 She can subdue the Fierce, the Proud, and Strong,
 Give Courage to the weak, the fearful and the young.
 Beauty, the only Deity we know,
 With fear and awe we to her Altars go,
 And there our purest Zeal of Prayers, and Vows, be-
 Sure then it only seems to die, [flow.
 And when it leaves us, mounts above
 To the eternal Roof of Jove,
 To be a Constellation, and enrich the Sky.
 But shou'd I search the spangled Sphere
 For Metamorphos'd Beauty there,
 Nothing of *Helen* now is seen,
 Nor the fair *Egyptian Queen*;
 Or thou, whose Eyes were Constellations here:
 Oh then thy Fate we can't enough deplore,
 With thee thy Beauty dy'd and 'tis no more:
 Then let us give *Melantha's* Fate its due;
 Strew Cypress on her Hearse, and wreaths of Yew,
 For fair *Melantha*, poor *Melantha's* dead,
 Her sighing Soul to Death's eternal Empire's fled.



To the NIGHTINGALE coming in
the Spring.

*To invite Chloe from the Tumults of the Town
to the Innocent Retreat in the Country.*

Written by a Person of Quality in 1680.

Little Songster, who do'st bring
Joy and Musick to the Spring,
Welcome to our grateful Swains,
And the Nymphs, that grace the Plains.
How the Youths thy Absence mourn!
What their Joy at thy return!
For their Mirth and Sports are done
All the Year that thou art gone:
But at thy approach, their Joys
Take new date from thy dear Voice.
Every Shepherd chuses then
Some fair Nymph for *Valentine*,
While the Maid with equal Love
Do's the happy Choice approve:
Underneath some Shade he sits,
Where soft silence Love begets;
And in artless Sighs he bears
Untaught Passion to her Ears.
No Deceit is in his Tongue,
Nor she fears, nor suffers Wrong;
But each other's Faith believe,
And each hour their Loves revive.
Often have I wisht to be,
Happy *Damon*, blest as thee;
Not that I for *Sylvia* pine,
Sylvia, who is only thine;
But that *Chloe* cannot be
Kind, as *Sylvia* is to thee.

Thou,

372 *The SECOND PART of*

Thou, dear Bird, whose Voice may find
 Charms perhaps to make her kind,
 Bear a Message to her Breast,
 And make me happy as the rest.
 In the * Place where Tumult dwells,
 Treasons lurk, Ambition swells,
 Pride erects her monstrous Head,
 And Perjury swears the Guiltless dead,
 Pow'r oppresses, Envy pines,
 Friends betray, and Fraud designs,
 Fears and Jealousie surprize
 Rest and Slumber from our Eyes,
 And where Vice all Ill contains,
 And in gloomy Glory reigns;
 Where the Loyal, Brave and Just
 Are Victims to Phanatick Lust,
 Where the noble *Stafford's* Blood
 Calls from Heaven Revenge aloud,
 In this place there lives a Maid,
 Bright as Nature ever made,
 Fair beyond dull Beauty's Name
 Can express her lovely frame.
 In her charming Eyes reside
 Love, Disdain, Desire, and Pride:
 Such, we know not which to call,
 But has the excellence of all.
 The first Blushes of the Day
 Or the new-blown Rose in *May*,
 Or the rich *Sidonian* die
 Wrought for Eastern Majesty,
 Is not gayer than the Red
 Nature on her Cheeks has spread.
 Her soft Lips still feed new Wishes
 Of a thousand fancy'd Kisses.
 Gently swelling, plump and round,
 With young Smiles and Graces crown'd;
 Her round Breasts are whiter far
 Than the backs of Ermins are,

* *London in the Plot-time.*

Or

Or the wanton Breast of *Jove*,
When a Swan for *Leda's* Love.
Eyes that charm whene'er they Dart,
And never miss the destin'd Heart.
Wou'dst thou have me tell thee more,
And describe her Beauties o'er;
I perhaps might make a Rape
On my *Idea's* naked shape:
Therefore fly, you'll quickly see
By this Picture which is she.
Tell her the loud Winds are dumb,
Winter's past, and Spring is come,
The delightful Spring! that rains
Sweets and Plenty o'er the Plains,
And with shady Garlands crown'd
All the Woods and Groves around.

If she see the winged Quire.
Chuse this Season to retire.
To the shelter of the Grove,
'Tis by Instinct (say) of Love.

If she see the Herds and Flocks.
Wanton round the Meads and Rocks,
Thus their wishing Males to move,
'Tis the Instinct (say) of Love.

If she see the Bull among
Crowds of Females sleek and young,
Fight his Rival of the Drove,
'Tis by Instinct (say) of Love.

If she see the blooming Vines,
In their Season, fold their Twines
Round the Oak that near her grows,
Say, 'tis Nature mixt their Boughs:
Then if Instinct these do move,
We by Reason ought to Love.

Tell the Fair one, every Day.
Youth and Beauty steal away,
And within a little space
Will destroy her charming Face.
Every Grace and Smile, that lyes
Languishing in Lips and Eyes,

First he'll make his Prey, and then
 Leave to Death what do's remain:
 Who old Time does only send
 To begin what he must end.
 If she ask, what hour and place,
 Where and when, Time wounds the Face?
 Say, it is not in the Night,
 Nor when Day renews her Light,
 In the Morning, or at Noon
 Or at Evening when alone,
 Or when entertained at home,
 Or abroad this hour will come;
 But swift Time is always by,
 First to perfect, then destroy:
 And in vain you seek a cure
 Since his Wounds are every hour.
 Bid her view *Aurelia's* Brow,
 Naked of her Glories now,
 Yet she once cou'd charm the Throng,
 Conquering with her Eyes and Tongue.
 Now, only's left this weak relief,
 (To support her Years and Grief,
 When she cou'd she us'd her Prime,
 And enjoy'd the Fruits of time:
 And where-ever she profess
 Love, or Hate, she kill'd, or blest:
 While the neighbouring Plains were fill'd
 With their Names she lov'd and kill'd.

Oh, when Youth and Beauty's past,
 That poor pleasure that do's last
 Is to think they were admir'd,
 And by every Youth desir'd,
 While the Dotage of each Swain
 She return'd with Scorn again.

Oh then let my *Chloe* know,
 When her Youth is faded so,
 And a race of Nymphs appears,
 Gay and sprightly in their Years,
 Proud and wanton in their Loves,
 While the Shepherds of the Groves

Strive

Strive with Presents who shall share
 Most the favours of the Fair;
 And her self she do's behold
 Like *Aurelia* now grown old,
 Sighing to herself she'll say
 I was once ador'd, as they!
 Yet with Pleasure think, that she
 Lov'd and was belov'd by me.

Therefore bid her haste and prove,
 While she may, the Joys of Love.
 I will lead her to a Soil
 Where perpetual Summers smile,
 Without *Autumn*, which bereaves
 Fairest Cedars of their Leaves;
 Where she shall behold the Meads
 Ever green, the Groves with Shades:
 Lasting Flow'rs the Banks shall wear,
 And Birds shall warble all the Year.
 Where the rustick Swain do's owe
 Nothing to the Spade and Plow.
 For their Harvest, Nature's care,
 Without toil relieves 'em there,
 And no differing Seasons bring
 Changes to the constant Spring.
 In the Morn she shall awake
 With the noise the Shepherds make,
 Cheering, with the ecchoing Sounds
 Of their Horns, the eager Hounds.
 Nymphs, as well as Shepherds too,
 In these Groves the Chase pursue.
 While at their Backs their flowing Hair
 Loosely wantons in the Air;
 Gilded Quivers on their Thighs,
 With Darts less fatal than their Eyes.
 Each the other's Sloth do's blame,
 While they seek the Hart for game:
 Who, poor Fool, his Feet employs,
 And thro' Woods and Dales he flies,
 Over Plains and Rivers bounds,
 And out-flies the Winds and Hounds.

When

When perhaps some Nymph, whose Eyes
 Makes both Men and Beast her Prize,
 Swifter than *Camilla's* Pace
 Soon o'er-takes the winged race,
 And with one bright Glance she wounds,
 And his fancy'd hope confounds.
 Who, reflecting his faint Eyes
 On her Face, with pleasure dies.

When the Sports are done, they rest
 Underneath some Shade, and feast
 On sweet Beds of Violets, crown'd
 With sweet Roses on the Ground:
 Where they Garlands weave, and Poses
 Of Green Mirtle, Pinks and Roses:
 For which grace the ravisht Swains
 Pay soft Kisses for their Pains.
 Thus they Dally 'till the Light
 Falls behind the Scene of Night.

An E L E G Y.

Written by Mr. W. O.

D A M O N and T H Y R S I S.

D A M O N.

WElcome, dear *Thyrsis*, far above
 The sweetest Emphasis of Love.
 More welcome than the fairest Dame
 That ever crost this awful Plain,
 With all her tender Virgin Train.

T H Y R S I S.

I thank thee, Shepherd, for thy Love;
 But how canst thou so soon remove
 The Passion which inrag'd thy Breast,
 And kept thy better Part from rest?

D A M O N.

D A M O N.

Believe me, *Thyrsis*, for 'tis true,
They that love long are but few.
I pip'd, I sung, I liv'd in pain,
In hope the Shepherdess to gain;
Now vain my sute, in vain I cry,
I sigh in vain, unhappy me,
Condemn'd to such a Destiny,
Only to see the once-lov'd Deity.

T H Y R S I S.

Tell me, *Damon*, pr'ythee do,
Who's this Nymph that grieves thee so:
By great *Pan*'s all sacred Name,
The wildest Heart for thee I'll tame.

D A M O N.

Oh my Friend! she's gone too far,
Thou can'st not reach the charming Fair:
She's fled into the wight for place,
Where Love is acted o'er in every grace.

T H Y R S I S.

What's her Name? I can't contain,
My Blood runs swift in every Vein.
I'll ravage all the Woods and Groves,
Th' intreagu'ing Court for billing Loves:
No Pains nor Toil for thee I'll spare,
Come-----let me know the cruel Fair.

D A M O N.

Phyllis, the Glory of our Isle,
Who charm'd my Soul with every Smile,
Ah she! the lovely torturing Maid,
Has now my Heart, my all, betray'd;
And my adoring Love with Scorn repaid.
Unhappy Swain! dejected and forlorn,
Ah me! how sadly am I left alone,
To envy those transporting Charms
She yields up to my happy Rival's Arms.

T H Y R S I S.

I'll go-----

D A M O N.

D A M O N.

Stay, Shepherd, 'tis in vain to try
 To disappoint the Nuptial Tie.
 No, no, she's gone to make my Rival blest,
 And left her Image only in my Breast.
 Henceforth in Lovers Tales let it be said,
 That thy poor Friend, thy *Damon*, dy'd a Maid.
 While no one part of me remains with her,
 But constant Wishes and this humble Pray'r.
 Fairest of Nymphs -----
 May all your Glories, like the youthful Sun
 Beam forth, and in their purest Lustre burn;
 May all your Days be as a Day of Bliss,
 And all your Sorrows close still with a Kiss;
 Happy the God, that succour'd your Desire,
 And set the Hymenean Lamp on Fire:
 May he, in whole blest Arms you slumb'ring lye,
 Be sensible of the vast envied Joy,
 While I who lost you lay me down and dye.



THE
Court - Prospect :

A
P O E M.

BY
Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*



Printed in the Year M DCC XXVII.

THE

Court-Proprietor

P. O. F. M.



McCHARLES NOTKINS.

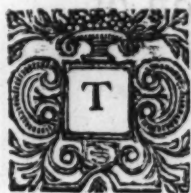
Printed in the Year MDCCLXXII.



To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of Ormond.

M A D A M,



H A T your Grace has been pleas'd to ſpeak favourably of what I have already Writ, is Encouragement ſufficient for a Poet to Boast of to the World, and to Embolden him to Dedicate to Your Grace. But I have more particular, both Obligations, and Excuses; Your Illuſtrious Conſort's Family having been the conſtant Patrons of ours, which now depreſs'd by the late Wars, and the chief Pillar of it fall'n, muſt depend for Support on the firſt Founders. Thus the Thanks for paſt Favours

DEDICATION.

Favours are only Petitions for more;
as some Men pay off old Debts in
hopes to run deeper in for new. I
dare not hope the ensuing Essay can
Merit your Grace's Approbation; let
it (if possible) please others; if it
meets with your Pardon, it will a-
bundantly satisfy the Ambition of

Your GRACE's

Most Devoted, most Humble Servant,

CHARLES HOPKINS.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

SOME Writers perhaps may expect the Thanks, and Favour of the Nobility, after Attempting their Praise; but I am rather afraid of having incurr'd their Displeasure; They whom I have mention'd (I doubt) may with more Reason find Fault with me, than they whom I have omitted; for it is better not to be drawn at all, than to be drawn imperfectly, and lamely. The Poet however has the same Excuse with the Painter; That Art cannot equal Nature; nor the Pencil, nor the Pen, present a Copy that comes up to her Original.

The Business of a Poet is to Please; and he is very unhappy who gives Offence where he designs Acknowledgments, or Respects. The whole Body of the Nobility of England, would be a boundless Subject; Painters own they find it more difficult to give a true and lively Air and Posture to a Picture;

TO the READER.

Picture; to place the Legs, and duly proportion all the Parts, than to draw the Face, and take the Likeness; but this Piece was only intended for an Half-Length, and that too is only a Rough Draught, and in Miniature. Though the following Lines may want an Excuse with the Criticks, I will not despair of Pardon from the Nobles to whom it was design'd; and if I have fail'd in describing their Greatness, I have at the same time given them an Opportunity of shewing their Goodness.



THE



THE COURT-PROSPECT.

Above that Bridge, which lofty Turrets crown,
Joining two Cities; of it self a Town;
As far as fair *Augusta's* Buildings reach,
Bent, like a Bow along a Peaceful Beach;
Her gilded Spires the Royal Palace show,
Tow'ring to Clouds, and fix'd in Floods below.
The Silver *Thames* washes her Sacred Sides,
And pays her Prince her Tributary Tides.
Thither all Nations of the Earth resort,
Not only *England's* now; but *Europe's* Court.
Bless'd in the Warriors which its Walls contain,
Bless'd most in *William's* Residence and Reign.
Where in his Royal Robes, and Regal State,
He meditates, and dictates *Europe's* Fate;
His Heroes, and his Nobles standing round,
Better by them than his Gold Circle Crown'd.
O! could I represent that glorious Show;
You whose great Deeds form Poets, tell me how.
But lest my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,
What *Dryden* will not Write, let *Dabel* Paint.

Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvass Sheets,
Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.
Paint *William* first on an Imperial Throne,
Large Share of Earth, and all the Seas his own;
O'er Land, and Ocean, let his Realms extend,
And like his Fame, his Empire never end.

Give him that Look, which Monarchs ought to have,
 Give him that awful Look, which Nature gave.
 Mix Majesty with Mildness, while he shows
 Dear to his Friends, and dreadful to his Foes.
 Seat him surrounded by his *British* Peers,
 And make them seem his Strength, as he is theirs.
 No Poet here dares sing the noble Tribe,
 Which you can better draw, than he describe.
 You can plant each in his peculiar Place,
 Give each the noblest Features in his Face,
 Each has his Charms, and all some certain Grace.

Let *England's* Chancellor the foremost stand,
 That is his Due, whose Laws support the Land;
 Who governs, influenc'd by his Sovereign Lord,
 And holds the Balance, as the King the Sword.

Give the Good *Shrewsbury* the Second Seat,
 In Trust, in Secrecy, and Council, great.

Great as the best, will the Great *Ormond* seem,
 But in the Field, thou must delineate him;
 Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,
 But more in Merit, than in Fortune, Great.
 On higher Things he bends his nobler Aim,
 And in fierce Wars, has fought, and purchas'd Fame.

Here, could my grateful willing Muse have sung,
 Sweet as *Cham* flows, where first her Harp was strung;
 Here, *Somerset*, should she thy Praise proclaim,
 And give thee what thou giv'st our *Cambridge*, Fame.

Let youthful *Grafton* there his Station find,
 Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind.
 His Looks are in the Mother's Beauty drest,
 And all the Father has inform'd his Breast.
 Why wilt thou then to distant Shores convey
 Our Hopes in thee? Why trust the faithless Sea?
 Why view the Changing Climates of the Earth,
 And bless all Realms but that which gave thee Birth?
 Thy Country, lovely Youth, thy Stay demands,
 And fears to venture thee in Foreign Lands;
 All thou hast seen, and all thou goest to see,
 Will not improve, but be improv'd in thee.

A manly Beauty is in *Dev'nshire* seen,
 And true Nobility in *Dorset's* Mien.
 But here, great Artist, is thy Skill confin'd,
 Thou can'st not Paint his nobler Muse, and Mind;
 No Pen the Praise he merits can indite;
 Himself, to represent himself, must write.

Next let young *Burlington* receive his Place,
 Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace.
 Happy in Fortune, Person, and in Parts,
 Himself, not wanting them, promoting Arts.

With him let *Kingston* be for ever join'd,
 Alike in Quality, alike in Mind.
 For Court, or Camp, for Love, or Glory fit,
 Possessing both, both patronizing Wit.

Hither let *Montague* the Treasures bring,
 Which, while he offers, let his Muses sing.
 The Patron of the rest so justly grown,
 Who serv'd so well a Nation with his own.
 Who seated on the sacred Mountain's Brow,
 Inspires and cherishes the Train below.

Draw *Russel* yonder, order'd to maintain
 The Power and Honour of the *British* Main.
 Wrap him in curling Smoak, and circling Flames,
 Yet unconcern'd, as on his Sovereign's *Thames*.
 While his loud Canon thunders thro' the Deep,
 Make Seas Attention give, and Silence keep.
 Then as he Coasts the *Mauritanian* Shores,
 Paint pale the Faces of th' astonish'd *Moors*.
 Whence *England* gives surrounding Nations Law,
 And from the Centre keeps the World in awe.

No more let Poets name inconstant Seas,
 For *Neptune* knows his Sovereign, and obeys.
 Fled from that fatal Field, the watry Plain,
 No Foe dares venture, there, our Force again.
 Fierce *Gallia* challenges to *Belgian* Fields,
 But still her chosen Plain small Harvest yields.

The Warlike *Cutts* the welcome Tidings brings,
 The true brave Servant of the best of Kings.
Cutts, whose known Worth no Herald need Proclaim,
 His Wounds, and his own Verse can speak his Fame.

The dreadful News moves WILLIAM with delight,
 Gladly he hears, and gladly hastes to Fight.
 Leaving his faithful Substitutes behind,
 He trusts himself to his own Seas, and Wind.
 The Royal Fleet a thousand Heroes grace,
 And Mars in Triumph rides o'er Neptune's Face.
 Now out of Sight of Land, they plow the Main,
 And in some rowling Tides make Land again.
 Now sight of hostile Tents their Valour warms,
 And each encourages his Mate to Arms,
 Fancy can scarce so swift and eager Run,
 Their Lines are drawn, and the Camp-work is done,
 The Word is giv'n, and Battel is begun.

They who have seen an Ocean lash its Shore,
 When Billows tumble, and begin to roar,
 When from all Quarters, Clouds and Tempests fly,
 And from despairing Sailors hide the Sky;
 Such as have seen those Elements at War,
 May guess what well-disputed Battles are.

Description of a Battel.

Hark! 'tis at hand, Drums beat, and Trumpets
 sound,
 The Horsemen mount, the mounted Horses bound;
 The Soldiers leap transported from the Ground.
 When such Harmonious Sounds invite to Arms,
 'Tis sure that Valiant Men feel secret Charms.
 Such WILLIAM's is, when from his foaming Horse
 He views the Foe, rejoicing at their Force.
 Never so full of Spirit and Delight,
 Never so pleas'd, as when prepar'd to Fight.
 Paint him then yonder spurring from afar,
 Giving the Charge, guiding the Raging War,
 Paint to the Field, Party on Party sent;
 Himself not waiting for the vast Event.
 Now, mingled in the War engage the whole,
 And of his Martial Troops make him the Soul.

Now,

Now, from all Parts, Death and Destruction fly,
 The Cries of grappling Squadrons rend the Sky,
Mars rages, and the rolling War runs high.
 Here Horses rear at Horses, Chest to Chest,
 There, desperate Men encounter, Breast to Breast.
 Here, trampled under Foot, fal'n Soldiers groan,
 For Help they call, but with unpitied Moan,
 For every one now minds himself alone.
 The Cannons roar, and flaming Balls fly round,
 Men fall, and die, and hardly feel the Wound.
 Stones from the Ground that nourish'd them are tost,
 And all the Fashion of the Field is lost.
 Mortars shoot flaming Meteors thro' the Air,
 And such as have not seen them fly, would fear
 The Stars dissolv'd, and the last Judgment near.
 Death thro' the broken Battel makes a Lane,
 And Horror and Confusion fill the Plain.
 Horses in Troops without their Riders run,
 Wild as were those of old that drew the Sun:
 Madly they drag their Reins, and champ their Bit,
 And bear down all before them whom they meet;
Sol's Offspring, and their Masters Fate, the same,
 All lost, like him, in Thunder, Smoak and Flame.

As Seamen fear, yet struggle with a Storm,
 The Soldiers start, at what themselves perform.
 Paint then a Fear in every Face, and make
 Even *William* fear; ---- but fear for *Ormond's* sake:
Ormond who spurr'd amidst the Thundring War,
 But, to his Sovereign's Sorrow, spurr'd too far.
 Dismounted; make him ev'n in falling great,
 Wounded, half dying, yet despising Fate.
 Make *WILLIAM* view him with excess of Grief,
 And strive, but strive in vain, to send Relief.
 'Till Heav'n inspires his very Foes to save
 A Life, as strangely Fortunate, as Brave
 Who for that Life, may to more Praise aspire,
 Than if the Day had been their own inire.

Proud of their Prize, more furious than before,
 Make them press on, make *English* Fury more.

Make shatter'd Squadrons rally on the Plain;
 And make enrag'd Battalions charge again.
 Again, make Horses beat the suff'ring Ground,
 And toss with restless Hoofs the Dust around.
 Again, their Riders couch their ready Lance,
 And spurring them to warmth and foam advance;
 Foam, which your Pencil need not owe to Chance.
 Make Sheets of Flame from smoking *Culverins* fly,
 And Clouds of mounting Smoak obscure the Sky.
 Now draw beneath the Dying, and the Dead,
 And Deluges of Blood in Battel shed,
 O'erflowing *Flanders* in her Waters stead.
 And now let Clouds like feeble Curtains fall,
 Protecting those that live, and hiding all.
 Cast the black Veil of Night about the Slain,
 Covering the purple Horror of the Plain,
 And now, with solid Darkness, shut the Scene.

As Tempests make the Skies serene and clear,
 As Thunder serves to purifie the Air;
 On Rain as Sunshine, Storms on Calms attend,
 Peace is War's necessary certain end.

Description of the Goddess of Peace, and her Palace.

Pardon the Muse, if here she cannot hold;
 The sight of her own Goddess makes her bold.
 She comes ---- o'er Fields of standing Corn she walks,
 Not crush'd the tender Ears, nor bent the Stalks.
 Her March attended with a numerous Train,
 Yet with such Discipline that none complain.
 Grass springs where-e'er she goes; the flow'ry Mead
 Receives new Flow'rs, where she vouchsafes to tread.
 Her blooming Beauties, teeming Earth displays,
 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bays;
 From every touch of her a Perfume flows,
 The lovely Hyacinth, the blushing Rose,
 And spreading Jessamin fresh Sweets disclose.

Thick

Thick Palaces, as she approaches, rise,
 And Royal Piles amaze Beholders Eyes.
 Built on a suddain, they the sight confound,
 And seem to start as from enchanted Ground.
 None, this or that can her Apartment call,
 For she promisc'ously resides in all.

At Home in every one, and all she keeps
 Silent, but Splendider than that of Sleep's.

Her spacious Halls with useles Arms are hung,
 With Arrows broken, and with Bows unstrung.
 No Murmurs thro' her numerous Train are heard,
 She knows no Danger, and her Court no Guard.
 Secure as Shades, as Skies unclouded, bright,

As active, yet as noiseless, as the Light,
 No Widows here their Husbands Deaths deplore,
 None hear the Drum, or thundring Cannon roar.
 Only Love Sighs, which serves to Lull her more.

Plenty her best-lov'd Favourite duly waits,
 And Pleasure enters at her Palace Gates;
 Roses, and Myrtles mingled, make her Bed,
 And heaps of Flow'rs support her sacred Head.
 Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,
 And *Cupids* Fan her with expanded Wings.

No Grief or anxious Cares her Peace molest,
 She folds her Arms above her quiet Breast,
 Delightful are her Dreams, and soft her Rest.
 All at her Rise their Adoration pay,

The *Persians* worship less the springing Day.

Sweet is her Temper, easie is her Mien,
 Not the least Frown in all her Aspect seen,
 But gracious as our late lamented Queen.

Nor are her Blessings to her Court confin'd,
 But flow thro' Nobles to the lab'ring Hind.

All they can wish her own Domesticks share,
 Bestowing still, yet has she still to spare.

The grateful Soil the jocund Peasants plow,
 And with a certainty of Reaping sow.

Not now, as heretofore, with Fears perplext,
 Tilling these Fields, and Armies in the next.

Now Spring comes on ; -----
 And Night and Day in equal measures run,
 And mounting Larks salute the Morning Sun.
 Then rip'ning Fruits the loaded Trees adorn,
 And laughing Fields are crown'd with lofty Corn.
 The Summer, so accustom'd to Alarms,
 Wonders, she hears no more the Sounds of Arms.
 No Trumpets Eccho thro' the spacious Plain,
 Nor Earth-born Brethren by themselves are slain.
 The Sun shines freely thro' the flow'ry Field,
 And suffers no Reflection from the Shield.
 Men, to the Date of Nature draw their Breath,
 For nothing now, but Sickneſs, cauſes Death.
 Secure the Merchants Trade abroad for Gain,
 And Sailors unmoleſted ſweep the Main.
 Unrowling Waves ſteal ſoftly to the Shore,
 They know their Sovereign, and they fear to roar.
 The conſcious Winds within their Caverns keep,
 Like them, the Seas are hush'd, and ſeem aſleep,
 And Halcyon Peace broods o'er the boundleſs Deep. }

How are theſe Bleſſings thus diſpens'd and giv'n ?
 To us from WILLIAM, and to him from Heav'n.
 Delight in Blood let other Heroes boaſt ;
 Our Eaſe and Safety pleaſe our Monarch moſt.
 For That he fought, for That was all his Care,
 He places all his Pomp and Glory there.

Hail ! Peace of all things in confuſion hurl'd,
 Hail ! thou Reſtorer of the Chriſtian World.
 Thou, to the World, art Heav'n's chief Bleſſing giv'n,
 And thou haſt render'd back the World to Heav'n.
 Thus in old times, at our bleſſ'd Saviour's Birth,
 An univerſal Calm was known on Earth.
 GOD to his SON did the firſt Gift aſſign,
 And lets the ſecond Miracle be thine.

How ſhall we thank thee for thy Royal Toil,
 Thou Strength, and Glory of the *British* Iſle,
 What Trophies ſhall thy grateful Subjects raiſe ?
 And what ambitious Poets ſing thy Praise ?
 Thy Greatneſs ſurely is the Stars deſign,
 Thy Hands our nobleſt Palaces refine,
 On all our Metals, all the Stamp is thine. }

Draw his Triumphant Entry, *Dabel*, draw
Him and his Allies Free -----
And all the rest of the whole World in awe.

But see! all Peaceable our Heroe comes,
No Sound of Trumpet, nor Alarm of Drums.
Long kept from Rest, by no inglorious Foes,
He goes to take, what he has brought, Repose.
His softer Triumphs then prepare to Grace,
Prepare a Train fit to attend on Peace.
Chuse them from all that breathe the *British* Air,
And, like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.

Make Beauteous *Grafton* with the first advance,
Charming at every Step, with every Glance.
Sweet as her Temper, Paint her Heavenly Face;
Draw her but like, you give your Piece a Grace.
Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For so his *Venus* fam'd *Apelles* drew.
But hold----- to make her most divinely Fair,
Consult her self, you'll find all Beauty there.

Whom shall we think on now? there's scarce beside
Any that can compare with her, but *Hide*.
Hide, who like her has Beauties without blame,
Hide, who like her is every Poet's Theme.
Hide, by all Eyes admir'd, all Hearts ador'd,
Courteous to all, kind only to her Lord.
Hide, who so many powerful Charms commands,
As will not shame the Piece where *Grafton* stands.

And now, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,
Let all be with Illustrious *Ormond* crown'd,
Sum all in her, that's fair, and good, and great,
Place her in Beauty's, and in Virtue's Seat.
Paint Sweetness in her Eyes, at once, and Awe,
And make her Looks give Languishing, and Law.
O! if my Muse to her wish'd height could climb,
Sweet as her Subject, as her Theme, sublime,
The Noble *Ormond* should engross her Praise,
Great *Ormond's* Name should sanctifie her Lays.
Hers, and her most illustrious Consort's Blood,
Takes pleasure still like Heav'n in doing Good.

Ormond,

394 *The SECOND PART, &c.*

Ormond, to whom fair Lots on Earth are giv'n,
Ormond, who has her Seat secur'd in Heav'n.

Stop here-----tho' others may attract the Sight,
Your Pencil, and my Pen-----

Dare not attempt to do so many right,
Who strives to Sing a Patron or a Friend,
Tho' he omit Some whom he should commend,
Cannot be thought in justice to offend-----

And now you've finish'd so renown'd a Piece,
Boast safely-----challenge either *Rome* or *Greece*.

The End of the SECOND PART.



